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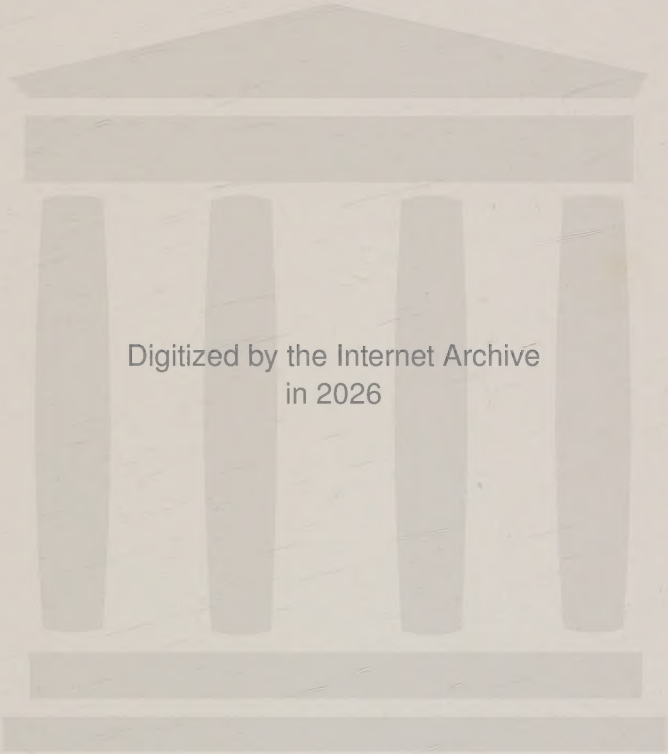
FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS



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TO FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

A STAR BOOK

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

The Story of a Sailing Race Around Cape Horn

By

A. J. VILLIERS

With an Introduction by
FRANK C. BOWEN

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

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To

HARALD BRUCE

and

REUBEN DE CLOUX

Good Masters

of

Good Ships

FOREWORD

I HAD long intended to make a voyage in one of the few modern steel sailing ships that still survive, feeling that their story deserved writing while the opportunity still remained. I had sailed in those ships myself once, and I thought that, though many good books had been written about them, there existed scope for one more—one that would give a picture of the last of sail got from the spot, illustrated with photographs that would show every phase of sailing-ship life. I wanted to write such a book as that, but for over two years the opportunity was sought in vain. I was a newspaper reporter then; I was married; I could not just up anchor and away at any time I liked. And I could not get a job before the mast of an old sailing ship, either.

Then in December of 1927 I heard of *Herzogin Cecilie* and her coming race with *Beatrice*. I heard also that *Herzogin Cecilie* wanted men. I had sailed with her captain once before; I went immediately to Melbourne and signed in his ship as A.B. I thought it was worth while to go, and I went. A grand opportunity, this! *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie* were famous among the handful of great sailers that still survived; they were to race together around Cape Horn to Falmouth, where they were to receive orders as to their final destination. I joined with enthusiasm; the long, hard voyage passed quickly for me, and when the time came to leave the ship I did so with regret, though I had then my book and all my pictures. I did not know if the ship would go to sea again; if she did, I was sorely tempted to make one voyage more.

There are many people whom I have to thank for the successful issue of my venture: Mr. E. H. Webster, of Hobart, Tasmania, without whose keen interest and support I could never have gone; Mr. W. H. Cummins, the General Manager of the *Mercury* newspaper, of the same city, who not only gave me leave to go but went out of his way to give me every assistance possible; Mr. A. S. Crawford, of Port Lincoln, who put a mine of information in my way; Captains Harald Bruce, of *Beatrice*, and Reuben de Cloux, of *Herzogin Cecilie*, two noble members of the fast-dying race of sail-trained sailors. To Captain de Cloux I am especially indebted; I never hope to meet a better seaman.

There is but one obligation more, and that the greatest. I must here express my gratitude to Mr. Michael Joseph, of Curtis Brown, Ltd., London, without whose interest and able help I should never have had the faintest idea either that "Falmouth for Orders" was worth writing or that I could write it.

I wrote the story as the voyage progressed, and if in places it is somewhat disjointed on that account, I chose that way because I hoped the atmosphere would be the truer.

A. J. Villiers.

London, May, 1928.

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INTRODUCTION

THE invitation to write a foreword to Mr. A. J. Villiers' book is a compliment which I appreciate very much indeed, for I feel very strongly that it is a book which will prove a valued addition to the literature of the sea.

It is in human nature that we do not really value things until they show signs of disappearing or have disappeared altogether. The present very keen interest in the old sailing vessels has spread with remarkable rapidity to all classes of the community, and happily it has been born in time to permit personal experience and knowledge to be gained from the men who served in them and knew them intimately.

This interest is spreading to all types of sailing craft. The little coasting schooners and brigantines are sought out, described and photographed when they were absolutely neglected in the old days while the spritsail barge, scorned for many years in spite of her very remarkable qualities, draws applause from a lay audience when filmed pounding her way down Channel in a stiff breeze.

There have been many windjammers which have earned a reputation for ugliness, but with one or two conspicuous exceptions—mostly converted steamers—it is only a comparative ugliness. With her canvas set, even the patched and begrimed canvas of the Geordie collier or the Welsh schooner, the least beautiful of the windjammers, is more picturesque than practically any power vessel, particularly since the clipper bow and long yacht-like counter have been replaced by the strictly utilitarian straight or raking stem and cruiser stern.

During the last few years the passing windjammer has inspired many books of greatly varying value, but few of them give a vivid picture of the intimate everyday life of the sea. Perhaps the reason is that the seaman is not as a rule articulate in describing what he regards as ordinary, although no man but a sailor would put some of his experiences into that category.

There are, however, one or two outstanding books which do much to supply that deficiency, and which give us a really vivid view of the seaman's daily life, and make us realise the broad gulf which separated him from the landsman taking his ease ashore in the old days, a gulf which led to the old-time sailor having what was really a jealously preserved language of his own. In the heyday of hemp and canvas, this language was often almost unintelligible to the landsman, with its vivid imagery and deep poetic feeling, now rapidly disappearing before the smart Americanisms of the picture palace and music hall.

There is the Diary of Henry Teonge, that cheerful seventeenth century naval chaplain whose intimate notes have recently been republished by a careful editor, but he is apt to give more attention to the drinking and junketing, and to the sea customs which struck him as being quaint, than to the everyday life of the ship, although he sheds interesting sidelights on the sea of his day. Marryat is another writer whose first-hand pictures of naval life are absolutely invaluable, and many others have given us excellent sidelights on the fighting seaman and his ways. The Merchant Services of the world have not been nearly so lucky, although the everyday life of their personnel is every bit as interesting as, if not more interesting than, that of the regular service.

There is Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, giving an excellent description of a phase of the sea which is now as dead as the dodo. This book is absolutely indispensable to

modern students of the sea; and this in itself is a very full justification of Mr. Villiers' account of sail in very different circumstances. Captain David W. Bone, now one of the best-known masters on the Western Ocean, contributed the *Brassbounder*, which gives an excellent idea of the apprentice's viewpoint of life in British ships in the latter part of the nineteenth century. This again is a most valuable addition to history which will be fully appreciated by the student of the future.

In fiction one must not fail to make a reference to the short stories of Mr. Morley Roberts, whose work I always consider to be insufficiently appreciated by most readers. Admittedly his humour calls for exaggeration, but beneath it there are some remarkably vivid and accurate pictures of sailing ship life.

There are several volumes of reminiscences by retired captains, but most of them are anxious to get to the days of their command, and are therefore apt to skim over the everyday life on shipboard, although the details that they do give are most useful. One or two are deliberately misleading in order to satisfy the popular demand for the picturesque—as though the old-timers need any embellishment to be picturesque—or to belaud the writer's own command or doings, and these unfortunately have been very generally accepted in the prevailing enthusiasm. Two or three books have also appeared which give something of the forecastle point of view, but unfortunately most of them have been written either by "sea-lawyers" or by men with a grievance, and they have not quite succeeded in filling the gap, although again a good measure of utility must be conceded to them.

Now Mr. Villiers writes his book on what is probably—although it is to be hoped that it is not—the last phase of sail. The old clipper ship men would look down in disdain on a big cargo carrier like *Herzogin Cecilie* and call

her nothing but a steel box built by the mile, and cut off to be joined together at the ends as purchasers appeared. Yet she has most of the virtues of the old clippers, with the addition of good earning powers and at least some claim to habitability. The observer of the future, indeed, is likely to regard her and her consorts as the finest development of sail, and to dismiss the famous clippers as being something akin to freaks. They satisfied only their particular purpose, although they bred such magnificent seamen—often in a remarkably short time by means that could not be considered nowadays—that it is unkind to go too closely into their commercial value.

The author is fully qualified for the job that he has undertaken, for he is a trained observer and for years has spent his life keeping his eyes open for anything worthy of record and separating the grain from the chaff in every day's events. His enthusiasm for his subject appears on every page. He has the additional advantage of not being strange to the sea and having had sufficient experience in older ships to qualify him for the position of able-bodied seaman when he shipped in *Herzogin Cecilie*. He apologises for a certain jumpiness of style on the ground that most of the events were written down as they occurred to him; but his readers will not ask for any apology on this score, and will be only too glad to get his vivid impressions put down just as they struck him without the polishing which so often destroys the underlying feelings.

He must be given full credit for his venture, for there are not many people who have already had experience in sail who would leave a comfortable life ashore to renew it, no matter how much they valued the advantages it had given them, or how much they loved the old ships. As regards hardship and discomfort the modern sailing vessel is not to be compared with her predecessor, and it is no longer necessary to give forecastle dishes barbaric tal-

lies to conceal some of their ingredients and methods of preparation; but sail can never be really comfortable, and must always carry with it many disadvantages to weigh against its equally obvious advantages.

This is especially the case with the modern tendency to man the big sailing ships as lightly as possible. *Herzogin Cecilie* of 3,242 tons carried only 26 men, while in her racing days *Cutty Sark* of 892 tons had a crew of about 35.

The Blackwall frigates of an earlier date were still more generously manned, after the fashion of the East Indiamen which they succeeded. This question of manning takes us back to one of the great differences from the old days, and that is the disappearance of the old seaman. In all the windjammers of racing days and right down to the outbreak of war there was a big proportion of old shellbacks, greybeards who might well be considered to be far too old to follow the sea especially in the strenuous fashion of the undermanned sailing ship. But they did, pulling their full weight and going aloft with the best. They were the men whose tarry fingers fashioned the beautiful little ships in bottles which are now so keenly sought by collectors, who sang the shanties with a spirit that can never be caught in a concert hall, who knew the qualities and performances of every tall ship and who would make a forecastle argument on the merits of two rivals last the whole of a long voyage, to the wonder and education of the younger hands. From the captain downwards practically the whole crew of *Herzogin Cecilie* consisted of youngsters, and this applies to nearly all the modern sailing ships at sea.

On this same subject, one is interested to note that the author makes special point of the fact that *Herzogin Cecilie* was originally designed for training purposes, and with her big crew of husky cadets (for the German went

to sea much later than the Briton), had little or no use for all the labour-saving devices that were put into most of the later sailing ships. With the greatly reduced crew which she now carries in competitive commercial work at cut freights this means heartbreaking work, and the fact that the author has had practical experience of what the absence of these devices entails will go far to making his book appreciated by the old shellbacks.

Her contemporaries of the Laeisz "Flying P" Line, for instance, could make use of their donkey boilers for lightening labour in a score of ways when she had steam up, while numerous brace and halyard winches and capstans saved many a call for all hands.

That is not the only point for which the men who have been through it themselves will love the book. Many seamen appreciate sea books written by landsmen because they have the power of pointing out the interests of so many "ordinary" things which the seaman, especially the grand old breed raised in sail, takes as part of the day's work. But the writer must know his subject inside and out, for there is nobody so keenly on the lookout for some technical error as the sailor, and he must know the mentality of the seaman to put before him the fare in which he delights. Mr. Villiers does both, but he will appeal to the landsman just as much.

At the present time there is a really healthy interest in the sea throughout the whole of the English-speaking peoples. In the course of the last few years I have come across a remarkable number of genuine ship enthusiasts ashore, and many of them in places where one would not dream of looking for them. Warships and steamers claim their devotees, but the great majority cling to sail and read anything they can get hold of concerning the sea races in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when the whole country knew the names of all the prominent ships and their mas-

ters and when very large sums changed hands in bets, and of the Australasian sailing ships engaged in various "Wool Derbies" at a later period. Practically all the ships which engaged in those trades are gone now, and the steamship and the motor ship have taken all their business.

In neither tea nor wool could the modern windjammer hope to get a cargo, but for Australian grain she is still finding her market. Even so it is only at very considerable financial sacrifice, for whereas the steamships can in normal circumstances expect an average freight of about forty to forty-five shillings per ton, the sailing vessel can always be chartered at at least ten shillings less. This is a big advantage, but it has to be weighed carefully against the necessity of keeping valuable goods in a floating warehouse for an indefinite period, a very great disadvantage in these days of rapidly fluctuating prices. While *Herzogin Cecilie* and *Beatrice* were racing in the manner described by Mr. Villiers, the Finnish barque *Favell*, of 1,334 tons, was plodding her way home and eventually arrived at Falmouth 200 days out from Geelong. In her case she was reported so frequently that no anxiety was felt for her safety, but in these long passages the ships frequently go right out of the track of steamers and are not heard of for so long that the reinsurance rates at Lloyd's go up steadily. In the famous passage of *Lalla Rookh*, 199 days from Brisbane, she was actually given up as lost and the insurance money paid over to her owners before she turned up safe and sound.

That is the underwriter's business; but a few long passages of that sort will soon scare them sufficiently to make them put up their rates considerably, when it becomes very much a matter for the owner and forces his expenses up rapidly. A long passage is always an expense to him, for wages, food, interest and overhead expenses go on all the time, and the ship always runs the risk of missing her

chance of an outward charter. Thus the expense of a long passage in ballast without a penny coming in has also to be considered. In any event there are comparatively few opportunities of picking up a paying outward cargo to Australia, the luck of *Beatrice* in finding a full cargo of silver sand at Antwerp at the end of her race being unusual.

Formerly the belief was very generally held that a sailing ship delivered her grain in very much better condition than a steamer, as there was no oily bilge under the holds to affect it. With a modern steamer, however, bilges are kept clean and although the belief died hard this advantage appears to have disappeared altogether. On the other side of the scale it is certain that a greater allowance almost invariably has to be made by the original consignees to the ultimate purchasers of a cargo for loss of weight during the voyage.

During a passage from Australia a grain cargo may easily change hands a dozen times before it is actually landed; a few years ago it might well have been twenty. These repeated sales at widely differing prices sometimes take place before the ship is even loaded, and begin again when she has been reported by some passing steamer or shore station as being well on her way home. Practically all of them are carried out on the Baltic Exchange in London, although the ships themselves are frequently sent to the Continent to unload. As will readily be understood, the final tendency of the market has a big influence on the ship's chance of a charter for the next year, and the consignee who has been badly bitten will generally be heard to vow that he will never touch a sailing ship again.

The ten shillings' difference in the freight, however, is almost invariably sufficient to make him forget his resolve and to take up sailing tonnage in the ensuing year. It is a difficult matter to run ships nowadays on such a rate and

still to make a profit, the most serious problems being the supply and price of trained labour and the price of canvas, cordage and all stores.

In spite of all this, some owners find themselves able to run windjammers in the old way and still make quite a comfortable profit, conspicuous among them being Captain Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, the last big owner of a purely sailing fleet, including *Herzogin Cecilie*. Not only does he love the old, tall ships, but he loves the tradition which attaches to them and many a well-known vessel which has come into his ownership, after making a tour of the Baltic flags, is immediately restored to the original British name with which she first made her reputation. Such a policy may be a small thing, but the old sailor notices it and appreciates it at once. *Olivebank*, *Lalla Rookh* and others have received back their birthright in this fashion, which is the next best thing to seeing them fly the Red Ensign once again.

Captain Erikson provides sail training for such as still believe in it in the rush and hurry of modern scientific methods. It is interesting to note from Mr. Villiers' book that there were two British boys in *Herzogin Cecilie*, and although they were no doubt putting in time under square sail in order to get a chance in the Pilotage Service there is no doubt that they have obtained for themselves first-class experience which will be exceedingly useful to them in the meantime, no matter what branch of the sea they may follow. In some of his other numerous ships Captain Erikson trains youngsters specially for the minor Baltic flags, and has a steady supply of ambitious lads who strike one as being as fine material as any Merchant Navy could desire.

Then, naturally, the old question arises as to whether training under sail is really worth while. It is a debatable point which is hotly contested among seamen at every op-

portunity, and there is so much opinion for and against it among mariners of great and equal experience that the landsman should be wise and fear to tread on sacred ground by expressing an opinion. But, opinions aside, there is no doubt that there is a lot of fun to be had in a sailing vessel which is impossible in a steamer. What man, trained under canvas, for instance, does not remember how he fished off the jib-boom and vow that there is no sport in this world to touch it, especially when his breakfast depended on his skill? No doubt such a point is not of the least interest to the modern owner, but it certainly is to the seaman, and he finds that service in a sailing ship gives him a fine opportunity of gathering a knowledge of the birds and fishes which is denied to most men.

The narrative makes it plain how even in the biggest and finest sailing ship the emergency which makes the man is always liable to arise. Perhaps those who are against sail training are right when they say that emergencies are not likely to arise in the great modern liners with every mechanical contrivance on board, and that they are justified in saying that modern seamanship has so much science to be learned that the youngster can have no time preparing for emergencies which are not likely to occur.

Against these arguments one cannot help pointing out that not every trained sailor has the opportunity of serving in a giant liner with all the modern appliances, but that the majority must take their chance in very much smaller cargo steamers, where the risk of casualty is infinitely greater. Could the wonderful boat journey of the survivors of *Trevessa* have been accomplished by men with no experience of sail? And even in the best-equipped liners there are two very different ways of taking in an extensive awning in a sudden squall.

Even with a steamer's pole masts there may be a good

deal of rigging work to be done. The famous Captain Woodget of *Cutty Sark* always maintains that her fine passages under his command were entirely due to his knowledge of rigging; he went over every rope and spar before she sailed and he knew to a pound what everything would stand. He had an unusual advantage in this way, for as a lad he had to learn practical rigging as well as seamanship, but every sail-trained man gets a very fair working knowledge. This working knowledge, however small, is more than useful in rigging gear for putting out or taking in a heavy list. Admittedly the owner gets from the builders a table of what each derrick will stand, and most modern steamers are fitted with at least one derrick for the lifting of heavy weights, but is it right that the owner should be limited in his acceptance of cargo by the builders' strength of his biggest derrick, whereas the windjammer man will soon fix something up to do any work necessary? It is not so many years ago that a big Glasgow barque in Antofagasta was lying alongside a modern cargo steamer which lost her mast in discharging a boiler. The sailing-ship men were called in to rig appliances to get the remaining cargo out of her holds, and without their special knowledge her owners would have incurred considerable loss.

In the most modern and well-equipped of steamers there is always the liability of wire splicing having to be done, and the steam-trained cadet seldom, if ever, gets any experience of that work. No doubt there will be men found in the forecastle who can do it; but it is a very bad thing for an officer to have to rely on forecastle hands to do something that he cannot do himself, and the fact is very soon recognised forward.

The British Admiralty was one of the first to abandon sail-training, and to declare that it had no place in modern scientific seamanship, yet during the war practically

all boarding work connected with the blockade, one of the riskiest jobs in the whole struggle, was allotted to R.N.R. men who had been trained in sail. All the boat work in the Tenth Cruiser Squadron, the armed liners which maintained ceaseless watch right out in the Atlantic, was done by ratings in the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve who were men bred and brought up in the schooners on the Grand Banks.

Weather lore is another strong feature in the equipment of the man under sail, and not all the wireless reports and forecasts that can be sent out will rob him of this advantage.

Finally, it must be remembered that the Germans still insist on a period of sail training before they will grant an officer's certificate. Few will deny that the Germans are among the most practical people in the world, and they certainly would not insist on such a thing from sentiment. The question of dropping this requirement has been considered time and again, but on each occasion the powers that be have decided that it is well worth maintaining. The superior seamanship of the sail-trained man —whether it is required under modern conditions or not— is recognised, but that is not the real reason for their conservatism.

Their principal reason for insisting on sail training is that the sail-trained man almost invariably sticks to the sea, which is an important matter for a nation which has to make the very most of its man power, both commercially and for a Naval Reserve. The authorities recognise the boredom of most men who start their training in steam, always excepting the born seaman who would take to his element in a bucket, and to whom the fashion of training makes no difference. They believe that a very large proportion of the seamen trained under steam take the first opportunity to swallow the anchor and to settle down in

some business ashore, generally under the handicap of several years against their competitors who have never been to sea at all.

If sail training means few fine youngsters bitterly disappointed with the career on which they started with so much eagerness, and reduces the wastage of active service officers to the nation, then surely it is a subject that should be thrashed out publicly before a body capable of taking any necessary action, and not left merely as conflicting opinions expressed in press correspondence and conversation, or to the owners whose viewpoint must naturally be the financial rather than the national one.

There is one last point which I should like to make, and knowing the sporting way in which the sailorman has always regarded windjammer races, I am sure that the great majority of Mr. Villiers' salt-water readers will join me in it. That is an appreciation of the absolutely fair and impartial manner in which he has set about his task, from the dedication to the two rival masters up to the very last page of the book. Personally, having an intimate friend in her afterguard, *Beatrice* is and remains my favourite, but I would not wish the race to have a better historian than Mr. Villiers of *Herzogin Cecilie.*

FRANK C. BOWEN.

January, 1929.

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

CHAPTER I

TWO FOUR-MASTED BARQUES

IF a passenger steamer had been in the vicinity of Cape Otway, off the southern coast of Australia, on the morning of Saturday, December 17th, 1927, her passengers would have seen the sight of their lives: two great four-masted barques, relics of an age that has passed for ever, racing under all sail to a stiff southerly breeze. Both in ballast, high out of the water and heeling over to what looked like a dangerous degree, both carrying every stitch of canvas they had bent, with white sail bellied out above white sail high on their lofty masts, it would have been a pretty fast steamer that could have kept up with those two four-masted barques as they raced a steady fourteen knots to that fresh southerly breeze.

Rarely indeed does one now see the grandest of all sights that the sea ever offered—a big, square-rigged sailing ship carrying on all sail in a fresh breeze. If one is seen, more often she is carrying little sail if the wind be fresh and has half her sail clewed up if she be rolling idly in a calm. It would have been most extraordinary to see two sailing ships, a mile or two apart, racing as only fast sailing ships can race, presenting a sight that only sailing ships can present. And no one was there to see it.

The two racers were the four-masted barques *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie*, the one Swedish, the other a Finn, and they were bound from Melbourne to Port Lincoln, a small wheat-port in South Australia, in ballast, to lift the new season's wheat to Falmouth for orders. Once a German training-ship and the pride of the German mercantile

marine, *Herzogin Cecilie* had come to Melbourne with flooring boards and paper pulp from the Baltic in the rather good time of ninety-six days, and, despite the fact that the Australian wheat harvest was bad, charters scarce, and steamers numerous, her reputation had gained for her a charter to load wheat at Port Lincoln, one of the few ports outside West Australia where it was available. She arrived in Melbourne on November 16th; on December 15th she cleared out, all her cargo discharged and ballast enough aboard to see her to Port Lincoln. No sooner was the last of the ballast aboard than a tug had hold of her, mooring lines were cast off, and she towed down the Yarra, through Port Phillip Heads, and out to sea.

On her way to sea, *Herzogin Cecilie* passed the *Beatrice* at anchor in Hobson's Bay, waiting to begin the same journey. *Beatrice* had come from the Baltic to Melbourne over a year before, and, failing then to get a wheat charter—that is one of the few trades left to the square-rigged sailing ship: flooring boards from the Baltic to Australia, and wheat (when it is to be had) Home—took flour to Mauritius instead. From Mauritius she went to the Seychelles and Assumption to load guano for the Bluff, New Zealand, and from there came to Melbourne again in ballast, with four hundred odd tons of oats as her only cargo. In Melbourne she lay two months waiting for a charter, with not much hope of getting one. Known as a fast sailer and a good carrier, however, she obtained the same charter as *Herzogin Cecilie*, and the ships were ready for sea at the same time. *Beatrice* had been anchored idly in the bay and she came up the river to dry dock and take in ballast for the voyage. She was actually ready for sea first, but when she towed down the river it was to anchor in the bay for the final preparations. When the Finn towed down the river it was to go

to sea, no matter what the weather was or where the wind.

It was at 10 o'clock on Thursday evening, December 15th, that *Herzogin Cecilie* dropped her pilot off Port Phillip Heads and spread all her canvas to what wind might come. She was still there when *Beatrice* came through the Heads next morning, eleven hours later, bringing a light morning breeze with her to which both ships set off in earnest. The eleven-hour start which the Finn gained in theory meant little or nothing in actual practice, and so far as the race was concerned the ships set off together.

Throughout Friday the wind continued light, with *Herzogin Cecilie* holding a slight advantage, and at nightfall she was leading, some seven miles to windward of the Swede. She weathered Cape Otway some hours ahead, and there she picked up a good fresh beam wind and got going in earnest. The *Beatrice*, sailing nicely and looking very well, was soon after her, and later in the day when the wind fell she gained slowly on the big Finn. The lighter winds suited the smaller vessel; the big powerful Finn was built to stand up to, and to smash through, anything. The beauty of the *Beatrice's* lines would give her steerage way in a calm.

About midnight the wind came strong, and both ships revelled in it. The wind, while it was a fresh, whole-sail breeze, was yet not quite strong enough for *Herzogin Cecilie*, while nothing could have suited *Beatrice* better. In a stronger breeze she would have been compelled to shorten sail, while the other ship would not; but in those conditions she could carry every stitch to the fullest advantage. She did so, with such success that she passed her rival and took the lead at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning. Then a great battle followed. Neither ship would take in a stitch, no matter how much the wind freshened or how hard came the squalls. Often, high out

of the water as both were, they slopped heavy seas aboard, the Finn over her fore-deck, the Swede over the length of her main-deck fore and aft. The wind roared through their tautened rigging; the seas dashed at their old sides and flung heavy sprays protestingly aboard, and rushed and curled and foamed with a great furore at their bows, and gurgled and spluttered at their sterns, and swished and thundered past them. The wind-maddened canvas of their sails strained heavily at the chain-sheets, and boomed, and thundered, and drove them on. . . . In the forenoon watch *Beatrice* logged 59 nautical miles, and the Finn was ever beside her. From midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday *Beatrice* logged 312 miles, and the Finn was still abeam. It was a great run, and it would have been a famous sight—if there had been anyone there to see it.

Sometimes *Beatrice* held a decided advantage, and it seemed that she had shaken her rival off. Then, for some inexplicable reason, the big Finn would come on with a great bone in her teeth and her weather side out of the water almost to the keel, and with one great mad rush would be broad on *Beatrice's* beam again. Now *Beatrice* would shake her off and romp past her as if she were standing still, only to see the other ship sweep forward again and draw almost up with her.

Later the ships slowly separated, *Beatrice* going slightly to the southward and *Herzogin Cecilie* keeping much closer inshore, and the shorter course that she sailed enabled her to lead in Spencer's Gulf and to anchor off Port Lincoln seventeen minutes before *Beatrice*. Her time from Melbourne to Port Lincoln was eighty-one hours, *Beatrice's* seventy hours—both very fine passages that many cargo steamers would have found it difficult to equal and impossible to beat. It was a very even run all

through, and though the *Beatrice* appeared to have the better of it when by the wind or a few points free, there was little between them when running. The fresher the breeze and the farther aft it drew, the better was *Herzogin Cecilie* suited, and it looked as if with a heavy wind right aft she would leave the smaller ship behind. In any other conditions *Beatrice* could quite hold her own; in some she could leave the bigger vessel astern.

On the run from Melbourne to Port Lincoln, *Beatrice* was fresh from dry-dock, which the other ship had not visited since she was in Hamburg six months before; *Herzogin Cecilie's* ballast was ill-trimmed and she steered badly. *Beatrice* was without some of her sails; a stays'l or two, and the gaff-tops'l, which had not been bent in Melbourne—not much, it is true, but still a consideration. In the focs'l of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, of course, the opinion was held, and uttered at every possible opportunity and some quite impossible ones, that the Finn could knock *Beatrice* rotten any time she felt like trying. In the focs'l of the *Beatrice* the opinion was expressed just as forcibly that the Finn was nothing but a big wagon that would run before the wind to get away from it, and would do nothing else; and both focs'ls, after the very even battle to Port Lincoln, looked forward to the approaching run to Europe with keen interest and unbounded enthusiasm. Aft the masters knew that each had met a rival worthy of respect; each knew that the other might easily win on the long run to Europe, that it was a case for hard sailing and good sailing all the time; and in the saloons was nothing of the boastful spirit that reigned in the focs'ls. Captain Harald Bruce, of the *Beatrice*, and Captain Reuben de Cloux, of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, looked forward to the approaching race to Europe as the race of their lives. Each loved the ship whose decks he trod;

each knew the ship whose destinies he had guided over many voyages; and each knew that in the other he had a worthy rival.

Even the quiet little hamlet of Port Lincoln became enthusiastic over the coming race to Europe. Indeed, the suggestion—insistence would be a better word—that the ships should race came more from the shore than from the ships themselves. "We will deliver our cargoes as quickly and as well as we have always tried to do," said the captains. "It is a coincidence that we are together." "You must race," said the people from the shore; and they saw that matters were so arranged that, although *Beatrice* took a thousand tons less wheat than the Finn, both ships were loaded within a few hours of each other and were ready for the sea practically together. And by the time they were ready for sea, interest in the coming race was very keen and the excitement was intense.

There were three remarkable features in this event which would have excited little comment and less interest a few years ago. In the first place, it was remarkable, in these days when they are fast disappearing from the face of the sea, that two big square-rigged sailing ships should be in the one little port together. It was remarkable also that they should both have charters to load wheat for Falmouth for orders. And it was infinitely more remarkable that they should both be well-known and smart ships.

Among the handful of sailers to survive, there are not many smart ships. Among the many sailing ships that were built in the nineties and in the first few years of this century, there were not so very many smart ships. The sailing ship was then not built for speed; to carry was the main consideration when their plans were prepared. Few of these great steel windjammers were built with any eye to sailing qualities. They came at a time when carrying capacity counted for infinitely more than speed. They

were built like great farmyard barns, to carry all that could be hogged into them; they were over-sparred with great heavy yards and huge sails, to get them along somehow; they were sadly undermanned, so that the process wouldn't cost too much. Some of them looked very well, especially in pictures; most of them were handsome enough. But they drifted most of their voyages; if they touched ten knots they were going madly; and they broke men's hearts, and lost more than a few over the side.

To this class *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie* did not belong. *Beatrice* came before it; *Herzogin Cecilie* was built as a training-ship for a great German steamship line, and to fit her for that proud position she had to be a ship in more than name. She is; and so is *Beatrice*. It would be no exaggeration, but the plainest statement of fact, to claim for them when they set out from Port Lincoln for the English Channel that they were the fastest sailing ships left afloat. When but twenty of their class are at sea, what ships might come to disprove the claim? I do not know of any.

Yet there was something tragic, something pathetic, about this spectacle of great sailing ships racing home with their cargoes. Why should the sailer try to reach port quickly? What does the port hold too often for such as she? Nothing but the break-up yards, or conversion to a coal-hulk, if any can be found who wants a coal-hulk on a market that is all too sadly overstocked. Perchance the old sailer, that has roamed the oceans of the world for many years, suffered in these latter days the abuse of ill-trained masters and worse-trained crews, gone to sea sore strained aloft and short of gear below, knows that her day is done; and prefers the ignominy of a wretched five-months voyage to the greater ignominy of speedy conversion into scrap-iron. The possibility of destruction may still await her on the seas; too often it

is the certainty that awaits her now in port. The square-rigger hovers perilously close to the break-up yards; and far too often the sooner that she comes to her destination the sooner does she furl her wings for ever and sail the seas no more.

CHAPTER II

BEATRICE AND *HERZOGIN CECILIE*

IT would be impossible for the most blasé typist to stand on the decks of *Herzogin Cecilie* and not to feel, "Here is a ship." It would be impossible for the most unimaginative wharf-lumper, heaving wheat into her hold, not to sense the beauty of *Beatrice's* lines.

Herzogin Cecilie was built at Geestemunde in 1902 as a training-ship for the Norddeutscher Lloyd Co., of Bremen, and in that company's service she remained until the war period. Many of the appointments of the vessel still bear the arms of the great German company, and the name she bears now is that by which she was known when she was launched. For years she was the pride of the German mercantile marine, and was looked upon as a smart ship even by the navy. Many of the older officers in German steamers to-day have served their apprenticeship in *Herzogin Cecilie* or her sister-ship, *Herzogin Sophie Charlotte*, and when she tows up the Elbe to Hamburg many of the German steamers dip to her still. She is a powerful, lofty, steel four-masted barque, of 3,242 tons register, 314 feet in length, 46 feet in breadth, and 23 feet 8 inches in depth, and she must be the most splendidly equipped sailing vessel afloat to-day. (One omits that fine five-masted barque *Köbenhavn*, which has an engine.) She is fitted with electric light throughout, but though the fittings still stand and the dynamo is in full working order, it is rarely used. She has wireless, spreading from the mainmast over the head of the mizzen to the jigger, and she can send three hundred miles. The

wireless is not used much, except in the endeavor to get her orders at sea to avoid actually putting into Falmouth or Queenstown. She has a very long poop-deck, extending from right aft to for'ard of the mainmast, and with a long focs'l head for'ard the only well-deck in her is the comparatively short fore-deck. Beneath the long poop-deck the whole of the accommodation is situated, the crew being midships in roomy focs'ls, and the officers, cook, and steward aft. Having been built for a training-ship, the ship has ample accommodation for four times the crew she now carries. When she was German she had ninety cadets, and with officers, cooks, stewards, schoolmasters, a doctor, and other supernumeraries, she must have gone to sea with something like a hundred and twenty men. To-day she sails with twenty-six; she sailed from Port Lincoln round the Horn to Falmouth not so long ago with a crew of nineteen hands all told.

Where the German cadets once lived is now a roomy sail-loft, covering the whole of what would be, in ordinary ships, the main-deck. Here, too, the watch may stand by in bad weather at sea, within easy call of the mates and right out of the weather. The long poop-deck is especially good when running before a heavy breeze, or in bad weather of any kind. Little water comes aboard there, and what seas may slip over the side quickly wash away again. There is nothing to stop them.

On deck there are five roomy hatches, for quickness in handling cargo, and three steam winches and a powerful donkey-boiler which give better facilities than some old-type steamers. It is related of *Herzogin Cecilie* that she once left Newcastle, New South Wales, with a full cargo of coal for a Chilean port—she carries well over four thousand tons—sailed across the Pacific, discharged the coal, sailed to another port to load, took aboard a full cargo of guano, sailed back across the Pacific to Mel-

bourne, and beat a steamer which made exactly the same voyage by a week.

The ship is very lofty and heavily sparred. She still carries her original sail plan, and when all sail is set she carries thirty-four sails. She is steel to the trucks; even the royal-masts are steel, and her shrouds are so thick it is difficult for a man to close his hand around one. She has double topgallant sails and royals on all three square-rigged masts, and her courses are enormous. On the jigger she carries the double gaff and two spankers, upper and lower, common to the bigger German ships. There is not a reef point in her, and she is very stoutly rigged and well found. To climb from the fore-deck to the fore-royal yard takes a smart sailor three minutes; it would take a landsman thirty—if he could get there. From such an eminence one gets a real idea of the beauty of the ship's lines and the height of her masts. Her main-yard is over a hundred feet long, and if her foresail were spread in the Strand there would be a traffic jam that would take all day to clear. Beneath the bowsprit, at the head of the shapely cutwater, is a stately figurehead—a bust of the Duchess Cecilie, after whom the ship is named.

The ship has four wheels, two right aft, where the sailing ship is ordinarily steered, and two midships. Each is over 6 feet high, and standing on the deck beside them the tallest man would have difficulty in steering the ship. She is steered from the midship wheels, and the boys stand on high gratings beside them.

There is only one adverse criticism that one might make of the *Herzogin Cecilie*. Because she was built as a training-ship and was always very well manned, the labour-saving devices common to German ships and most of the modern steel sailing ships are absent in her. She has no brace-winches to haul around the heavy yards; everything must be done by hand. She has no halliard-winches to

stretch aloft giant tops'l or heavy t'gallant, and it all has to be done by hand. That was all very well when there were ninety boys. But with only nineteen there were times when it was hard.

Herzogin Cecilie is still a training-ship, though to nothing like the extent she was when she was German. Unlike the British, the Germans and the Scandinavians still insist that those of their countrymen who wish to take charge of ships at sea must have deepwater sailing-ship experience; and deepwater sailing-ship experience is very difficult to get. All of the nineteen boys in the *Herzogin Cecilie* were aboard for the sole purpose of putting in the square-rig time necessary to qualify them to sit for examination as officers; though only six were bound apprentices, all had the same aim, and to all she was a training-ship pure and simple. The only difference was that they were paid to work her.

Herzogin Cecilie is the flagship now of the greatest sailing-ship fleet left in the world, Captain Gustaf Erikson's, of Mariehamn, Finland. Captain Erikson still believes that there is useful work for the sailing ship to do, and always will be while the wind blows at sea. He owns seventeen sailing ships, of which no less than six are four-masted barques, eight are barques, and one is a full-rigged ship. He is a firm believer in the efficiency of sail training, holding that it is unequalled to fit boys for a sea career, and when he bought *Herzogin Cecilie* from France in 1921 he determined that he would give as many Finnish boys as possible the opportunity to gain experience in her. So he made her a training-ship; and so successful has she been that already he has had to make four others of his fleet training-ships too. The barque *Killoran*, once a well-known sailer out of Glasgow, and the four-masters *Lawhill*, *Olivebank*, and *Archibald Russell*, under his flag, now carry a goodly complement of apprentices.

Nor are all who seek experience in them Finns. Of the nineteen boys in *Herzogin Cecilie*, three were Germans, two Britishers, and several were Swedes.

Captain Erikson's seventeen ships are the four-masted barques *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Lawhill*, *Olivebank*, *Hougomont*, *Archibald Russell*, and *Pommern;* one full-rigged ship *Grace Harwar;* the barques *Killoran*, *Penang*, *Winterhude*, *Loch Linnhe*, *Lingard*, *Lalla Rookh*, and *Carmen;* and two schooners. More shall be said about them all later on.

It was only by chance that *Herzogin Cecilie* passed to the Finns, as many a fine ship had before her. In 1921, when most sailing-ship owners were seeking to discard their fleets with the utmost rapidity possible, Captain Erikson sought to add to his. As part of the reparation payments from Germany to France, many German sailing ships which had been laid up during the war were handed over to France. Amongst these were the four-masted barques *Passat* and *Herzogin Cecilie*, and the four-masted barquentine *Mozart*. *Passat* was at Marseilles, on offer for £11,000 and Captain Erikson sent one of his most trusted captains—Captain Reuben de Cloux, who now commands *Herzogin Cecilie*—to have a look at her. On his way to Marseilles Captain de Cloux came to Ostend, and there he saw *Herzogin Cecilie*, laid up apparently hopelessly and on offer for £4,000. He went no farther; he never reached Marseilles, and he never saw *Passat*. He examined the ex-training-ship thoroughly, found that she was in splendid order with all her gear aboard and everything intact—which was rather unusual for ships handed over by the Germans in that way—and he bought her on the spot. *Mozart* was bought at the same time by another Finnish owner, at approximately the same price; the other owner would not look at *Cecilie* because he feared she would need too many men and would be too costly to

run. But it is safe to say that she has proved a very much more profitable ship than *Mozart* and *Mozart* under the Finnish flag has never made the passages that she did under the German. Indeed, she has made very poor passages, for the most part; and Captain Erikson might well be pleased that the shrewdness of his captain got for him so fine a ship.

Captain de Cloux took charge of *Herzogin Cecilie* in Ostend in 1921, and he has had charge of her, except for one voyage when he was on holiday at home, ever since. Captain de Cloux is reckoned by many the best sailing-ship master out of Finland; he had been used to sail practically all his life, and though he was only forty-three when we left Port Lincoln, he had had command of big ships for the past twelve years and more. He was master of *Lawhill* for several years prior to joining *Herzogin Cecilie*, and his record there is interesting. Though she has a good turn of speed and is a very handy ship, *Lawhill* is no clipper; yet Captain de Cloux sailed consistently fast voyages in her. On his first voyage as master, after having been mate for some years, *Lawhill* was forty-six days from Brest to Buenos Ayres, and came back from Buenos Ayres to Aarhus in fifty-eight, reaching Falmouth forty-nine days out. Her next voyage was ninety-nine days from Fredriksstad to Melbourne, returning with wheat from Geelong to La Pallice in ninety-four days. Then she sailed in ballast to Port Lincoln for orders in seventy-eight days—a very good voyage—and came home with her wheat from Wallaroo to Fayal for orders in eighty-three days. Ordered to Bordeaux, she had to beat the rest of the passage through light winds, and she was a hundred and twelve days out before she reached the French port. In Bordeaux Captain de Cloux left *Lawhill* the day before she put to sea bound in ballast

to Port Lincoln for orders again, and I well remember the genuine regret of his boys at his departure and the unfeigned pessimism with which they regarded the prospects of the voyage under the man who succeeded him. As a matter of fact, the ship ended the voyage in seventy-four days, though, unfortunately for the man who commanded her, she ended it, not at anchor off Port Lincoln, but on the beach outside it. She came off in a day or two and later went to sea again, but little incidents like that seriously mar what otherwise might have been splendid voyages.

A glance at the record of *Herzogin Cecilie* since she has been under the Finnish flag will show her as still holding the speeds the Germans got out of her. Last year—1927—she easily won a race of seventeen grain-laden sailing ships from Australia to the English Channel, beating the record of the next fastest ship by over three weeks. She sailed from Port Lincoln to Queenstown in eighty-eight days, and the next best passage was that of the Danish training-ship *Köbenhavn* from Port Adelaide to the Channel in a hundred and ten days, though she is auxiliary and cannot well be put in the same class. The next best pure sailing ship was the Finn *Ponape* (once the Norwegian *Bellhouse*, and previously under the Italian flag), with a hundred and seventeen days from Melbourne to the Channel; the German *Lisbeth* was next, with a hundred and nineteen days from Sydney; and the others trailed off to nowhere. The slowest of the fleet was *Olivebank*, with a hundred and sixty-seven days from Port Lincoln to the Channel—only nine days off twice the time the *Herzogin Cecilie* took for the same passage.

But that was by no means the only voyage made by the big Finn that was worthy of attention. She has done much better than that. She once sailed nearly 2,200

miles in one week, bound in ballast from Melbourne to Taltal. On another occasion she sailed from the Azores to the Channel in five days.

It was not until May 1922 that *Herzogin Cecilie* set out on her first voyage under the Finnish flag. This was from Fredriksstad with Baltic timber to Melbourne, which she reached in ninety-two days. When she was eighty-four days out she was off Cape Nelson, within a few hundred miles of her destination, but there she encountered an easterly gale that put two steamers ashore and delayed her a week. She discharged her timber in Melbourne and hung around looking for freights that weren't there to be had. Other sailing ships were engaged in the same unpleasant pursuit, and so were a good many steamers; and there was nothing else to do but to clear out in ballast for some place where there might be a cargo. So the water-ballast tanks in the bottom of the hold were filled and about eight hundred tons of stones and sand dumped on top of them, and *Herzogin Cecilie* set sail to a light northerly air bound to Taltal. Unfavorable winds forced her to head down past the wild west coast of Tasmania, instead of going through Bass Straits as had been intended, and fourteen days out the ship was only off Campbell Island, about four hundred miles south of New Zealand. Then the westerlies came fierce and strong, and she came to the Chilean port in another twenty-one days, being thirty-five days altogether on the passage from Melbourne. It was on this voyage that she sailed over 2,150 miles in a week; her log shows that she consistently sailed at fourteen knots. This was the occasion, too, upon which *Grace Harwar*, the lone full-rigger of the Erikson fleet, sailed from Newcastle, New South Wales, to Tocopilla in thirty-seven days. *Herzogin Cecilie* set out empty from Melbourne the day before the full-rigger left the coal-port deep-laden; and when *Grace*

Harwar's master came to Chile after such a smart passage it is said that he rubbed his hands and chortled that he had beaten the big flyer at last. But *Herzogin Cecilie* had arrived at Taltal the day before him.

From Taltal the ship sailed to Mexillones in a day and a half, which is steamer time, and there she loaded for Falmouth for orders. Her passage from Mexillones to Falmouth was ninety-two days. Ordered to Ostend, she loaded coke at Grangemouth later for the West Coast again, this time bound for San Antonio. Light Trades and variable winds and calms in the South Atlantic were responsible for a long passage to the Horn, and she was a hundred and two days out when she came in from sea. On this voyage she was eight days off the Horn, from 50° S. east of the Horn to 50° S. west of that bleak headland of gales and sailors' bitter memories, which wasn't bad for a ship going west about.

From San Antonio she sailed to Caleta Buena to load for Fayal for orders, reaching the loading port in six days. From Caleta Buena to Fayal she was ninety days. There were no orders for her at the signal station at Fayal, and she came on from there to Falmouth in seven days. Again she went to Ostend, and there Captain de Cloux left for a holiday. With the ex-mate in command, there followed a voyage from Ostend to Mexillones in a hundred and twelve days, and thence back to Dunkirk in a hundred and seven days. There Captain de Cloux joined again, and brought her from Dunkirk empty to Albany, West Australia, for orders in a hundred days. From Albany she was ordered to Port Lincoln, reaching the South Australian wheat-port in six days. She left Dunkirk in midwinter and caught all the furies of hell let loose in the North Atlantic. Being light, she could not stand up against that kind of thing, and the passage from the Channel to the Line was tedious and hard.

From Port Lincoln she sailed with wheat to Callao in fifty-one days, and back from Callao to Port Lincoln in ballast in sixty-two days. She loaded a full cargo of wheat again at Port Lincoln, this time for Falmouth for orders, and then she made her worst passage under the Finnish flag. She was a hundred and thirty-six days; but that was the voyage when she had only nineteen men all told, and more than a few of them had never been to sea before. A good many Finns run from their ships in Australia, though it was unusual for them to leave the big four-master, and that year it was exceptionally difficult to get men. The ship was badly loaded and down by the head, and in that trim she would give nothing like a true performance. Because he knew his ship was ill-manned and ill-trimmed, Captain de Cloux sought to make west out of Port Lincoln to get up into the tail of the South-east Trades for the run across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope, instead of making the stormy run to the Horn; but the wind shrieked at him, and tore madly at his sails, and dashed heavy seas over his fore-deck, and refused to blow from anywhere but the west; and after twelve days of aimless beating he had to up helm and run for the Horn after all. Then the Atlantic Trades were poor, and all voyages were long that year. Indeed, a hundred and thirty-six days was rather good in the circumstances. That was the year that the big Norwegian four-masted barque *Alonso* (ex *Tinto Hill*) was a hundred and seventy-four days from Australia to the Channel. *She* went to sea no more.

From Falmouth *Herzogin Cecilie* was ordered to Hamburg, and from Hamburg she returned in ballast to Port Lincoln in ninety-six days. Then followed that well-known passage of eighty-eight days to Queenstown for orders, and again the ship discharged at Hamburg. There she dry-docked, and sailed around to Sundsvall to

load timber and pulp for Melbourne. Off the Danish coast she touched the ground in a fog, but got off again without difficulty, and with a fresh breeze in the Baltic passed steamers as if they were at anchor. From Sundsvall she shifted down to Gefle, and from Gefle she sailed to Melbourne in ninety-six days, seventy-nine of which were from Beachy Head. A passage of seventy-nine days from the Channel to Melbourne is not bad for a big modern sailing ship, especially when she has a crew of twenty-six to do what a hundred and twenty-six formerly did.

On the voyage out from Hamburg in ballast, *Herzogin Cecilie* was forty-eight days to the Line, but she came from the longitude of the Cape to Port Lincoln in nineteen days. When there is wind about she flies; fifteen knots is not an unusual speed for her. The focs'l claimed vehemently and often that she had done eighteen frequently; but it is curious that Captain de Cloux should have permitted such an oversight as to neglect to enter the performance in the log. The log gives the undisputed facts, and they show that a shade over fifteen knots is the ship's top speed. And that is pretty fast for a sailing ship.

Her record under the Finnish flag may be summarised as follows:

	Days
Fredriksstad to Melbourne (84 to Cape Nelson)	92
Melbourne to Taltal (ballast)	35
Mexillones to Falmouth	92
Grangemouth to San Antonio	102
San Antonio to Caleta Buena	6
Caleta Buena to Falmouth (90 to Fayal for orders)	97
Ostend to Mexillones (Captain de Cloux absent)	112
Mexillones to Dunkirk (Captain de Cloux absent)	107
Dunkirk to Albany (ballast)	100
Albany to Port Lincoln	6
Port Lincoln to Callao	51

	Days
Callao to Port Lincoln (ballast)	62
Port Lincoln to Falmouth	136
Hamburg to Port Lincoln (19 from Good Hope)	96
Port Lincoln to Queenstown	88
Gefle to Melbourne (79 from Beachy Head)	96
Melbourne to Port Lincoln	3
Port Lincoln to Falmouth	96

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the ship's sailing is the fact that the shorter voyages are almost invariably steamer time. This applies also to *Beatrice*, the greatest and the keenest rival that the big Finn had to face.

II

The average landsman would pass *Beatrice* casually by in port. If there were any other sailing ships about—which would be somewhat extraordinary—he would scarcely look at her. But the sailor would admire her wherever she was. She has a sweetness and a grace of line that, despite all the care and money the Germans spent upon her, *Herzogin Cecilie* does not possess to anything like the same extent. And there is a charm about her old decks that is quite different from the attraction of the big ex-German's.

Beatrice was built forty-seven years ago, in 1881, as the British sailer *Routenburn*, and she is one of the finest iron vessels ever constructed. There is not a bit of steel in her; even the masts are iron, and her bulwarks are half an inch through. Although she is so old, her hull is in a splendid state of preservation and she is fit for many years of service yet. She is of 2,096 tons register, 289 feet in length, 42.2 feet in breadth, and 23 feet 9 inches in depth, and she has always been a good sailer. She was built by R. Steele, at Greenock, the builder of the clipper *Sir Lancelot*, and her lines have a beauty that is the ad-

miration of whatever waterfront she visits. When she was first built she carried royals on all three square-rigged masts, and skysails and the main and mizzen, but for many years now—since 1895, I think—she has been without both royals and skysails. She has very square yards and an extremely short hoist to her upper t'gallants, and the obvious fact that she has been heavily cut down has very much marred her appearance aloft. With her royals and skysails she must have been a magnificent sight; to-day her main beauty is in her hull, where there is beauty enough for anyone. Every line flows into the other with a perfect grace; she enters the water for'ard with a fine sweetness, and leaves it aft with a look of speed that is not belied by her record. I never saw a ship sit better upon the water when deeply laden, and she is a splendid sea-boat.

Beatrice and *Herzogin Cecilie* may be compared as follows:

	Beatrice	*Herzogin Cecilie*
Built	1881	1902
Where	Clyde	Geestemunde
Tonnage	2,096	3,242
Length	289 feet	314 feet
Breadth	42.2 feet	46 feet
Depth	23.9 feet	23.8 feet
Material	iron	steel
Number of sails	28	34
Number of crew	26	26

Beatrice has been Swedish for many years, passing to the Swedish flag in the great discard of British sail of the earlier years of the twentieth century. She was known as the *Svithiod* for some years, sailing under that name for the Swedish Transatlantic Company, of Gothenburg, which had the full-rigged ship *G. D. Kennedy* as a training-ship until she was sold to the Swedish Navy in 1923.

In 1923 the Transatlantic Company got rid of its sailing ships, and though most of them were broken up, *Svithiod* was sold to a company which renamed her *Beatrice* and used her, in conjunction with another four-masted barque, named *C. B. Pedersen*, as a training-ship. To that company she still belongs, and when she lay at Port Lincoln her crew included thirteen apprentices. As was the case also with the *Herzogin Cecilie*, not only the apprentices were in the ship for the sake of sail experience. The Swedish Government still insists that its merchant-service officers shall have sail experience, and, so that they may have the opportunity to gain it, pays something in the way of a subsidy to the *Beatrice* and the *C. B. Pedersen* year by year.

Captain Harald Bruce, master of the *Beatrice*, was thirty-nine years of age, and practically the whole of his sea-career had been spent in deepsea sail. He had command when he was twenty-three; Captain de Cloux also had command at a very early age. Captain Bruce had been then in the *Beatrice* since 1922, when he joined her in Gothenburg as mate, but he had had command only for the last round voyage. While we lay together at Port Lincoln, Captain Bruce described *Beatrice's* career since he had been with her, and the record of her voyages is very good, despite her age and clipped rig. Her first voyage when he joined her was from Gothenburg to Melbourne, but she got ashore the first night out of port and, coming off leaky, had to be taken back to dry-dock. It was some time later before she set out again, and she reached Melbourne after a passage of ninety-two days. From Melbourne she sailed to London in eighty-six days, thirty-two of which were to the Horn. This was a very good passage. From London she sailed to Gothenburg in ballast in three days, and there she was laid up for several months while her owners sought a freight for her.

Eventually she loaded for Port Adelaide, which was reached in ninety-six days, and from Port Adelaide she raced the big French four-masted barque *Richelieu* to Falmouth for orders and beat her there by a day, despite the difference between the size and power of the two ships. *Beatrice* made the passage in a hundred and two days, *Richelieu* in a hundred and three. The wheat that she had loaded at Port Adelaide she discharged at Rotterdam, which was reached in two days from Falmouth, and later she went to Sundsvall to load timber for Melbourne. From Sundsvall to Melbourne she was ninety-four days, and at Melbourne she loaded again for London, taking a hundred and sixteen days on the passage. This is the longest voyage she has made since Captain Bruce has been in her, and was the best sailing-ship passage from Australia that wheat season, the same in which *Herzogin Cecilie* made a passage of a hundred and thirty-six days.

From London *Beatrice* sailed again to Gothenburg, empty in three days, later loading at Fredrikshald for Melbourne. From Fredrikshald to Melbourne she was ninety-four days—remarkably consistent sailing for the old Clyde-built ironsides. This passage of ninety-four days, in the circumstances, was a remarkably good one, for the old vessel had to do it practically on two masts. It was Captain Bruce's first passage in command, and not long after leaving Norway the fore lower mast sank. That was a serious thing, and it looked as if it would mean putting into port, but Captain Bruce sent down the fore t'gallant mast and sailed his crippled vessel on. In anything of a breeze she could carry scarcely anything on the damaged foremast, and that fact, of course, affected the whole balance of her canvas. Often in good fair winds, to which she would ordinarily spread everything that she could carry, she had only half her sail aloft. She was without the proper use of the foremast almost

throughout the voyage, and off the Victorian coast she had a very bad time. The last 200 miles of the 14,000-mile passage took eight days; to have completed such a voyage in the good time of ninety-four days was a remarkable feat for the old ship and the man who sailed her.

Beatrice went to Melbourne for wheat that time, but crops were light and competition to carry them very heavy and she did not get a charter. She was lucky enough to get a charter to load flour for Mauritius, and she sailed from Melbourne to Mauritius in thirty-nine days. Thence she sailed to the Seychelles in four and a half days, and from the Seychelles to Assumption in three days, and from Assumption to the Bluff (New Zealand) in fifty-six days. The Finn *Olivebank* (one of Gustaf Erikson's) took over ninety days on the same passage during the previous year. From the Bluff *Beatrice* sailed in ballast to Melbourne in thirty-five days, which on the face of it looks a bad passage. In the circumstances it was a good one. It is extremely difficult to beat a ship against the permanent westerlies from the Bluff to Melbourne; when the ship is light it is a matter, very often, of utter impossibility, and *Beatrice* found it so. She tried to beat through Foreaux Straits, between New Zealand and Stewart Island, and could not, so she sailed north to Cook Strait, between the two islands of New Zealand, and tried again there. Her efforts were hopelessly unsuccessful, and Captain Bruce decided that the only thing to do was to make right north around the Three Kings, at the extreme northern end of New Zealand, and see if conditions were any better there. He did, and conditions were somewhat better, and he came to Melbourne in thirty-five days. He is not proud of that passage; he has no reason not to be.

From Melbourne *Beatrice* came to Port Lincoln in

seventy hours; how long she would be from Port Lincoln to Falmouth we did not know.

Beatrice's record may briefly be summarized as follows:

	Days
Gothenburg to Melbourne	92
Melbourne to London	86
Gothenburg to Port Adelaide	96
Port Adelaide to Falmouth	102
Sundsvall to Melbourne	94
Melbourne to London	116
Fredrikshald to Melbourne	94
Melbourne to Mauritius	39
Mauritius to Seychelles	4½
Seychelles to Assumption	3
Assumption to Bluff (N. Z.)	56
Bluff to Melbourne	35
Melbourne to Port Lincoln	70 hours

It is a fine record, and *Beatrice* is a fine old ship. It it a pleasure to walk her decks even to-day; there is an air of the era of sail—the best of that era—about them which does not exist to anything like the same extent in the big ex-German. She was obviously built with a loving care; and she is obviously looked after to-day with a loving care. Carved lions' heads, very well done, adorn her catheads, and the figurehead of a woman in white—I do not know who it is—is remarkably beautiful. It sweeps up from the flowing lines of the cutwater in a climax of perfect grace, and the lady in white surveys the sea from beneath the foot of the bowsprit with a serenity and peaceful calm that have watched the old ship through many a wild passage of the Horn and many a stormy North Atlantic night; and there is a peace and beauty about it all that make any in whose blood runs something of the salt of the sea want to ship in *Beatrice.*

Her poop is very roomy, and there is an attraction in

its old-world comfort that is missing in the more lavish appointments of the barrack-like poop of the ex-German. Her saloon is small, and real old Scotch style; it might be the parlour of an old stone-faced Glasgow house. It is homely, and cheerful, and comfortable. It has an attraction born of many old associations, gone for ever now but still lingering in the spirit in the saloon of this old ship.

III

So there they are, *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie*. It is doubtful if two more worthy representatives of the rapidly passing era of sail could be found racing together, anywhere. It was remarkable that they should be racing together at all.

Beatrice sets a huge mainsail and crossjack, and with a good breeze on the quarter she is at her best. But with the wind farther aft she has to take these sails off, and that reduces her effective sail area very considerably. She does not run with the wind dead aft very well, as she has not the long poop-deck that *Herzogin Cecilie* has, nor is she so stoutly rigged. What the ex-German gains in power and strength, the ex-Britisher holds in grace and speed. What the German gains in the difference between their sizes, the Britisher gains in the difference between their lines.

It should have been a very good race. Captain de Cloux knew that the other ship was better in lighter winds; therefore to make for the powerful westerlies that blow to the Horn was his best course. Captain Bruce also believed in the superiority of the Horn route to the slower way—usually—around Good Hope, and when he took his ship to sea it was with the intention of making for the Horn. If the westerlies were not too strong, he hoped that he would hold his own with *Herzogin Cecilie;* if the winds beyond the Horn were not too strong, he

was hopeful that he would more than hold his own.

Yes, it certainly looked like being a great "go," this 14,000-mile race around the Horn to Falmouth for orders, between an old German ship sailed by a young Finlander and a very much older British ship sailed by a younger Swede.

CHAPTER III

SETTING OUT

PORT LINCOLN is a small wheat-export port stowed away behind a corner of Spencer's Gulf in South Australia, chiefly noteworthy for the facts that the majority of its wharf-lumpers come to work in their own motor-cars and about half the population seems to consist of fellows who have run away from ships. Port Lincoln is the outlet for a big wheat belt, very largely still undeveloped, and it obviously has a very considerable future. Just as obviously it has no very considerable present, and the month that both *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie* spent there loading their wheat would have dragged abominably had it not been for the friendliness of the people.

The Australian wharf-lumper rarely exerts himself; in Port Lincoln he takes life very easily and finds that it treats him very well. The principal point of interest about the species all over Australia is the intensity with which it seeks to prevent others from enjoying the conditions which it has "won"; and this applies to Port Lincoln equally as to every other port in Australia, great or small.

For some reason or other—probably because steamers do not care to spend the time necessary to load there—Port Lincoln still sends most of its wheat abroad in sailing ships, and it is not at all uncommon to see three big square-riggers together there. It is very uncommon now that any of them should fly any flag other than the Finn.

When I first visited Port Lincoln, in the Finn four-

masted barque *Lawhill* in 1921 after a seventy-four-day passage from Bordeaux, *Lawhill* was the sixth big sailer in the port. *Garthpool* was there, I remember: that was the voyage her master died somewhere south of Mauritius on the way to Good Hope, and she got a nasty dusting later on in the Channel. A young fellow named Leitch, son of the Mayor of Port Lincoln, who shipped in *Garthpool* that voyage, told me she was a hundred and thirty-one days to Falmouth, fine weather all the way until the North Atlantic. Her Old Man was Captain Atkinson, and he was told by the doctor who attended him in Port Lincoln that he should not make the voyage. He was very old; he had lived long and worked hard. But he was never so insulted in all his life as when the owners sent him out a first-class P. & O. passage with the suggestion that he might like to come Home that way. "Think I can't bring their —— ship Home, do they?" he demanded of the Port Lincoln wharf. So he went, an old salt to the backbone, to show them that he could; and on the way he died.

The mate took her on, and in the Channel she broke from her tugs twice, blew nearly all of her sails out of the gaskets, and was all but lost on the Goodwin Sands. Leitch said that when she was driving madly down-Channel under bare poles there were many steamers about, but a little one which came rather unpleasantly close noticed the plight of the big four-master and signalled all others within sight that a large and sail-less windjammer was adrift and driving out of control; and no more steamers came unpleasantly close! Eventually two tugs picked her up and brought her to Sunderland. Leitch says the *Garthpool* had a good turn of speed and was always well manned. When we left Port Lincoln—January 1928—she was still under the Red Ensign and was, I believe, the last big sailing ship to fly the old flag that has flown from

so many. She was due at Cape Borda for orders empty from Dublin, coming out on the chance of getting wheat. But crops were poor, and what was to become of her we didn't know. She may have got a charter; if she did not, perhaps it would not be very long before the Red Duster flew from the peak of no deepwater sailing ship at all.

The sailing ships in Port Lincoln when I went there in *Lawhill* were *Garthpool*, *Inverclyde*, *Port Stanley*, a Frenchman named *Bonneveine*, and another Frenchman whose name I forget. *Port Stanley* and *Inverclyde* were both Finn; neither will ever come to Port Lincoln again. As for the Frenchmen, many of which used to come to Port Lincoln for orders or for wheat, not one French sailing ship has been in any Australian port for the past three years. It used to be not at all uncommon for twenty or more to call at Melbourne alone for wheat during a season.

In 1924 the four-masted barque *Port Stanley* and the German full-rigged ship *Greif* (ex *Wiscombe Park*) loaded wheat at Port Lincoln; in 1925 the Norwegian four-masted barque *Bellands*, the French four-masted barque *Richelieu*, and the Finns *Archibald Russell* and *Herzogin Cecilie;* in 1926 *Herzogin Cecilie* (others called for orders, but could get no wheat); and in 1927 the Finns *Killoran*, *Hougomont*, *Olivebank*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, and *Mozart*. All of these ships belonged to Mariehamn, and four of them are Gustaf Erikson's.

II

Herzogin Cecilie was well known at Port Lincoln, and her boys were always welcome there. There was a quiet discipline and courtesy in the ship which the boys took ashore with them, and this added to their welcome and their popularity. Together with the boys of the *Beatrice*, they were given a dance by a committee of the ladies of

Port Lincoln, and a very successful function it was. After that nothing would satisfy Captain Bruce and Captain de Cloux but that they should give return dances aboard their ships, and they did so. *Herzogin Cecilie's* turn came first. On the Saturday evening before she left Port Lincoln a big dance was given aboard, and on the Monday the same guests were invited to a dance aboard the *Beatrice*—historic occasions, these, in a way. Once, when the clipper ships of old were the main link between the early towns of Australia and the Old Country from which they sprang, a dance aboard the ships as they lay at the wharves of Melbourne or Sydney was a great social occasion, to be looked forward to with many a fluttering heart and looked back upon with many a pleasant memory. But the years took the clipper ships and their dances with them, and to the generation of to-day a sailing-ship dance is almost unheard of. It is quite possible that those which were so enjoyable in the two four-masted barques at Port Lincoln may be the last Australia will know.

Herzogin Cecilie's dance was held in the roomy shelter-deck under the long poop, in the space that was once the German cadets' quarters, but is now only a sail-loft. Rough seats were erected around the steel sides, the flags of the international code draped from the stringers and beams, and gay streamers of the pale blue and gold of Sweden and the white and blue of Finland made the well-scrubbed deck look something like a dance-hall, and everybody had a great time. The ship's own orchestra, in the shape of four of her boys, supplied the music, which was very good, and a real Scandinavian supper was provided. The whole affair passed off very well, and the presence of two uninvited guests, in the shape of two rats who made their presence known in the middle of a waltz, added considerably both to the noise and the excitement.

Everybody was there, from the Mayor of Port Lincoln to the *Beatrice's* cabin-boy; everybody danced, and everybody enjoyed himself.

The *Beatrice's* dance was even more successful. It was held on her big open main-deck, which, with the aid of electric light from the shore, streamers, flags, and confetti, looked very well, and if the couples had to steer a careful course now and then to avoid colliding with a capstan or tripping over a ringbolt in the deck, there was the gauntness of the yards and rigging high aloft to remind them that this was a ship, and that they were dancing under conditions which looked like pretty soon disappearing for ever.

So the time passed, with dances in the nights, swimming in the cool of the evening on the grand Port Lincoln beach, working in the day. Often the two captains exchanged visits, Captain Bruce coming aboard *Herzogin Cecilie* in the evenings to listen-in on her wireless set, Captain de Cloux going aboard *Beatrice* in the mornings for a cup of coffee. They never talked about their ships or the coming voyage, these two; there was never a word said about the voyage unless the subject was introduced by some one else. They were firm friends, and worthy rivals.

Those Port Lincoln nights in the *Cecilie's* saloon were very interesting. The saloon is big and roomy, with seats carved with the Norddeutscher Lloyd arms around a big table, and pictures of the ship and of *Lawhill* on the walls, with a text worked beautifully in silk by Madame de Cloux, and the captain's cabin opening off the starboard side. His quarters are very extensive and most luxurious for a sailing ship, by the way. Of an evening a few of the captain's friends would come aboard—Mr. Crawford, the boss of the wharf-lumpers, whose job it was to see that the two ships were loaded at as near the same time

as possible and who performed that duty with an admirable efficiency; Captain Maxwell, the harbourmaster and an old windjammer man himself; a bright young man who edited one of the local newspapers; and often some girls of Swedish descent—and two or three hours flew by listening to 3LO Melbourne and drinking Swedish punch. It is questionable even now which was the more enjoyable.

So the time went, and the ship was loaded and her sails were bent ready for the sea.

Beatrice was ready first. Seeing that she had a thousand tons less cargo to take, that was scarcely avoidable. Early on the morning of Wednesday, January 18th, 1928, she completed loading, and shortly afterwards moved out into the stream. Coming into Port Lincoln her fore lower t'gallant yard had carried away at the truss, and the yard was sent on deck and spliced. It was aloft again and the sail bent before she left the wharf, but the yard was rather shorter than it had been before the accident, and the sail that was to be set from it would be impaired.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the same day *Herzogin Cecilie* completed loading and an hour later was out in the stream, splitting the focs'l-head capstan in two pieces with the strain of a wire spring on the jetty in the process. The evening found both ships at anchor and ready for the sea, hatches battened down and decks cleared, with every sail aloft and every rope ready for use, waiting only their clearance papers before setting out.

Next day—Thursday, January 19th—both ships began their voyage. *Beatrice* weighed anchor at 9 a.m. and stood out of the harbor under her tops'ls, fores'l, and fore-and-afters, looking very well in her coat of new silver-grey paint, loaded down to her marks. *Cecilie's* papers were not cleared when the Swede left, or she would have been with her; and it was not until 2 p.m., five hours

later, that the big Finn tripped her anchor and rode free of Port Lincoln's mud while sail was piled upon sail, sheet, tack, and brace hauled home, and the green water began slowly to cleave before her keen bows as *Herzogin Cecilie* began her voyage.

There is something strangely attractive, some glimmer, maybe, of the elusive and indefinable thing called romance, something of adventure and of life as all men would have it lived, if they knew how, about the setting out of a big sailing ship for the sea. The mere fact that for weeks and weeks to come—months and months, often —over perhaps 14,000 miles of sea, she will be dependent upon the wind to blow her to her destination, gives to the sailer an air of the sea that can never be the steamer's. The steamer is a machine which uses the sea as a handy means for the conveyance of goods; the sailing ship is the culmination of centuries of progress towards the evolution of the perfect vessel which may progress with the wind at sea. The steamer makes a voyage; the sailer sails one. To the steamer the sea is a fortunate circumstance in which the floundering of its screw may give it progress; to the sailer the sea is its home, and only by its perfect understanding may it ever hope to progress. The steamer exists in spite of the sea; the sailing ship lives with the sea, and is, on its long, lonely voyagings, part of it. And who may see the white-sailed, beautiful ship—blunt-bowed, full in the lines, oversparred and undermanned though she too often may be—setting out upon a long voyage without feeling something of the call of the sea, something of the call of Life?

The wind was a dead muzzler when *Herzogin Cecilie* set out, and Spencer's Gulf is a bad place to clear in head winds; but that did not perturb the white four-master nor the man who commanded her, and she put to sea determined to beat out if there were no other way. There

was no other way. And the people of Port Lincoln put down their tools and left their shop-counters when she put out to sea. There are no towboats in Port Lincoln—it is yet too small—and both *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie* put out right from the very town under sail. Half an hour after her anchor was broken out, the Finn had stretched all sail to the fresh head wind and was standing out smartly at a clean nine knots. The tops'ls, t'gallants, and royals were mastheaded by the steam-winches, steam being kept in the big donkey for the purpose; God knows how long her nineteen boys would have been getting the heavy sails spread by hand.

The harbourmaster brought a boatful of shore people with him when he took us out, and they stared in wonder at the unusual sight of a big sailer going to sea, seen from her decks. But when she came outside and, heeling to the wind, took life, they were glad to leave. The last we saw of Port Lincoln was the harbourmaster's boat and her people making back for the smooth water of the harbour, while they cheered us and we cheered in return. How long it might be before we would hear another hearty British cheer we had not the least idea.

III

It was extraordinary that two modern sailing ships should get to sea so quickly after they were loaded. Usually the modern sailing ship is in no hurry to begin a voyage; the ordinary course of events is to spend anything from three days to three weeks at anchor off the port of loading, getting ready for sea first and then waiting for a wind. In the sailing ships that I had previously been in, we had always done that. No one ever thought of going to sea from a wharf; setting out was apt to be a very leisurely process, punctuated by many curses at the absence of a fair wind, qualified by many bargainings

with the skippers of tow-boats, relieved by many receivings on board of drunken seamen. There was nothing of this either with *Beatrice* or *Herzogin Cecilie*. When they were loaded and their papers cleared, they went to sea. Both masters were keen upon the coming race, and they did not want to lose anything at the start. Before the ships left Port Lincoln, great newspapers had become interested, and sent telegrams for particulars; and the backers of *Beatrice* ashore increased the odds they were prepared to lay when they saw her get away before the Finn.

But though the focs'ls may have had strong and frequently expressed views upon the subject, there was no spirit of blatant skite about this race, no boost or boast, no pitting of one ship against the other, of one master against the other, or of the crews. Each master would do his best with the ship he had and what winds the sea gave him; each crew would do its best to get its ship around the Horn to Falmouth in the fastest time possible. It might be eighty days, and it might be a hundred and eighty. We hoped for the former, but were prepared to accept some modification of the latter, if it could not be avoided.

With the ship working quietly under all sail into the head wind, everything shipshape and ready for the voyage, the watches were chosen. All hands mustered at the break of the poop—how few they looked!—the mate and second mate ran an experienced eye over them, and called names. I was chosen for the first mate's watch, and we were ten. We hoped Cape Horn and the well-named Roaring Forties that blow stout ships to it would look kindly upon us this voyage!

We had four A.B.s, two ordinary seamen, a boy, two apprentices, and a passage worker who never was at sea before. And I was the oldest member of the watch.

I was twenty-four.

CHAPTER IV

WE DISCOVER A STOWAWAY

ONE of the last things that we did at Port Lincoln was to take aboard five pigs. They came down to the ship in sacks, and we carried them aboard and emptied them into the sties for'ard, under the roomy focs'l head. We were glad to see them come; for we knew that we could eat them. Though we did not know it then, there was something else that we took aboard at Port Lincoln, very much more interesting, that we could not eat at all.

On the second morning out, standing through Backstairs Passage under all sail to a fresh head wind, weathering through to the sea, we discovered a stowaway. There might not be anything very extraordinary about that, though it was unusual for a sailing ship. But our stowaway was a woman.

It was Petrén who saw her first, in our four-to-eight morning watch on deck. He got such a shock that he nearly fell out of the jigger rigging.

The ship was working uneasily in the first hint of the ocean swell. The morning was dull, with the sky heavily overcast and rain-squalls so thick that we could not see anything of the mainland of South Australia, which we knew to be on our port beam. On the starboard hand the heights of Kangaroo Island, hidden now and then in the rain, were slipping steadily by. Every stitch was aloft, and the ship was doing a shade under thirteen knots. A little water came aboard for'ard and swished about the fore-deck. Two boys were at the wheel; others were aloft,

overhauling gear, looking to shackles, robands, gaskets, and blocks. Petrén was aft, working in the jigger rigging, seeing that the ratlines were fit for the long run to the Horn and through both Atlantics. The mate was 'midships, by the helmsmen. The third mate was for'ard, superintending the rigging of a sea-pump.

Steadily Petrén worked on with his job. He knew that men's lives would depend upon his efficiency, later on; and he saw that they would depend upon a sturdy rod that would not fail them. If he was thinking about anything at the time, it was probably his breakfast. And when he chanced to look down on the deck and to see a slim youth, in a blue jersey and grey trousers, with long black hair hanging over his forehead, emerge from the lee chart-house door and go to the rail, he did not at first take much notice. Then he looked again. Who could this be? Then he saw that it was not a youth at all; it was a woman—*that* woman! . . . He nearly fell out of the rigging; and swinging on to a backstay, slid down to the deck and rushed for'ard to tell the mate. The mate said "Satan!" with a vehemence that was alarming.

Yes, it was a woman right enough, though she looked, in her trousers and her jersey, and her slim figure and her short hair, like enough to a boy at the first casual glance. It was more than merely being *a* woman—it was *that* woman—the woman who had said so often she would come in the ship that nobody took any notice. And now she was damned well there.

When *Herzogin Cecilie* visited Port Lincoln early in 1927 to load wheat for that eighty-eight-day passage to Queenstown for orders, many young women were interested in the ship and in various members of her crew. Among the former was a slim young teacher from Adelaide, at Port Lincoln for her holidays, and—maybe the sea was in her blood—somehow she could not stand upon

the big sailer's decks without feeling an overpowering desire to make a voyage in her. She felt a strange attraction for the big square-rigged sailing ship, which stirred chords in her somewhere no steamship had ever touched. That, at least, was readily understandable.

Before the ship left for Europe this young woman asked more than once if she could come with her, and even then expressed the intention of stowing away. Her requests to make the voyage—they were not taken seriously—were met by laughing refusals, though she expressed her willingness to work at anything if only she could come; and the expressed intention of stowing away was treated as a joke. Then the ship left for Europe, and the teacher went back to her job.

But she did not forget *Herzogin Cecilie* or her wish to make a voyage. When she heard that the ship was coming to Australia again, she wrote to the captain at Melbourne, and learning elsewhere that the ship was to come from Melbourne to Port Lincoln again to load for the return voyage, she determined that she would come to Port Lincoln to stay while the ship was there. She did so, and again asked more than once to make the voyage. She was several times a member of the quiet little parties which used to gather in the saloon, listening to the wireless and talking ships, and whenever the topic was *Herzogin Cecilie* she listened with rapt attention. Again she expressed a desire to join the ship, and the impossibility of doing so was pointed out to her. Again she expressed the determination to stow away, if she could come by no other means, and nobody took any notice. A girl stowaway, alone amongst men in a sailing ship? No fear; nobody would hear of it; nobody gave the possibility a second thought. Women were queer things, of course, and they would do anything, but surely not that.

At length came the day when *Herzogin Cecilie,* deep-

laden with her grain, moved from Port Lincoln wharf out into the stream, and still the young teacher was ashore and everybody thought that at last she was resigned to stay there. But she had no more idea of staying in Port Lincoln than she had of allowing the ship to go to sea without her.

A few days before that, the farewell dance had been given aboard, and she had been one of the guests. She knew a thing or two about the ship before that night; she knew a good deal more about her afterwards. It was not idle curiosity nor feminine gush which caused her to follow the remarks of the officer who showed her over the ship with extraordinarily close attention. No one noticed it at the time. Many girls were being shown over the sights of a big sailing ship at close quarters, and most of them at least feigned an intense interest. The young teacher's interest was both intense and unfeigned, and it was not without results.

She made one mistake, though in the light of what followed it may not have been a mistake at all. An hour or two before the ship left the wharf, in the broad sunlight of a Port Lincoln afternoon, she marched down to the jetty in boy's clothes—grey trousers, blue jersey, and cap—and told the world, when somebody saw through her disguise, that she was going to stow away. She was very open about it, at least; but all that she achieved was to cause the hefty wharf-lumpers to guffaw loudly.

She did not board the ship then. The mates went on the jetty and told her what madness it was, how impossible and how wrong, and, apparently very crestfallen and quite decided that she would not come, she went away. But she was not decided that she would not come at all.

She came out of the fifth hatch, which has a little manhole that opens into an alleyway of the accommodation aft, through which it would be possible for any one *who*

knew the ship to get into or out of the hold without being seen. Down in the hold she would be comfortable enough, with the sacks of wheat for her bed and the rats for company. Maybe that company was her greatest ordeal! When she was found she did not seem worried at all. She had only the clothes that she stood up in, and they were youth's, and she had no money at all. She was alone among twenty-six men for a four-month voyage. But she smiled serenely and did not appear concerned with the prospects either of the immediate present or of the future to the slightest degree. She was here, in a great sailing ship at sea—and that was all that she wanted.

The news that the woman—everybody knew which woman—was aboard spread consternation fore and aft. The officers were very perturbed, though—strangely enough—what appeared to worry them most was the fear that the people ashore might think that the girl had been brought away by the ship or by some one in her. For'ard both focs'ls and the apprentices' quarters said "Satan!" —which is rather a dreadful swear-word in Swedish—with a malevolent vindictiveness that only the Scandinavian can give that word. Looking forward to a good voyage before, and a quick run to the Horn, the story of the woman turned everybody into pessimists. "Whoever heard of a ship with a woman aboard doing any good?" demanded Voxblom. "Satan's Satan!" answered the crew.

II

When he felt that he was able, the mate had the unperturbed young lady brought to his cabin and examined, and—in the capacity of "official" shorthand writer to the ship, I suppose—I was present. A full shorthand note of all that was said was taken and the notes transcribed straight away, the mate taking a copy to hand with the stowaway girl to the first steamer we might see. Perhaps

the whole of this remarkable "official" report is interesting enough to give. Here it is:

Finnish s.v. *Herzogin Cecilie*, at sea, Port Lincoln to Falmouth for orders.

A stowaway was discovered aft on the morning after leaving Port Lincoln. It was a young woman, dressed as a youth, and upon examination she said that nobody had brought her aboard the ship nor had induced her to come, but that she had come of her own free will "because she wanted to." Examined by the chief officer, Mr. Lindfors, the following took place:

The mate: "Who helped you to come here?"

Stowaway: "No one."

The mate: "Who brought you to the ship?"

Stowaway: "It was no one from the ship. It was a man from Port Lincoln."

The mate: "Who is he?"

"I do not know what his name is. I think he is a fisherman. He took me out in his boat to the ship at anchor, and I went aboard."

"What is he, an old man or a young man?"

"He is an old man."

"Didn't he ask you why you wanted to go aboard? Didn't he want to know anything about you?"

"He did not say anything when I asked him to put me aboard the ship."

"What time was it when you came aboard?"

"It was in the night."

"When?"

"About three-thirty a.m."

"And a man brought a girl aboard a foreign ship at that hour, and did not say anything?"

"He did not know I was a girl. He had no idea."

"Did you see any one about the decks when you came aboard?"

"No, I did not see any one."

"Was any one with you when you came out?"

"No. I was by myself."

"What did you do when you came aboard?"

"I climbed over the rail and walked along the deck to the door of the charthouse, which was open. I walked in, and there was a light which showed me the way into the hold. I knew there was a way in there, and I went into the hold and stayed there, meaning not to come up until the ship was at sea."

"You were advised by the sailmaker and by others not to come here. Why did you not take that advice?"

No answer.

"Did you not think there was a very considerable risk, coming here like that?"

"I do not understand."

"Didn't you think that it was wrong—very wrong—for a young girl to come alone in such a ship, with only the clothes that she stood up in, and those not fit for a girl to wear? Didn't you think you ran a big risk in coming here like that?"

"No—only to be found out. I did not think there was any other risk."

"What? Did you think we had clothes?"

"No."

"Then what did you think we should do with you?"

"I don't know."

"As soon as we get a chance we will send you back. That is what we will do."

No answer.

"Have you got any money?"

"No."

"If we meet a steamer where we can send you back to Adelaide, we will see that you get some money. It is quite impossible that we should take you to Europe. We told you that before; don't you believe it now?"

"No."

"What did you think your parents and friends would say when they knew you were here, when they read about it in the newspapers? It will be in all the newspapers of Australia."

"I don't know."

"What will be the results?"

"I don't know."

"What will the people of Port Lincoln say? What will they think has become of you?"

"When I was on the jetty in the afternoon I said that I would go home by car. They will think that I have done that."

"But your parents? They will know better than that. What will they think? What will they do?"

No answer.

"Will you go home if we put you off in a steamer?"

"No."

"You will have to. You cannot make trouble here."

"I did not want to make trouble. I am sorry if I am the cause of trouble."

"Then why did you come here? It must be trouble for us and for you. A girl cannot do a mad thing like that without causing trouble."

No answer.

"Didn't that fisherman know you were a girl?"

"I do not think so. I do not think he had the faintest suspicion."

"He must have been as mad as you, then."

"I had my cap pulled well down on my face, and he did not seem to guess."

"Well, that is all now. I have no woman's clothes, and I do not think any one else in the ship has. I will show you where you can sleep until we can put you off, and you may help the steward with the dishes in the meantime."

"I shall be glad to do anything I can."

"Whatever on earth made you come here?"

"I wanted to go to sea, and what could a girl like me do?"

"Nothing in a ship like this; but you could have gone in a steamer."

"I said I wanted to go to sea. I did not want to go in a steamer; I wanted to go in a ship like this."

"We will look forward to meeting a steamer in good weather, then, and you can try that. That is all."

This concluded the examination, and the witnesses withdrew.

III

We were in a bit of a pickle with our stowaway. If it had been a man we should have been very thankful; it would be another hand at the braces and another hand aloft, in both of which places it would have been extremely welcome. But a woman! What earthly use was she? What in the name of heaven could she do? We did not know; and if aft there was consternation, for'ard was desperation and damnation, too. She must be put ashore, we said. It was easy enough to say that. But how was it to be done?

We could not put back to Adelaide. At least, we could have done; but we had not the remotest intention of putting back to Adelaide nor of putting back or into anywhere to land a stowaway. It would have been difficult to get back to Adelaide then, in any circumstances. The ship, under a full press of sail, had barely room to weather through Backstairs Passage out to sea, and she had no room to turn around. True, we could have weathered out

to sea and then have gone about and run back, but that was scarcely likely. It was only by hard sailing that we could hope to reach the sea, and we were not going to give up again so easily the ground that we had won. And what would *Beatrice* be doing, if we did? No, it was not to be thought of. We stood on, and hoped to meet a steamer.

But, though the intention to put the stowaway off in a steamer was very fierce, the hope was faint and the possibility extremely remote. We saw no steamer, and if we had the weather was such that we should have been powerless. So we sailed on with our stowaway, and it looked as if we should have to do so right to Europe. And by and by the intention to get rid of her was not so fierce at all, and the hope became more remote than ever.

Our stowaway was not long making a niche for herself aboard the ship. She proved a good worker and a thoroughly decent sort, and pretty soon her time was fully occupied with keeping the quarters aft cleaner than they had ever been before, and teaching English and playing chess. She made herself some dresses out of an old cloth from the cabin table, and good dresses they were; and before we had been very long at sea the sight of her sitting on the after-hatch making a hair-net or a hat—she was always doing something—excited no comment at all. It was a queer experience, to have a woman stowaway aboard. No one in the ship had ever heard of such a thing before, though they had read about it often enough in books.

"There's nothing some women won't do these days, so long's it's dam' fool enough," observed my friend and cabin-mate Fyhrqvist. The observation of my friend Fyhrqvist was quite right.

CHAPTER V

HER STORY

WEEKS after I had written the preceding chapter, our stowaway told me her story in her own words. It was on the day before we came to Cape Horn, as a matter of fact, and it was such an interesting and a very human little tale that it is well worthy of inclusion here. What she had to say was this.

"I had always wanted to go to sea," she told me. "And yet it was a rather strange kind of longing for the sea, this of mine; I never felt the slightest inclination to travel in steamships, even if I had been able. In some vague way I felt that I would not get to know the sea that called me in them; they were not of the sea I wanted. I was always fascinated by the sight of great sailing ships lying in the docks or the river in Port Adelaide, and whenever I could—which wasn't often, being a girl—I went on board them. It was not at all uncommon, especially in more recent years, for parties to go to look over these ships on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and I was a member of as many of these as I could find. I liked to see the clear skins of the sailors and the distance of blue waters in the sweep of their eyes, and to hear them talk about their ships, though mostly they were foreigners and I didn't understand one word of what they said. I loved to walk the decks of these ships; I loved to imagine myself making a voyage in one of them; but I never got beyond the stage of imagining it! I never thought that I should one day make a voyage; that was too good a thing for life to hold. So I just loved the old ships, and

saw them when I could, and thought that if I were a boy I should go to sea in them and be very happy indeed.

"Then one Christmas—it was 1926—I went for a holiday to Port Lincoln, and *Herzogin Cecilie* was there. I found an opportunity to go on board, and I knew immediately that here was the ship of my dreams! To walk the decks of this great white ship, to look up at the masts and yards high aloft, to glance along the sheer of her clean decks, to hear the lithesome boys who manned her talking in their musical foreign tongue—it overwhelmed me; it stirred deep emotions in me that I had not known were there. The moment that I stepped upon her decks I had a strange premonition that one day I would sail in this ship, and that many things would happen aboard. . . . But, premonition or not, I did not think it would ever come true.

"Then *Herzogin Cecilie* set out from Port Lincoln on the voyage to Queenstown which was to get her name in the newspapers of the world, and I went back to my job in Adelaide and tried to carry on. All 1927 that ship haunted me. I fought against her; I struggled against that fatal premonition—let us call it that, for lack of a better word—that brought me here; I told myself not to be mad, that I merely dreamt foolishly, and would do my work better if I forgot all about it. But I could not forget; and there came a time when I did not want to. Despite all my efforts and my fighting against it, the feeling that I would sail in this ship grew until it became a certainty.

"Then I heard that *Herzogin Cecilie* was coming from Sweden to Melbourne, and that afterwards she was to come to Port Lincoln again to load wheat. I determined that I would come to Port Lincoln; I would have gone to Melbourne if the ship had been loading her cargo there. I was strangely drawn towards the ship, despite myself,

and I would have gone to her no matter where she was. And I felt that I would have sailed in her, no matter where she was or whither bound.

"All my life the sea has haunted me and charmed me; I felt as I went to Port Lincoln that now it was going to claim me, whether I willed or not. And it did. I went aboard the ship again; I came to know some of her people, and, very carefully and very discreetly, sounded the prospects of making the voyage with the consent of everybody. I found that that was hopeless, and was glad I had been so discreet! Nobody would hear of the idea of a woman being in a sailing ship. 'Women are in everything now,' I was told, 'but there's one place where they'll never fit—and that's in Cape Horn sailing ships!' Well, I said nothing, but I thought a good deal about things, and I decided that if women wouldn't fit in Cape Horn sailing ships, at least there was one willing to try. But I kept that decision strictly to myself.

"One night I was aboard the ship in Port Lincoln, sitting in the captain's saloon. The captain was there, and Captain Bruce of the *Beatrice*, and some of their officers, and one or two others from the shore who had been in sailing ships for years. All these were sailors of the old type—though some were young—and they fitted in with their surroundings, and the beautiful names of the old sailing ships that had gone for ever fell lovingly from their lips. They sat there for hours, and talked ships, and nothing but ships, and I had nothing to say, but I fairly revelled in it all. Every now and then one of them apologised to me for becoming so enthusiastic over their subject—as if there were any need to apologise to me! I was as enthusiastic as any of them, and I was content to sit there and listen all night, though the smoke from six strong pipes stung my eyes, and I had to feel a bit out of it when I remembered that I was a girl. Ships'

names were mentioned. 'Do you remember her?' it was, and eager answers and flashing eyes, and now and then a dimmed one as they spoke of the men who had sailed the ships they loved, and had gone where the ships had gone.

"One of the sailors from the shore—he was to join the ship before she left Port Lincoln—turned to me once, and quietly said, 'Are you going in this ship too?' All my heart longed to shout gleefully, 'Yes, yes! I'm stowing away because there's no other way for a girl to go!' But that would not have done, and I merely said, 'Well, I hardly think so.' I lied!

"So came the day when *Herzogin Cecilie* was to move to her anchorage, ready to sail away from me for ever—or with me, whether she liked it or not. I was then in a state close bordering upon mental derangement. I was going in that ship; but how? It looked impossible; I feared it was impossible; but I would not allow myself to believe it so. I had to goad myself to carry out the plan I had formed; I had to keep on telling myself that it was now or never, life or death. My plans were poor things. I must stow away; that was all I was sure of. The idea was distasteful; I did not like the notion of forcing myself upon people who had been good friends to me. I knew I had no mortal right to go in that ship; I knew the world would think me mad; I knew it would not be as a welcomed guest that I would make my presence known on board, when the ship was well out at sea. But I had to go, for all that. Something a good deal stronger than I urged me on, and it would not be denied. Well, I knew that I had to get aboard the ship before five o'clock that afternoon, when she was going out to her anchorage, and I made my choice between life and death. I chose Life!

"I had just enough money to pay for my lodgings to

that very day and to buy a few clothes in which I could dress as a man—a pair of trousers, a sweater, a cap, and a pair of shoes. Then, with these tucked under my arm and my bill paid, I walked a long way along the beach until I came to a quiet place where nobody would come. Then I sat down and took off my clothes, and for the first time in my life dressed as a boy. When I had gone that far, with nobody within miles, I was almost scared to death! I sat there for a long time in trepidation. Many times I had to tell myself that if I went at all, it must be now; and then I arose, and walked slowly away.

"But I still felt a very long way from being at ease. I knew that I was taking a desperate chance. I knew that my only hope to get aboard was to march boldly down to the wharf, along to the ship, and wander peacefully up the gangway as many people did who wanted to look at the ship, and trust to goodness that nobody would see that I was a girl, or hear the beating of my heart! And as I walked along that white beach with the new trousers feeling strange about my legs, I never felt more of a girl in all my life. But I walked on. The spirit of adventure that was in me conquered the cringing, cowardly part of me, and I increased my pace. Get it over, I thought; get aboard, or be found out!

"I passed some boatbuilders on the beach, and several other people, and did not arouse any suspicions as to my sex. They did not even look, and at that I felt highly pleased and even began to whistle to assist in the deception. I found that I was whistling like a girl, and stopped. Then who should I see, coming straight towards me along that beach, but my best girl-friend! She knew nothing about my adventure—I had told no one—and she would surely think me mad and send for a keeper or something if she saw me now. I trembled that she would see through my meager disguise; she was so close that I could

not very well run away. I looked in fear, and saw that she had no suspicion as yet. Then I did the first thing that came into my mind. I dropped down on the beach, and, hiding part of my face with one hand, aped the bold bad beach sheik, and whistled softly to her as she passed. She stalked with head held loftily in the air and did not even look at me, and I grinned a bit to myself as I got up at the success of my little strategy, and walked on. So I came to the wharf.

"Now for it. I lit a cigarette and puffed manfully away—at least, I hope it was manfully!—with the dual purpose of hiding my face and helping my courage. There were a good many people about, but none of them seemed to take any notice of me, as, with averted head, I hurried by, and I safely reached the end of the wharf. I stood there for a moment, wondering just what to do next. My plan was to march boldly up the gangway and to fool around the decks until I saw a chance to slip below, and to stay there. That seemed simple enough, but it wasn't! Everybody seemed to have an eagle eye fixed on that gangway; everybody seemed to be watching the ship with rapt attention; every eye that looked in my direction seemed charged with suspicion and distrust. I stood there, working desperately to screw up my courage. Go on, you goat, I said; you can't go back now! And I turned around to walk towards the gangway. But instead of walking towards that gangway, I found myself confronted by the bulky figure of the chief mate. "And what do you intend to do?" he asked.

"That was all. But I could have wept, and maybe nearly did. I wished that the wharf would become suddenly rotten, and precipitate me into the sea; I wished that the sun would go out, and hide my shame; I wished that the chief mate—well, it was a horrible, uncharitable wish, and perhaps I'd better not say what it was. But the

wharf was built of imperishable timber; the sun shone with a great glare in that cloudless summer sky; and the mate, guessing well enough what I was up to, gave me a lecture—and such a lecture! It was a perfectly good one, too, with a lot of things in it that I knew were both perfectly true and thoroughly justified. But that didn't make it any the more pleasant to hear, and I felt miserable beyond tears. Then a small boy who had been fishing from the wharf suddenly burst into derisive laughter. 'It's a woman!' he shrieked, for all the world to hear. How I consumed the entire race of small boys with a bitter and unchristian hatred at that never-to-be-forgotten moment! The laughter of that very much amused small boy cut me through, as I turned miserably and made my way back along the wharf, past what was now a crowd of laughing, jeering spectators. How funny they thought it all, this thing they did not understand! How I hated them!

"I hurried on, my only thought to get as far away from the ship and these people as my legs would carry me. But not for ever; oh, no, not for ever—not by any means."

II

"The perfectly good advice which the mate gave me, to get out of 'those things' as quickly as possible and put something 'proper' on, I utterly disregarded. I went back along the beach, dodging the crowds by devious moves among the sandhills, and flung myself down upon the sand. I felt horribly crushed, almost utterly crushed; but still something inside me clamoured for light. I do not know how long I lay there. It was early in the afternoon when I made that desperate and disastrous venture to the wharf; I still lay upon the sands when the ship moved out to anchorage, hours later. How beautiful the big white sailing ship looked! How noble, alluring,

splendid, magnificently grand! But an almost hopeless feeling of dejection came over me, and suddenly overcome by the apparent hopelessness of my endeavour and the calamity of facing life again, I sank down beside a bush in the sandhills and wished that I could die.

"The moment that I did that is imprinted in my memory while I shall live. From where I lay, the beach stretched out white arms to encircle the pale lavender of the water of the bay wherein my ship lay at anchor, her tall masts and spars sharply defined against the softness of the evening sky as she gently swung to her moorings, and all that was in me longed to be there. The air, then, was deadly quiet; no sound broke the dream of that evening, save the peaceful lapping of the water on the shelving beach. There was peace in that sound, and comfort. It said to me that the world still went on, despite my shame and humiliation; it told me that the world would still go on, no matter what happened to me; and it whispered to me that in that world that always went on, hope always went on, too.

"I sat up suddenly, thinking, just thinking. Was there no way out? I racked my brains until I thought I had none left, and could think of nothing. And as I sat there, there came a gentle evening breeze that ever so softly stole over the surface of that bay, and I noticed as if with a shock that it headed straight for the big white ship out there—*my* ship! Every little furrow that it gently cut in the surface of that water pointed to the ship; from every angle of the bay the wind came quietly out to her. How it typified the thoughts that were in me! Did I imagine it so, or was it real? I did not imagine it; from every side of the bay the breeze was poking fingers gently out across the water, and every one of those fingers pointed to the goal of my desires. And as I looked I knew that I would reach that goal, that I would succeed

in the endeavour that had seemed so hopeless, and that I would sail in that ship and see those tall spars reeling in the Cape Horn sea. A great reaction set in to my former despair; I still had not the faintest idea how I was going to get aboard the ship, but I knew that I did not need to worry any more.

"It began to be cold, and I crouched in the meagre shelter of an old broken-down hut that I had found, and wished that the night's adventure was over. My plan came to me then—one that would work, this time; not merely a bold advance and a bold attack direct upon my objective, as I had tried so disastrously earlier that day. What I did was this.

"I knew that there were fishermen who went out in the very early mornings, from the wharf, and I decided that I would make use of them. After midnight, when not even the village policeman was about, I crept down to the wharf and along to the boats. In one or two of the larger ones the fishermen were sleeping; these I gave a wide berth. Choosing from the others the one that looked the cleanest, I stepped carefully aboard and hid myself under the nets beneath the after-thwarts. So far so good; but how was I to persuade whatever fisherman might own that boat to put me aboard *Herzogin Cecilie?* It seemed to me far more likely that he would see through my disguise and put me in the police-station. I lay there hours, thinking desperately. Now that I was so savagely up against it I could think clearly enough, and at last I conceived a desperate chance by which I might come on board. I should remain hidden when the fisherman came into his boat and not show myself until he was well out in the bay. He would have to pass close to the ship to reach the fishing-grounds; I should choose the moment when he was closest to the ship to poke my head stupidly through the nets, and pretend that I had fallen asleep

in his boat while hopelessly drunk on the previous evening. That would be a good scheme! I should just murmur stupidly, when he questioned me, something about putting me aboard my ship—'*Hertz-z-geen Seseel*'—and have no knowledge of English, and need to answer no awkward questions or make no difficult explanations.

"The plan worked. I lay in terror first that no fisherman would come; and then when he did come, a little before daybreak, I was in greater terror that he should see through me. But he didn't. He hadn't the faintest idea. He was an old sailor himself, and apparently thought it nothing strange that a drunken sailor should appear from nowhere in his boat and demand to be put aboard his ship. I did my part, and when he shook me could do nothing but murmur drunkenly in very bad and very broken English, something about putting me aboard my ship. He understood, swore a little, and took me there. How glad I was! I didn't need to act drunken clumsiness in grabbing for the rope-ladder that hung over the ship's side; if my fisherman had not helped me I should have fallen into the water with a clumsiness that was quite unfeigned!

"As soon as I reached the decks, I sunk into a deep shadow. No one had seen me; everything was quiet, thank God! I slipped quietly up the ladder to the poop-deck and along to a companion that led to the accommodation aft, and so down and by a way I had spied out carefully before into the hold. I had just strength enough and determination enough left to stagger on to the wheat-bags, and to sink down, too utterly worn out, just for the moment, to be glad. But only for a moment! Thank God! I said, and so slept."

III

"How long I slept I had not the least idea; what the weather was like when we left Port Lincoln I had not the least idea—nor did I care. When I awoke the ship was not at sea; the quietness of her told me that. I was appalled to think then how easily I might have been discovered, and I trembled violently for fear that Customs officers might have found me and have dragged me humiliatingly to light. That was a dreadful fear, and once it came to me I could not shake it off. A fierce resolve formed in my head that I would not be found. The quite unnecessary and very extensive precautions which I took to carry out that resolve cause me to grin a bit now, but they were very serious matters with me just then. How was I to know that Customs officers never came down the holds of old sailing ships setting out for the sea? I had never had any experience of stowing away before!

"I found among the wheat a small opening left, with some planks covering another opening, in which there was some more wheat. Here I would never be found, I thought. So I set to work in the murk and gloom and heaved and heaved until I thought my arms would come out, and I shifted the planks sufficiently to allow my body to crawl under them into the opening beneath. It was just space enough for me to crawl through on my stomach. I found that, once inside, I could worm my way along farther out of sight, and I crawled desperately along as far as I could go. There, in the farthest corner of that dark and stuffy place, I coiled myself up and thought that I was safe. It was not until long afterwards that I recollected that the shifting of the planks would have given me away quicker than anything else.

"But there came no one to see.

"When I first descended into that hold at three o'clock

on a misty morning, the wheat-laden air seemed to my nostrils the sweetest perfume I had ever inhaled; but after forty or fifty hours of it—well, its power to delight was somewhat lessened, to say the least. I lay there in the Stygian darkness, with no light, no air, no sound, save the beating of my heart—and that was sound!—and the fear of scurrying rats my only company. But rats in comparison with Customs officers were a mere nothing.

"Seemingly after only a little while there came sounds faintly from above that told even my inexperienced ear that we were getting under way. I had never heard the like before, but I knew instinctively that this was the weighing of the anchor and the setting of sail, and we were setting out on our long voyage around Cape Horn. How gloriously that windlass ground around! How beautiful was the gentle sound of water lapping quietly by, which came a little later. No prisoner just released from gaol experienced a greater thrill than I that moment. I wanted to shout and sing and dance; but all that I could do, with those wild emotions surging in me, was to crawl forth from my hole and sit upon the wheat-sacks for a moment, in deadly fear that I should be found.

"I sat there, and after a time, despite my dreadful fear, I began to sing very quietly, ever so quietly, and I stopped every now and then to listen intently, for fear that some one had heard and was coming down. I need not have feared. Everybody was too busy then to think of looking for stowaways. And nobody had the faintest idea that one was aboard. . . . I made up the words of my song as I sang. God alone knows what they were!

"By and by the pangs of hunger began to assail me, but I knew that to give in to that would be madness. I had a few biscuits with me when I came aboard, but these soon went and then I had nothing. I had had only these biscuits since the noon of the preceding day, and I

knew that I must stay another night—probably two, if I could hang out—in my dungeon if I wanted to make the voyage. So I stayed there, and as the hours passed tried to forget that I was hungry. The more I tried to forget it, the greater my hunger became. It was a dreadful business, fighting it.

"I stayed in the hold that night, though many times I was on the point of giving in. The fear of Customs officers had gone, but I knew that the ship might not have gone very far, and if I came up too early I would quite likely be taken back. Rats scurried all around me, and fought, and squealed. Ugh! The pitch blackness, the vault-like deadness of the air, the motion of the ship, the acute hunger that almost overwhelmed me—these were sore trials to me as I lay there, and I wished that the morning would come. Then I remembered that I would not have the faintest idea when it did come; I did not know, indeed, when it was night or when it was day. It was all the same down there, I just had to stick it as long as I could, and then venture out on deck, when I could hold out no longer, and spy out the land.

"There came a time when I could hold out no longer, and I stumbled to the steel ladder that led out of the hold, and so up a gangway to the deck. I immediately rushed back again! I don't know why; but I found out later that if I had stayed on deck then I would most certainly have had to face the horror of being taken back to Port Lincoln. As it happened, no one saw me, and I was safe.

"I do not know how long again I remained in the hold—it had been daylight when I went up; early morning, I judged—before I screwed up courage enough to climb that ladder a second time. Then I boldly—but not so very—ascended. . . . There was a little golden kitten in the hold, and that tiny thing was a great comfort to me. It purred, and snuggled into my arms; and when I went

on deck I carried it with me for moral support. With my kitten in my arms, I reached the deck and hurried around the back of the charthouse without anybody seeing me. Oh, the freshness and the beauty of that morning air! And oh, the vigour of that appetite! I leaned across the rail, and thought.

"At length there appeared a boy who had been working in the rigging nearly over my head. I had not seen him there. 'Good morning,' I said. He said nothing—at least, not with his lips. What his face told me would have filled a book! He seemed thunderstruck; his eyes told me that he was trying desperately to persuade himself that I was not real. Then he disappeared, and a little while afterwards suddenly reappeared, this time with another youth I later discovered was the third mate. After a very good look at me, the pair of them again disappeared, having said nothing and done nothing except to look. I saw them for an instant again, on the port side of the charthouse this time—come back, I suppose, to make sure that I had not disappeared into the morning air. I had no intention of doing that! I was where I wanted to be.

"Then my heart beat fast, for around the corner of the charthouse angrily strode the figure of the mate. 'How on earth did *you* get here?' he demanded. 'Now we will have something! I never heard of the likes in all my life; the captain won't speak a word all the voyage; what did you think the ship was?' etc., etc., etc.—all very true, very justified, and very hard to hear. I held on to my little golden cat, and tried to stop my lip from trembling. It was pretty hard, after all the things I had gone through, to listen to what was the perfect truth from a six-foot-something mate. If it had not all been so true, I might not have minded. I knew it was true; was it entirely to be reckoned as my fault, if I was there despite that? I had never done anything more romantic than the

washing-up before; I never had gained any distinction greater than to see my photograph published in an obscure newspaper, as one of a crowd looking on at an extremely uninteresting football match; my very existence had been so dull, so prosaic, and so uninteresting that I might never have known that it was existence and not Life, if it had not been for that overpowering attraction for sailing ships. Well, here I was, and I stood my wigging. And for days I lived in fear and trembling of being bundled into a lifeboat and rowed unceremoniously across to some steamer, with crowds of passengers gaping down and muttering, 'Whatever on earth!' But there came no steamer, and I am here still. . . .

"I cannot realise even now that I am part of the accepted life of the Finnish four-masted barque *Herzogin Cecilie,* bound around Cape Horn. Nearly every night I dream that the ship has gone without me, leaving me miserable, and hopeless, and forlorn; and I wake to hear the roar of the wind and the flying rush of water, and feel the roll of the ship as she flies on. I snuggle down in ecstasy of bliss. I know there is a long-felt desire in me that now is being fulfilled."

CHAPTER VI

ACROSS THE TASMAN SEA

WHAT else was to be expected, with a woman in the ship? That was what the crew demanded to know when fifteen days at sea found us wallowing in a long swell that either betokened that there had been wind or very soon would be, with a thick fog around, the sails hanging, clammy and wet and lifeless, overhead like great blankets hung out to dry, and the ship not yet past Campbell Island.

So far there had been no luck at all—when there had been strong wind it was ahead; mostly there was none. It was intended to go south of Tasmania and so to reach the latitude of the west winds quickly, but the wind came from the south-east and it was impossible to get south of that happy island. After negotiating Bass Straits, it was intended to stand to the south'ard with the hope that the westerlies would be quickly picked up; but there came no wind to let the ship stand anywhere, and of the great west winds there was no trace at all. We looked for strong winds, and we found calm. We looked for bad weather—so long as it was from the west—and found only good. We wanted to make a quick run to the Horn; and fifteen days at sea we had not passed Campbell Island. . . . What else was to be expected, with a woman aboard? The crew recalled ominously that the captain's wife had been aboard on one occasion, and the ship went ashore; and they looked forward now to a long, hard voyage when anything might happen.

The first week or so of a long sailing-ship voyage is

always a trying time. Corners have to be rubbed off, the ease of the life in port forced back into dim memory; all the gear is stiff after the long period of idleness, the sails set badly, the blocks foul, the ropes are stiff and swollen, the capstans unoiled and the wheel heavier than it ought to be. And that is usually the time that the mate discovers the cargo has been badly trimmed or there is not sufficient fresh water on board, and the cook finds that he has brought plenty of salt for soup but no peas. To everybody then the shore is too close, and the long voyage ahead stretches out interminably. Everything goes wrong during the first week at sea, including the weather.

Herzogin Cecilie went to sea on a head wind, and head winds she had without a break for a week. Port Lincoln itself lies on the shores of a splendid harbour, but it is a bad place for sailing ships to make and to depart from. There are islands placed awkwardly around, and the bulk of Kangaroo Island spoils the sea-room of the outer waters. The steamers scorn these things; the sailer cannot, and the presence of rock and reefs and islands meant solid work for the handful of boys aboard the big four-master while the ship beat out to sea. It was necessary to tack ship frequently, and with so small a crew the only way to accomplish that manœuvre was to call all hands, so all hands were called and we had little sleep at the setting out of our long voyage.

On the first night at sea, beating to clear the treacherous neighbourhood of the Allthorpes, where more than one fine sailing ship has found immature rest for its bones, we passed *Beatrice* also beating warily on her way out to sea. We did not see her distinctly. The night was black, with rain at frequent intervals and the promise of strong wind. Clouds piled heavily overhead did not add to the clarity of one's vision; in any case, we were too busy just then to do overmuch looking around. We put

about four or five times that night, always with all hands on deck; twice we made her out, an indistinct shape bulking strangely in the night, standing always on a different tack. We did not come close; our courses did not converge, and we hoped to see more of her in the morning.

But when the morning came we saw nothing of *Beatrice*. In those difficult waters Captain de Cloux had the advantage of the young captain of the Swede. It was Captain Bruce's first experience of making out from Port Lincoln, while Captain de Cloux had been in and out of the port several times. And so the morning found *Herzogin Cecilie* heeling over to a heavy press of sail, standing along the shore of Kangaroo Island trying to weather through to Backstairs Passage and the sea. Since *Beatrice* was nowhere to be seen, the only conclusion to which we could come was that she had stood out past the western end of Kangaroo Island and so reached the sea through the more open waters there. If we could get through Backstairs Passage, then we should even up the start she had from the anchorage.

Backstairs Passage is usually used by steamers making into Port Adelaide through St. Vincent's Gulf from the east. The big sailer usually shuns it, as she shuns the proximity of all land except that to which she is bound; the ordinary big square-rigger wants sea-room, and wind, and space to spread her wings, and run madly before it, if she has fair wind, swinging a point either side of her course; and lay day-long tacks, if she has head wind, that she should not lose what small advantage she has gained by too frequently going about. But *Herzogin Cecilie* was no ordinary ship. She steered well, she sailed well, and she went about like the big yacht that she once had been. On the first night at sea her nineteen boys put her about in seven minutes, in a fresh breeze under every-

thing but the royals, with the lighthouse of a reef near by dangerously flashing red.

So she stood on, weathering out to sea. The wind came fresher, but every stitch was kept on her. Rain-squalls beat down upon her and obscured the land. A light spray or two came high over the weather rail. Half-way past the island a big steamer emerged suddenly out of a rain-squall ahead, and seeing the sailer careering along under all sail at something over twelve knots, the steamer fairly staggered with surprise, as those on her bridge swung her about to have a better look. The ship must indeed have been a splendid sight as she came like a great white flash out of a squall, and the passengers aboard that steamer—it looked like a passenger vessel—must have seen the sight of their lives. Surprised as they were at such a sight, they would have been infinitely more surprised had we known then as much as we did a few hours later, and hove-to and asked them to take a bedraggled young lady in men's clothes back with them to port. But we did not know, and we sailed on.

We weathered through Backstairs Passage; the sea was swollen and high outside, and the sky sullen, grey, unwelcoming. The wind was from the south, with the tang of far-off ice faintly discernible; the sprays that dashed over the weather side for'ard grew in volume and in frequency; the ship, blown heavily over to port, dipped and rose, and dipped and rose again. Water swished around the fore-deck, while now and again a sea hit the ship 'midships with a clump and a high-driving spray swept aboard. In the focs'l, ports were hastily screwed tight with marline-spikes, heads were shifted to port; in the galley the cook cursed when a pot of boiling pea soup slipped from the stove with the roll of the ship and splashed to the deck. On the focs'l head the watch toiled

on the capstan, taking aboard the anchors. We were at sea.

Early on the morning of the second day we saw *Beatrice* again, broad on the lee bow, standing on under all sail on the same tack as ourselves. Lindholm saw her when he was aloft overhauling buntlines on the fore lower t'gallant; it was *Beatrice* right enough. There could be no mistaking those squat t'gallants'ls. So we had not gained on her after all.

Later the wind came very fresh and the royals were taken off her. Next day it was calm, and they were set again, and we had to wear ship to clear the coast of Victoria. It did not look as if the wind intended to allow us to sail to the south of Tasmania, nor did it, and we had to go through the narrow, island-studded waters of Bass Straits, which lie between the mainland of Australia and the island of Tasmania, its smallest state. The wind was fresh from the south'ard for the passage of the Straits, barely allowing the ship to stand through, which she did under a heavy press of sail until the weather mainroyal-sheet carried away and the lee side of the main upper t'gallants'l blew out almost simultaneously. The sail had to come off her then; later the weather-leach of the cro'-jack also carried away, and she was shortened down considerably. Five days out Cape Otway was passed, and the next morning we were clear of Bass Straits. We were also without wind.

We had had then a taste of the way things were done in the Finn ship. The main upper t'gallants'l which blew out was unbent almost immediately and another bent in its place and set. Then that also blew out with the strain of the heavy wind, and the fore lower t'gallants'l went with it. As quickly as possible the torn sails were sent down from aloft, and others were bent in their place and set. The mainroyal-sheet was repaired and the sail

stretched again. The sails that *Herzogin Cecilie* carried were for use, and not to give her crew drill in taking them in. Most of the modern sailers which still survive are wont to handle their sails gingerly; canvas is expensive these days, and they have not much of it. They have too few men, too, to risk carrying on, and sometimes they are not sure that their rigging will stand it. But *Herzogin Cecilie* was strong and well-found, and well able to carry on.

At the end of the first week at sea we had progressed about six hundred miles. The second week was worse. One might have expected the captain to swear, in the face of conditions such as that; but he expressed satisfaction that he was clear of the land, anyway, and he had not been three weeks inside Kangaroo Island, as some ships had been, and he was heard to mutter "Satan!" only once. The crew, too, accepted what came as a matter of course, fully decided that the ship would have no luck and content to accept their portion. Was there not that woman?

Fyhrqvist, my cheerful cabin-mate, who combined the duties of carpenter, donkeyman, wireless operator, and leading seaman with conspicuous ability, inexhaustible energy, and imperturbable good-humour, even found something to be pleased about in the presence of the woman stowaway. For was it not, he pointed out, was it not always some one that could be blamed for head winds? It was. And it was sometimes apt to be somewhat provocative of ill-feeling and strife, selecting some unfortunate from among the crew who might carry that distinction. . . . The stowaway was noticed sitting on the after-hatch before the first week was over, making herself a costume out of a red table-cloth from the saloon, and though the crew examined the finished article with critical and cold eye, they saw nothing of which they did not approve.

Yes, the second week was worse than the first, and it looked like a long passage. Sailing ships bound from Australia to the English Channel depend upon the strong winds of high southern latitudes to see them quickly to Cape Horn, for they know that only by quickly reaching the South Atlantic may they hope for a good passage. From Australia to the Falkland Islands is almost half-way on the voyage, but the big ships aim always to cover the lap in a month or less, if they can do it. They must reach the Horn in the shortest period possible; for only in the seas that lead there can they depend upon the great winds that give them life and send them Home. Past the Horn is the long search through horse latitude, head wind, and calm for South-east Trades, and light Trades, maybe, and bad Doldrums, and light winds in the North Atlantic; with a good run to the Horn the sailing-ship master may survey the prospects of an average Atlantic passage with inward calm. But if he is a long time reaching that bleak turning-point, then he knows that there is more than a possibility that his welcome to port will be a letter from the owners pointing out that such and such a ship made such and such a passage (in altogether different circumstances), and such and such a master handled his ship better (overlooking the fact that he had a better ship), and other home truths that shipowners are wont to utter and shipmasters to curse. And we? We were depending upon strong winds to the Horn to give us an advantage over the fleet-winged *Beatrice*. We knew that only in the run to the Horn, with the great wind roaring fresh behind us and the seas breaking high, could we hope seriously to outsail our rival. We knew that we could stand up to powerful winds, and drive through big seas, as she could not; and we found no powerful winds or big seas. The only conditions that we encountered were those that we knew the *Beatrice* would relish; the only winds we

found were those in which we knew that our rival would excel. We fervently hoped that some sea-struck woman had stowed away in her, too! For we feared that that was our only chance.

We sailed on, as the winds would let us. Eventually, with the passage of time, we came to the high latitudes where we might reasonably expect westerly winds at any moment. We stood south through all the Roaring Forties, and they refused flatly to roar for us; we reached and passed the latitude of 50° S., and the only change in the weather was that we frequently had fog. . . . Truly the voyage of the deepsea sailing ship is a triumph over circumstance, an achievement of the apparently impossible, an adventure, and an outlet for romance in a world in which there exists too few of either.

II

When the Germans owned *Herzogin Cecilie* they carried ninety boys, and with officers, teachers, cooks, stewards, electricians, bos'ns, able seamen, donkeymen, a doctor, and what-not else, she must have had close on one hundred and twenty men aboard when she went to sea. We had nineteen boys, and we went to sea with a crew of twenty-six hands all told; and the ship was considered well manned.

When I heard that the ship was still a training-ship though under the Finn flag, I pictured her decks crowded with brass-bound boys. I imagined that there would be at least forty aboard, and I did not think she would also carry an ordinary crew of able seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys. What I actually found was that her crew included six apprentices, whose parents had paid to get them in the vessel; there also were able seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys who were paid to bring the ship across the sea to Europe, earning freights for her owner. I

found, too, that the apprentices were looked upon as in no way subsidiary to the main crew, but as a part of it. Every British sailing ship used to carry apprentices—four, or six, or ten, sometimes even more. But they were not usually looked upon as a strong part of the vessel's crew, displacing an equal number of able seamen. True, the more apprentices a vessel had the fewer seamen did she carry, but if she went to sea as a training-ship her owners saw that there was no scarcity of boys. In the Finn ship, however, an apprentice was looked upon as a sailor, and as a sailor he had to take his place in the crew. And in a crew that consisted almost wholly of boys he was not backward.

Herzogin Cecilie carried seven A.B.s, and not one of them could boast of experience in any other deepsea sailing ship. She carried three ordinary seamen, three boys, and six apprentices; and not one of all these could boast of experience in any other deepsea sailing ship. The longest period that any one of the crew had been in the ship was about nineteen months; the longest that any had been at sea was three years. Of the able seamen, one had been a wireless operator in steamers before, and a few had seen a little service in small Baltic traders, steam and sail. Of the others, two of the ordinary seamen had been to sea before, one in the Swedish navy and one in German schooners; all of the remainder were first voyagers. The average age was about nineteen; the average length of sea experience was less than twelve months.

With nineteen to do what ninety did, and most of those nineteen sadly inexperienced, on the face of it *Herzogin Cecilie* would seem woefully undermanned. But there was not a boy in that ship—with the possible exception of one or two of the very young apprentices—who would not have passed for a man; there was not a boy in that ship who was not naturally gifted for the sea—strong, eager,

willing, quick to learn all that could be shown him, anxious to develop into the sailor for which Nature had intended him. Finns, Swedes, Germans—all were the same. In many respects, too, a crew of boys is very much better than a complement of men. With the boys there is an eagerness, a quickness, and a fine spirit that is sometimes lacking in men. The sense of adventure in them is strong, or they would not be in such a ship; the attractions of life in the deepwater sailer have not worn off, and in the hardest work aloft and the maddest night on deck they still see romance and adventure where men might see only work. They have not lost their sense of humour; in the most dangerous and most trying moments they can see something that makes them laugh. Hurled over the wheel, swept off the rolling decks by a heavy sea, narrowly escaping losing their foothold aloft when a ratline breaks or a flapping sail catches them suddenly unawares, tripping over a sheet fast on a capstan, stubbing their toes on a protruding ring-bolt, abusing the cook for burning the pea soup—in all these little trials of sailing-ship life they can see humour, and they laugh.

The calling of the sailing ship at sea is always for greater and greater effort, in her achievement of the apparently impossible, her triumph over circumstance that her people call a voyage. Her boys hear the call above the shrieking of the wind and the breaking of the sea, and they never fail to answer. Into the fight with wind-torn canvas or steel-tight brace they fling every ounce of fighting energy of powerful young bodies; into waist-high seas floundering on the fore-deck they hasten to work with ice-cold ropes, hauling with numbed hands and the knowledge that the harder they work upon the hell that is the sailer's decks, the sooner must they face the greater hell aloft. They hold manfully to the bucking spokes of the great wheel; they never hang back when a shout is

for volunteers aloft to clear fouled gear in a shrieking gale; they swarm out upon the sail-stretched bowsprit to fight with wet and wind-mad canvas, though the ship be pitching head under into the seas. They spring out of watch below at the first call for all hands, and face the prospects of a bitter night's work on bitter decks without a quail. And if when at last they come below, wet and weary and tired, it is to find that the galley fire is out and all there is to eat is cold preserved meat and sodden bread, they eat it and they still can laugh. They are sailors born, every one of them, and they handle the great sails and the great ship better than men. And where is the sailing ship to get a crew of experienced men to-day? The few men who have wide sailing-ship experience can too easily obtain other better-paid work; and their number steadily decreases with the years. And what better training could there be for any apprentice than the school of practical experience? There were British ships where no apprentice was allowed to go to the wheel, and the nearest approach to sailor's work that he was allowed to do was to clean out the pig-pens under the focs'l head. In the Finn ship the apprentice, first voyager though he may be, and, but a few months back, raw from school, steps up for his weather wheel in the great ship running for Cape Horn just as if he were rated A.B.

There is another advantage about a crew of boys. There is a better focs'l life, one makes bold to say. In a focs'l of men generally one may rely upon the presence of several types not conducive to harmonious relationships and good fellowship throughout a long voyage—the man who has always a grouch against the ship and everything about her, who growls so much and so consistently that his effect upon the *moral* of the ship during a long voyage is evil and tremendous; the man who always gets his pea soup in his whiskers—ugh!; the sea-lawyer with his

eternal complaints; the old man who thinks it a crime to be young, and the young men who think it foolish to be old; the man who is so good a sailor he holds everybody else in the ship in contempt; the man who nurses a grievance or harbours a grudge, to flare into life the moment he has consumed sufficient Dutch courage ashore. And with the boys there is an entire absence of all that preposterous and impossible talk about preposterous and impossible last ships, where all kinds of preposterous and impossible things were done by preposterous and impossible mates. Nobody talked about a last ship in *Herzogin Cecilie* for the simple reason that next to nobody had a last ship to talk about.

The crew with which *Herzogin Cecilie* left Port Lincoln was as follows:

Name	*Rating*	*Age*	*Nationality*
Reuben de Cloux	Master	43	Swedish-Finn
Harold Lindfors	Mate	22	" "
Verner Öjst	Second mate	27	" "
Ville Savolainen	" "	29	Finn
Bertel Jefrelius	Third mate	24	Swedish-Finn
Reinar Söderlund	Steward	24	" "
Vilhelm Lindqvist	Cook	22	" "
Yngve Fyhrqvist	A.B.	22	" "
Rolf Maria Fougberg	"	17	Swedish
Egon Persson	"	19	"
Ernst Petrén	"	19	"
Nils Nyman	"	22	Swedish-Finn
Harry Kullberg	"	19	" "
Alan J. Villiers	"	24	Australian
Theodor Max Zimmermann	O.S.	19	German
Ture Voxblom	"	21	Swedish
Stewart Edward Winter	"	24	English
Rudolf August Ringe	Boy	17	German
Karl Schmidt	"	17	"
Runar Lindholm	"	17	Swedish-Finn
Karl Gulin	Apprentice	17	" "

Name	*Rating*	*Age*	*Nationality*
Karl Ahlstrand	Apprentice	15	Swedish-Finn
Lars Beckmann	"	16	" "
Erik Edgren	"	18	" "
Lars Gustav Söderholm ..	"	16	Swedish
Torsten Frändén.....	"	17	"

Herzogin Cecilie was a ship of youth right enough. Her girl stowaway was only twenty-three. . . . For some peculiar reason she carried two officers rated as second mate.

What has been said of the Finn's crew applies equally to *Beatrice*, except that more of her complement were apprentices. She also was a ship of youth; her second mate, Mr. Svensson, the busy-bee of a busy ship, told me that when the crew first came on board and the ship put out to sea, they followed him about like sheep. If he gave an order to brace the yards, they tramped forlornly after him to the weather-braces where he stood to slack away, instead of hauling in a-lee. The weather was bad—that wretched first week at sea again—and life aboard was supremely miserable. But, just as in the Finn, the boys developed before long into splendid sailors. "They are fine boys, every one of them," said Mr. Svensson. "We could not have a better crew." Exactly the same sentiment was uttered by Captain de Cloux and his mates regarding the boys of *Herzogin Cecilie*.

And I am sure, if only some one would give them the chance, the same thing would apply to a crew of British boys in a British square-rigged ship. But there is none that they may go in.

III

Fog, head wind, calm, rain—so they came, and after two weeks at sea we were not at Campbell Island. The

ship loyally did her best, but she could not sail without wind, and there was little progress.

If there was not much of progress, there was never any scarcity of work. Fog, head wind, calm, rain—all meant work for our nineteen boys and the officers who commanded them. Head winds brought frequent puttings about, in the endeavour to make as much of what wind there was as possible; fog brought weary hours on the focs'l head, braying away with the fog-horn at the world of grey sea, albatrosses, and thick-hanging, clammy fog; and the yards are never hauled around so much as in a calm. The odd moments of fresh wind brought torn sails, and hard work high aloft getting them down and bending new ones.

Tacking ship at night in a big four-masted barque is a curious procedure not accomplished without a considerable volume of shouting and an infinitely greater volume of hard work. Everybody is in it. The captain, not above lending a hand at brace or wheel himself, stands not far from the helmsman, peering into the wind. The port watch is at the main braces, with the lookout and an able seaman on the focs'l head to look to fore-tack and jib-sheets; the starb'd watch is aft, standing by the cro'-jack braces and the fore-and-afters of the jiggermast. "Lee-oh!" the captain shouts, and the man at the wheel downs helm for his life. Quickly the ship swings into the wind; the sails boom and flap uncertainly, and threaten to blow out before they are caught steadily aback and pressed unnaturally against the steel masts and yards which it is their normal duty to carry forward; the ship falls farther into the wind, and the headsails and the fore-and-afters begin to thrash madly. The crew stands by on the alert, braces are thrown from the pins, tacks and sheets are clear, and everything is ready to swing around

the heavy yards. Slowly swings the ship; how long will her captain wait? There is no need to worry about him! "Mainsail haul!" is the shout, and around swing main and cro'jack yards with a creaking of blocks, thrashing of wet ropes, and booming of canvas. They come easily—the captain has chosen his time well—and it is merely a matter of hauling in the slack hand over hand while the wind swings the yards around. There is no time to notice that the sails have nicely filled on the other tack; the foreyards are still aback and must be hauled around, with a hand to tack and sheet, and the men on the focs'l head must look lively getting over the headsail sheets. The foreyards come a little stiffer than main and cro'jack; when they are around and the ship fills on the new tack there is a host of work still to do. The fore-and-afters have to be shifted over, necessitating the passing of heavy sheets over stays high aloft; the mainsail and cro'jack, hauled up in their gear for the manœuvre, have to be set again; and there are miles of ropes to clear up when everything else is done. Though the actual operation of putting the ship on her new tack may take only six or seven minutes, the work entailed before and after may well occupy an hour.

Fooling about with rain-swollen ropes and rain-sodden sails in a calm is one of the most miserable aspects of sailing-ship life. In a calm the sailer lies dead, an encumbrance to herself and a source of worry to her crew; it is then, by the perversity of life, that the yards have to be hauled around more than under any other conditions. Often in our watch on deck in a rainy night of calm the mate's two whistles—he called us from our quarters by two shrill blasts on a whistle that everybody cursed—would summon us out to mess about with braces or with sails. It was a muttering band of discontents that followed the mate about and hauled half-heartedly on ropes

in heavy rain, and said "Satan!" with a malevolent vehemence. The uselessness of the operation takes the heart out of the watch, and they take four times as long as they usually would to swing around the yards. Every rope is foul, every block too small, every yard heavy as a six-wheeled omnibus. We pull and haul on every rope in the darned ship, and shift every darned sail, and utter every curse we know; and the competence of the officers is hotly criticised. Everybody is wet through; oilskins will not stand up to heavy continuous rain, and becoming thoroughly wet are more a hindrance than a help. To raise one's arms to haul upon some thickened rope is to invite a stream of cold water to pour down between clothes and skin; the watch swears that the wind is not coming from the quarter to which the mate is hauling around the yards, that it never has come from that quarter, and that it never will come from that quarter so long as *Herzogin Cecilie* is at sea. As a matter of fact, a faint breeze is perceptible from that quarter and the move of the mate is thoroughly justified. We know it and grin up our rain-soaked sleeves as we swear the more. For what is life without a growl? . . .

Give us wind, we said. Wind, wind!

CHAPTER VII

WIND!

WE had our wind. On the sixteenth day out it freshened from the west'ard, and we began to make much better progress. Some time in the evening of that day we passed Campbell Island. We were not sure exactly when it was, for we were not sure exactly where we were. As soon as we got past that southernmost island of the New Zealand group, the wind piped fresher still, and throughout the next day we flew on, every sail drawing its utmost of a quartering wind and the ship lying heavily over. In the first night-watch of the seventeenth day the ship sailed 48 miles; before that day was out she had covered 290 miles, and nightfall found the captain walking the poop with a smile. We held to every stitch, even the kites that were usually not bent until Trade winds were found, and the ship fairly quivered as she stumbled a little in her stride at times, and a big sea hit her with a great clump and a heavy shower of spray. The wind roared through the rigging; sails strained at sheet and brace and yard, threatening to carry them away; the wheel was abominably heavy and all but unmanageable with two men. For'ard the fore-deck was continuously awash, and feet of water lay to lee. Some of it found its way into the focs'l; one heavy sea which came right over the whole length of her found an open skylight into the galley and descended upon the cook. The same sea washed the man from the lee wheel. What did it matter? The wind was fair, and we had a lot of leeway to make up. "Drive her, sailor," we said; "drive her till

the lee side smokes hot flush with the water, till the yard-arm of the foreyard to lee rakes the sea with its roll, till she ships them green along the length of her, till we have four men to the wheel, if you like, if only she flies on! Drive her, sailor," we said; "she can stand it!"

But could she stand it? Up to a point, maybe; but only so far and no farther. In the evening the captain told the mate to snug her down for the night, and we took the t'gallant-stays'ls off her. But not very much later the roar of blown-out canvas aloft told us we should soon have to take in a little more than that. We did.

The night came down quickly, black and threatening. The sky was heavily overcast, and there was a new and louder note in the moaning of the wind around the rigging screws; the sea was rising steadily and the barometer going down alarmingly; the wind increased each hour, until it blew so hard, and the ship lay over so much, that it was almost impossible to stand on deck. The pitching of the ship in the big sea, and her quivering now and then, did not add to the ease of keeping upright on her decks, nor did the water that continuously fell upon them from either side.

Not very long after we had made the t'gallant-stays'ls fast, the leach of the mizzen-royal blew out with a wild boom of canvas and quivering of the yard. Then the three royals had to come in, and the gaff-tops'l and the flying-jib; and when they all were fast, the three upper t'gallants had to be clewed up, for the wind was still increasing and the night was uglier than ever. It was a matter of great difficulty to mount to the royal-yards, high above the reeling decks; to look into the wind up there was to have one's breath taken away. Fierce as the wind rushed across the decks, it was peaceful there to the fury aloft. How the wind roars through the sailing ship's rigging! How magnificent is its sound! Though it

brings to us only work—hard, dangerous, tremendous, herculean work of a kind people ashore can never know—we yet can feel the glory of the roar of the wind in the sailer's steel rigging. A score-odd notes are here, if you listen closely, if you listen carefully into the sullen great roaring that drowns everything at first. There is the plaintive moaning at the rigging screws, each with a different note; the sighing through the slackened running gear, and the mad roar at the wet and powerful backstays. Out on the yards there is a different note again, the noise of powerful wind meeting powerful canvas, and sending the good ship on; and down there on deck, far, far below, where puny figures haul on ropes and a big figure that is the mate stares aloft, is the crashing and the booming of the seas that break aboard. The great seas—the sea is gale-high now—come thundering at the ship like breakers at a rock-clad ocean beach, and break all around her and all over her as if they are bent upon breaking her, too; and here aloft the wind sweeps unchecked upon us, and tears the coats from our backs, and snatches the caps from our heads, and blinds us with rain, and cuts us with hail, and tears at the grip of our numbed hands upon the weather rigging, and brings the moisture to our eyes and the spirit to our souls, and we fight on! It is all very grand—very grand indeed. But it is also very hard, and we did not entirely relish the prospects that were before us, as we fought our way aloft and went out upon those steel t'gallant yards, and felt our oilskins flapping about our ears, and the whole of our carcases thoroughly wet, and began our fight with the canvas. For we knew that we had driven her perhaps a little too long, and we did not know when we might next enjoy a watch below.

When we came on deck from making the upper t'gallants'l fast, it was to find that the other watch was out and the lot of us began to haul up the cro'jack. The

ship was staggering drunkenly then, and the night had gone mad. Sprays drove at her out of the murk to wind'ard higher than the upper tops'l-yard, and the salt water fell so often upon us that we no longer knew, as we worked desperately on, whether it was the rain or the sea which was wetting us. We only knew that we were as wet as we possibly could be, and we worked on. The wind fairly shrieked across the decks in one great flat roar of force that you could almost *see;* the ship lay over so that as we hauled to wind'ard the slightest roll sent us sprawling.

It took over an hour to get the cro'jack hauled up in its gear, and as long again to get it fast aloft. The canvas was drenched through and through with rain and sea; if it had been flat calm it would have been heavy work getting it in. But with such a wind! We fought it piece by piece, fifteen of us—three were at the wheel and one was for'ard on the lookout—with the mates, fighting together, all as close as possible on the yard. We fought it in the middle first, and got the gaskets around it, though it was not properly fast. That was only a preliminary move to take some of the weight out of it in order that we could move farther out along the weather side and attack it there. But that preliminary move took half an hour, and our muscles ached abominably long before we moved out *en masse* to the battle with the weather leach. It was here that the real fight took place; once that was fast, the rest of the sail was child's play. It is wonderful how vitalising strong wind is, felt in a gamely fighting sailing ship high aloft.

It had been intended to leave the ship at that, with the mains'l and the lower t'gallants'ls still on her, which was a power of canvas. She was shortened down enough, we thought, and the watch below was told to stand by. But she was not shortened down enough at all, and the wind

pretty soon told us so. I was at the weather wheel a little later—and the work there was harder and more trying than any aloft, by the way—when there came a mad noise from for'ard and a swift rush of electric sparks. It was thought for the moment that the maintop-mast stay had gone, which might have been very serious for us, but it was only the stays'l which is set upon it, and the flying rush of the steel hanks to which it was bent had caused the sparks. That was bad enough, in any case; the torn canvas flapped and boomed and thundered about the foredeck, with the steel sheet and heavy tackle that had held it flying in all directions. Again all hands were called, and though it did not take long to get the broken stays'l fast, that was only the beginning. The mainsail came in —a huge wet bag of wind-distended canvas, a sheer hundred feet across the head and forty feet deep. We got it fast; and then the night began in earnest. The lower t'gallants'ls had to come in, and the buntlines began to carry away.

II

Before the night was out we had one of the hardest fights upon a tops'l-yard of *Herzogin Cecilie* that I had ever experienced at sea, with an upper tops'l from which the whole of the gear had carried away. Properly to appreciate just exactly what it means to the sailor to face the task of getting fast a sail from which all the gear has carried away, something must be explained of the rigging of the big square-rigged sailing ship and her sails.

Seen at anchor or alongside some wharf in port, the sailing ship looks a queer kind of a creation. Whatever are all those ropes and things for? However do her sailors know them all? What do they do with them at night? How are the sails put on the masts from those double yards? And what can the ship do when the wind is not

blowing the way she wants to go? The sailer presents many problems not merely to shore folk nowadays, but to a considerable proportion of those who follow the sea.

Well, the sailing ship is not such an inefficient monstrosity after all—though some are! Every rope in her has its use and its *place;* every wind that comes she can use, except the hurricane. And sometimes she can turn that to advantage. Because every rope has its own use and its own use alone, and its own place and its own place alone, the sailors quickly know where each is so well that on the blackest, wildest night they can go straight to whatever rope they want to use, and never make a mistake. Because through centuries of careful progress built upon the fruits of often bitter experience the square-rigged sailing ship has grown to what those few survivors of the class are to-day, the best of the modern sailers are well-near perfect. In this class belong *Beatrice* and *Herzogin Cecilie*—and not many other ships, by the way—and what is said of the ex-German applies also to the ex-Britisher. They represent, even more than some of the much-boomed racing-machine "clippers" did, perfection in the application of the wind to sea-borne trade, or as close to perfection as it is humanly and ordinarily possible to get.

On each square-rigged mast—and to be square-rigged simply means to have yards on the masts from which sails are spread, instead of gaffs and booms behind the mast between which sails are hoisted—of the *Herzogin Cecilie* there are six yards. In port, as the photographs of the ship show, these appear as, first, one big yard closest to the deck; then two yards close together, somewhat higher up; then another two yards close together, much higher up; and high above, but still not at the top of the mast, another much smaller single yard. It is those double

yards which present the greatest problem to those who do not understand the ship-of-sails. How can sails be set from them?

Simply enough, is the answer. From the first of the yards—that closest to the deck—a sail is pulled down to the deck, with its corners fast one on each side of the mast; from the yard immediately above that another sail is pulled down until its corners are at the ends of the first yard. Then above that comes the first of the double yards, and from here the sail is not pulled *down*, but the yard is pulled *up* and the sail, in a way, unrolled from it. It is pulled up until it is about half-way to the next pair of double yards, then a sail is pulled *down* to it from the lower yard of this pair, while the upper yard is pulled *up* and another sail unrolled—it isn't really unrolled (this is all very unseamanlike, but it is to be hoped that it is understood)—and from the uppermost yard a sail is half pulled down and half hauled up on the yard. Thus, by pulling sails *down* from three yards and by hauling them *up* on three, the six big square sails are set and we get that beautiful symmetry of the well-cut sailer's sails that looks so well. All of these yards swing from side to side on the mast, ropes being attached to them for that purpose; but only the three which must be hoisted are movable. The corners of the sails that are hauled down are called clews, and the wires, chains, or ropes which hold these clews—they were all heavy chains in *Herzogin Cecilie*—are called sheets. It is most important that they be strong, for they bear a heavy burden. The force exerted by a great ship's tops'l in a gale of wind is well-nigh incredible. When it is realised that the six tops'ls of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, with a powerful wind behind them, are capable of tearing the great 3,000-ton bulk of the ship and her 4,000 tons of cargo through the water at a speed greater than motor-cars are allowed to travel

in many cities, it is borne home that they are no plaything.

So much for the setting of the sails. Having got the sails set, it is obvious that their huge area of canvas—often wet and always heavy—could never be handled if the sheets were just hauled home and left at that. It would be an impossible job to get sails off the ship if that was all there was to setting them. It is a little-known fact, to shore people at least, that when a sail has to be taken in, the first thing that the sailors do is not to climb the rigging. They do not think of the rigging first; there is a very great deal to do before they can go there. Half of the battle of making the sail fast is carried on from the deck.

How can that be? Simply because every sail is fitted with ropes which lead to the deck, and these are so placed that the foot of the sail can be hauled up to the yard from the deck. And it is not until this has been done that the sailors go aloft. If it were not done, it would be well-near useless for them to put foot in the rigging. On the larger sails there are as many as eight and ten ropes for putting up the sail, like a Venetian blind; even the smallest sails have at least four ropes. There are ropes which pull the corners up to the yard; these are the clew-lines. There are others which go over the body of the sail to the foot; these are buntlines. There are others which pull in the sides to the yard; these are leachlines, the sides being called the leaches. When a sail is to be set, all these ropes are let go and a small boy is sent up in the rigging to pull slack on them on the sail while the sailors on deck haul out the sheets or stretch the halliards.

The mast of the square-rigged ship is in three pieces. The first is the lower mast; the sails on this are the biggest sails in the ship—the foresail, the mainsail, and the cro'jack. Next comes the topmast, which isn't really the

top mast at all—that would be too easy to understand—and on this are set the topsails, two to each mast. The lower is called the lower topsail, and the upper one the upper topsail. Above the topmast is the topgallant-mast, which carries the two topgallant-sails and the royal, which is appropriately highest of all. Originally there was only one topsail—a huge half-acre of canvas that cost men their lives when it had to be handled—and it was split into two merely for handiness. Doubtless some shrewd ship owner's eye to the reduction of his crews led to the same process being adopted with regard to the topgallant-sails, for here on the topgallant-mast also there was formerly only one very deep sail. Now there are usually, in all big sailing ships, two rather shallow sails.

The maze that is the square-rigged sailer's rigging is not such a maze, after all. There must be heavy wires to support the lofty masts; there must be heavy wires to support the yards aloft and to swing them around; and there must be the gear for the handling of the sails. It is these three sets of gear which comprise the sailer's rigging, and these three only.

Some part of this wearisome explanation is necessary in order to appreciate fully the story of the night of trial we had down there in 50° S., with a westerly gale behind us and every bit of gear with the exception of one clew-line, gone from the wet and wind-mad fore upper tops'l of *Herzogin Cecilie*.

III

Getting in the lower topgallant-sails was not easy, and we had had more than one taste of the bitter experiences that litter the road to Cape Horn before we began with the foretops'l. Four of us went up to the fore lower topgallant; we found that one buntline had gone and there was a deficiency of gaskets, but we got it fast. When we

came on deck, we had to go straight aloft again on the main; it is a long way from the deck to *Herzogin Cecilie's* t'gallant-yards, especially when one has to fight for every step, and we might have felt a little tired if we had had time to think about it.

We found that all the buntlines on the weather side of the main lower t'gallants'l had gone, and there was a worse deficiency of gaskets than on the fore. There were five of us up there—Nyman, Zimmermann, Voxblom, Ringe, and I—which would have been enough to eat the sail if only it had been properly clewed up. But it was a long way from being properly clewed up; there was not the remotest possibility that it ever would be properly clewed up—it could not be, with the gear gone—and we had misery. We were an hour on the yard, fighting like demons; how we got the sail fast I don't know. No sooner had we got it fast than somebody on deck—it was one of the mates—shrieked up at us through a megaphone to stay up; they were clewing up the upper topsail, and we would have to make that fast, too.

We did so, and got the weather side fast much quicker than we had the smaller sail higher aloft. All of the gear on the tops'l was strong wire, and it held. While we were on the yard the wind came down, in a succession of stinging hail-squalls, worse than ever; it shrieked around us, tore at us, swept the wet canvas from us as if we had not been there, blew us flat against the yard at times so that we had to lie there helpless, exerting all our strength merely to hang on. But we got the tops'l fast, in the end; and just as we passed the last gasket on the lee side, a mad roar above the noise of wind and sea for'ard told us that something was amiss. It was! The lee sheet of the fore upper tops'l—a chain with links three inches long made of steel half an inch through—had carried away and the lee side of the sail had blown to glory.

There had not been time to clew up that tops'l. There was much else to do—braces to attend to, fore-and-afters to come in and jibs to make fast, and many of the hands were aloft on other masts. We did not have so many. We hastened on deck and joined the band that was trying to get the sail clewed up, but as soon as we tried to haul upon the buntlines they carried away. They were heavy steel wire, quite new, and had been sent aloft only in Port Lincoln. Every buntline carried away—there were five—and one of the clewlines with them. We did not waste any more time trying to haul the sail up in gear that it no longer possessed, but crowded into the rigging and fought our way aloft. It was a little after midnight then. The first sullen light of day was high in the storm-swept sky before we came down again.

It was a terrible business. To have made the sail fast, with all its gear, properly clewed up and everything in order, would have been a big job for all hands in conditions like that. But with no gear at all! Some of us thought we were going up to cut it away.

It was a matter of great difficulty and some danger to get aloft at all. The whole mast was shivering and shaking violently with the furious flapping of the sail; the great steel yard which held it quivered and bent; the rigging trembled fearfully, as if the ship were grinding upon some rock; and through it all was the roar of the mad wind, the lashing of the mad rain, and the fury of the mad sea. Slowly, slowly, steadily and surely, we worked our way aloft. Green seas fell upon the lower rigging as we climbed; the sprays drove over us high aloft. Every now and then the ship lay so far over and the wind blew so terrifically that we could not climb at all; we had to hang on for our lives, and wait our chance. Then up we went again; up, up, always up. Nobody looked down upon the reeling decks that they were leaving; eyes

strained aloft at the thick black murk overhead, and saw the shape of the flying tops'l bulking huge before them. So we fought on, over the futtock-shrouds and on into the topmast rigging that led to the yard. Here the job looked utterly impossible. As the ship rolled to lee and back to windward the rigging alternately tautened so that we thought it would break, and slackened so that it flung round turns in itself, and in us too. It seemed to be doing its utmost to prevent us from accomplishing its ascent; maybe it was trying to warn us not to go on the yard. But we had not time to think of that then, and we fought on.

It looked as if it were walking into the arms of death to go on that yard. Maybe it was, in a way, though one by one we went out, and nobody thought of that. . . . The loose end of the chain-sheet, flying insanely around, swished through the air with a mad s-s-s-s, threatening murder to us all and every now and then thwacking the steel lower tops'l-yard with a crash that shook it, setting up an awful display of electric sparks. It tore a hole in the canvas of the lower tops'l, and the lee side of that went, too. The loose ends of the wire buntlines that had carried away were up to the same game, coiling through the air like steel snakes, writhing around us, just missing us, flying into the air and entwining around the rigging. These were only some of the things that we had to face to lay out on that yard. The whole of the tops'l—and it was 95 feet wide by 25 feet deep of best storm-canvas—flapped back over the yard every now and then, seeming to say to us that if we were mad enough to go out there—well, it would know what to do with us, that was all. We went; it bellied back upon us so that we had to slip down on the foot-ropes and lie there for our lives; it flung itself over that yard in a furious attempt to dislodge the puny humans who had come to fight it. Pieces of it that had

carried away were flying around in the air like the loose buntline ends, and if any of these had caught us around the neck it would have been the end. . . . We fought out our way, step by step, to the weather yardarm where we knew that we must begin our battle with the sail. There we hung for over an hour, now clawing desperately at the canvas, trying to get it in as there came a momentary lull, now hanging on even more desperately for our lives as the lull passed and the fury of the gale was worse than ever. Now we fought the sail from the weather leach and could do nothing; now we moved—slowly, tortuously, dangerously, grimly—into the middle of the yard, to try there with even less result; now we stumbled out to the lee side and renewed our desperate energies there, while the demon that was in that gale shrieked deafeningly into our ears, "You will never do it; best cut it away!" We could not help hearing that shriek, but we took no notice. We fought on, always on; maybe a boy thought, wildly for an instant now and then when the banging back of the sail all but knocked him from the yard, of giving in—but only for an instant, fleetingly.

I do not know how we managed, in the end, to get what was left of that sail fast. No one who was on that yard knew; no one will ever know. There were times—many of them—when we feared that we should never manage it, when our tired muscles and torn hands found it a little hard to carry on, when the wind literally tore the long-since useless oilskins from our backs and the hail just as literally cut right into our flesh. It was hell! It was madness! It was a desperate, losing fight, this struggle between a score-odd boys and a man or two, and all the fury of that down-south gale. But if we knew only too well that it was desperate, we were not prepared to admit that we had lost. We fought on.

We went back to the weather leach; shifted again to the

middle of the yard; tried to get ropes around the sail; tried to pass a wire around it—and accomplished nothing. A score-odd times we got something of that 2,000-odd square feet of insane canvas up on the yard, and lay over it in the hope that we would get a little more. And just as many times with one mighty flap the sail took it all from us and we had to begin again. We dug our fingers —or tried to dig our fingers—into that canvas until it was wet with our blood in parts, as well as with the sprays and the rain; and always we had to try again. It was impossible to hold that canvas. Sitting quietly by some fireside ashore, can any who read this imagine what we faced? . . . Perhaps it took a little courage to carry on up there, with a suspicion of ice about the rigging, and hands that were blue with cold and red with blood. We had not time to think of courage then; we had only time to fight on. We fought on, and lost; but there came a time, in a temporary lull that was a little longer than most, that we fought and won.

Why did we fight so desperately there? Why were we so determined to get fast what remained of that sail? Canvas is very expensive, these expensive times, and to replace that tops'l would cost four hundred pounds. We had to save it, if we could; the loss of very few sails like that—all too few—would eat up all the meager profits of the voyage. And then there would be the break-up yards, maybe, and the end. . . .

Once a steel buntline, writhing back over the yard, caught Zimmermann in the head and brought the swift blood. He reeled a bit, but carried on. Then after a while we saw that he had fainted, and lay in imminent peril across the yard. For one awful moment the canvas stayed still while we fought to him, and then because we could not take him down we lashed him there. And when we had time to remember him again we found that he had

come to, and was working. . . . Game? I don't know; it was no use any being in the ship-of-sails who was not like that.

Nyman, too, was fortunate to come from that tops'l-yard with his life. There is an old adage concerning working aloft that says something about one hand for the ship and one hand for yourself. If we had believed in that we never would have got that tops'l fast. It was two hands for the ship when the gale gave us a chance; and two hands for ourselves at times, when the only thing that we could do was hang on. Nyman was strong—very strong—but the grip of his two powerful hands was flung out of that canvas once, and he fell back over the yard. Somebody must have been looking after us up there; he caught the after-jackstay, and swinging up again, worked on. He looked down once at where he would have fallen, but did not say anything. I was next him on the yard; it is doubtful whether he would have fallen into the sea or on the decks. Either would have meant the same.

Once while we fought the moon broke through the flying stormclouds for an instant—a sight magnificent! Below the ship crashing through the great black sea at fifteen knots, flying blindly onward for Cape Horn; all around her the white foam boiling madly; here aloft a score-odd boys—little sixteen-year-old apprentices and seventeen-year-old A.B.s—fighting for their lives.

And when, long after the moon had set and the sun had risen again, they came on deck, they smiled.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE ROAD TO CAPE HORN

WHEN we came on deck, that was not the end. Other sails had been left insecurely fast and we had to lay aloft and get them properly on the yards; the braces required attention; there was gear messed up in the washports that we had to clear, and a score-odd other matters that had to be seen to. Then when everything was shipshape the wind began to drop, and we set the sail again. In the early morning we sent the blown-out tops'l down and bent another in its place. Then we set the new tops'l and the maintops'l with it, and all the lower t'gallants. The lee side of the fore lower tops'ls that had been torn out by the broken sheet we clewed up and made fast, leaving the weather side set, and later in the day two boys went aloft to sew it there. Before evening we were under all square sail again but the fore- and mizzen-royal—they had blown out—though the wind still roared and the great seas ran in huge furrows miles long, with the foam streaking madly between them and the wind lashing the spray into the air. There was no time wasted in *Herzogin Cecilie*, and no wind! Most of the few sailers that are left would not be in such a hurry to get sail aloft again, once they had got it fast down there in 50° S.; but *Beatrice* was racing us and we did not know where she was, and these were the only conditions under which we knew we had a chance to outsail her, here in the powerful winds that blew to Cape Horn. So we drove our ship, uncharitably content in the knowledge that if *Beatrice* were driven there like that, she would fill her decks with water and lose her wooden yards.

The ship sailed 299 miles that twenty-four hours. In eight of them she sailed 116 miles; 58 miles for each of two four-hour watches, an average of 14½ miles an hour. Often she touched 15 knots; sometimes the patent log on the rail right aft recorded the fact that she was going a little over that speed. There are many cities in which the speed limit for motor-cars is not so fast as *Herzogin Cecilie* sailed upon that day, and many days succeeding. She was a flyer right enough; and we loved her for it while we desperately tried, three of us at that great wheel, to hold her to something like her course.

We had had to go right down to 55° S. to find our west winds, and it was very cold, and very wet, and might have been very miserable if it had not been also so exhilarating and wildly grand. The days flew by, and the ship flew with them. The wind hauled around on the port beam, and went back to the quarter, and right aft, and abeam again; and always we sailed on, 240, 260, 280, 290 miles a day. The wind drove rain-squalls down upon us that soaked us to the skin, and lashed us with hail when it tired of that; and four times it blew out the royals. But always we lay aloft and bent others and set them again, and drove her on. Let us come to Cape Horn, we said; only let us round that point of sailors' wretched memories. Until we come around the Horn we only know that the bad weather we have, the trials we undergo, the pain we suffer, the wettings that we get, are merely the forerunners of worse; we only know that we have nothing to expect but their continuation. But when once we are around that point we will know that better weather is not far away, and all the agony of the voyage will be past. Good wind, we said, drive us on!

The wind heard us, and fell light. Then it refused to allow us to lay our course; and for two days it would not blow at all. For two days we lay in dismal fog, wallow-

ing uneasily, like a ship lost hopelessly, in the swell that the wind had left, and the boys upon the wet focs'l head blew the foghorn dismally, and strained their eyes into the murk ahead to look for ice. They could not see twenty yards; and if we had seen, we could have done nothing. But the only thing that answered the melancholy call of that foghorn was, now and then, the swishing onrush of a great albatross close by.

How pessimistic we were in that weather! We could see nothing good upon earth; we felt inclined, sometimes, to forget to lament the passing of the square-rigged sailing ship and traitorously to hope that very soon there would be none at all. We resolved that in future we would be content to admire them from a distance, as other much more sensible people did, and to speak sorrowfully about the sadness of their going, when we would not need to sail in them any more. . . . We did not see the sun for days; we were not dry for weeks; and we forgot what it felt like to be warm. Who could be an optimist then?

And then the wind came again, piping fresh; and with it—it was from south of west now—cold insufferable and rain and hail more biting than ever. What did we care for that? The only thing that mattered was that we drove on; the only thing that mattered was that the stormy miles that lay between us and Cape Horn hourly grew less and less; and we smiled, and forgot that we were wet, and cold, and ought to be extremely miserable, and were optimists sublime! We looked forward to making the Horn, then, in thirty-five or thirty-six days, where previously the focs'l, long-faced and anxious-eyed, had dismally surveyed the prospects of getting there in nothing under sixty.

Now came fog again, and lessened wind—though still we ran nine knots—and the foghorn was set going again on the focs'l head, and we bleated our way on. It was a

sad, sad sound that bleating made; it was a sad, sad progress that big ship made, as she drifted blindly on through the fog. It was not raining then, but the clammy moisture of the fog, gathering in the sails, fell down upon the decks as if the sails were weeping; the clammy fog pressed in around us, and out of its deathly grip voices whispered to us as we passed, and shadows seemed, now and then, to rise beside us—shadows of great ships like ours, that had left port like we had done, many, many years before, and had never got beyond the seas down there, but had stayed down there to rest. Ships' names were whispered gently to us out of that fog, ships' names we knew only too well; fine ships that had set proudly out, never to be heard of again. Now we knew what their fate had been; and the fog passed a clammy hand around us, and the sails wept from their yards, and the foghorn sounded mournfully upon the focs'l head, and the voices of the shipmates that we knew cried softly to us: "We to-day; you to-morrow! Never be too sure of life; live not as if you were born to live for evermore!" And the sea, swishing gently around us, coldly answered with a swirl of icy water on our decks, as if it were anxious that our voices, too, should stay down there for ever, to whisper mournfully in the fog. . . .

II

Why must sailing ships have such rotten, soul-searing, miserable jobs always associated with the voyages that they make? Nobody takes any notice of them in port; the only people who see them at sea, mostly, are their crews. They never know the voyage, now, that will be their last, and the knackers of the break-up yards will claim them to go to sea no more. Yet voyage after voyage has its scraping at teakwood with the extremely primitive and sadly inefficient tools of sand and canvas, in the foolish endeavour to remove all the oil and varnish

in order that more may be put on, to be scraped off by the same inefficient means on the following voyage: voyage after voyage has its endless chipping of rust, and scraping of paint, and daubing of red lead, and washing of white paint, and scraping of decks. We had our share of all these in *Herzogin Cecilie*. The hands must be employed!

We scrubbed the teakwood and washed all the paint on the road to Cape Horn. Neither, in any conditions, is enjoyable work; the only kind of work that is ever enjoyable is that which is congenial, into which one may throw the energy of mind as well as body. What could anybody find congenial in washing paint? In a great Cape Horner, flying along in 55° S. for the bleak headland from which it takes its name, it might easily qualify as the World's Worst Work.

Scrubbing teak, you first put some strong caustic soda solution on the varnish, then you smother that with sand and scrub the lot with canvas as long and as hard as you can go. Then you wash off with salt water, and if all the varnish is not gone—mostly it isn't—and the mate is about, you begin again. If the mate isn't about, you go somewhere else. Every blessed deck-fitting in the ship seems made of teak, or bound with it—the big chart-house aft, the skylights, the compass stands, the pin-rails, the fife-rails, the companions, the very deck-buckets, the sides of the flying-bridge, the wheels (four of these, all huge), even the holder of the belaying-pins—and nothing can be neglected. And it is all so insufferably cold, and insufferably irksome, and damnably useless, and hellishly painful.

But scrubbing teak, bad as it is, is a much better job than washing paint. You put the caustic solution on with a wad on the end of a stick—the longer the stick the better—with the teak; with the paint you put it on with

a wad in your hand. You can manage to escape some of the caustic with the teak; with the paint you have to put your hand into the bucket, and you escape nothing. And that caustic solution is strong. It is strong enough to remove the paint, if you rub too hard—which we didn't do very often—as well as the surface dirt that was upon it. And what could remove paint could scarcely be recommended as a manicure preparation for ladies.

Nothing would keep out that caustic. We tied sacking closely round our wrists, and bound it tightly with strands of rope; but the only thing that this achieved was to keep the caustic always wet around us. Soon everybody's hands were in a fearful state. With so much hauling on wet ropes, clawing at wet canvas, gripping of strong wheel-spokes, fooling about with heavy wires, one's hands were in a bad enough state without having to put them continuously for hours in caustic soda. In those high latitudes cuts and minor skin wounds refuse to heal, eating into the flesh right to the bone instead, remaining deep and open, though they do not bleed unless they are knocked. Then they know how to sting, ye gods! Queer, obstinate breaks come in the flesh of the fingers, that never close, and never bleed, and never cease paining. The possession of two or three of these was surely pain enough; but the accursed caustic burnt every scratch and minor skin-break—of these we had many—into a deep, pulsating cut, right to the bone. It burnt the skin from the hands, first turning it leathery, with small sores; then brittle with larger sores; and then the old skin went, leaving very soft, new skin in its place.

Then the caustic played havoc! The soft, new skin came on the tips of the fingers first and it could not stand up to the ordeal. It had not a chance, really; and soon it broke, bringing right on the finger-tips sores more

malignant than ever. These hurt abominably; then it was difficult to carry on. Dropping the soda-wads every now and then to haul on wet braces or sheets did not improve things. . . . I counted thirty-eight sores upon my right hand one day; and my right hand was merely typical of the right hands of the watch. It was impossible to open it right out, and equally impossible to close it right up. It pained continuously, even to the extent of interrupting one's sleep—and at sea that is an accomplishment which takes doing. To haul on the hard, wet ropes brought the blood from a score-odd open burns; on the backs of the two first fingers, malignant sores had gathered at the nails; farther down all the fingers lesser sores clustered as thickly as freckles on a sunburnt child. In places, particularly at the wrists and on the back of the hands, the skin had gone altogether. Here the soda had dripped from the wads all day; nothing would prevent it. The left hand was little better than the right, though it was not used so much. Both palms were so leathery that they were not much affected, but the backs of the hands and the fingers were enough.

Let it not be imagined that the mates of the *Herzogin Cecilie* were hard taskmasters, for they were nothing of the kind. Each took a kindly interest in all the boys, and each was respected by all the boys in return; and all of them flung themselves into that soda-washing with an energy and determination that, though it took a good deal of will-power to sustain, was an encouragement and an object-lesson to us all. Everybody knew that the soda-washing meant burnt hands and more misery when we already had enough on the decks of our great four-masted barque, with nineteen boys to do what ninety did, racing for Cape Horn; and everybody also knew that it had to be done. It was only a sailor's job, that was all. And if

some of the younger boys felt a bit dejected about it at times, wet through, cold and chilled to the bone, they always carried on.

So we got it done; but we had reached the South-east Trades on the other side of the Horn before all our sores had gone.

III

We did not often see a sunset down south there, but they were wildly grand when we did. On the day that we finished the soda-washing the sun went down with a fierce red glow through the flying stormwrack, which the lowered clouds could not blot out, and when it sank below the heaving sea there was an angry threat about it that warned us of the wrath to come. We did not care, much; we had seen it all before, and mostly the threats had brought only hail-squalls, and strong wind, and icy water swirling about the fore-deck. But on this occasion the threat of the dying sun was not in vain.

We had the first night-watch below, and a little after four bells the tramp of the watch overhead awoke us out of a fitful sleep. We stayed awake, first because there was too much noise to sleep, and a little later because we would not have been allowed to sleep had we been able. Before six bells "all hands on deck!" was the order; we were ready for it before that. It was easy enough to tell when that was coming. Outside we could hear the roar of the wind through the rigging—there is no sound so majestic as that!—the shouts of the watch and the scuffling of its members' feet as they fought for foothold on the wet, reeling decks while they clewed up sail; and now and then we could distinguish the deep booming of flapping canvas above the wind, and the steady patter of heavy rain pelting down overhead. We had lashed our oilskins, and we went out.

On deck we found that the starboard watch had taken

the three royals off her, the gaff-topsail, and the three topgallant-stays'ls. It was a wild, black night with the wind falling on the ship as if it were a visible force, and the decks heeled over dangerously, until the lee rail skimmed the water and rain was falling thick and heavy. The watch had clewed up the three upper t'gallants'ls, too, and was aloft setting them fast, having rather a job of it in that wind. The scene that meets the eye coming on deck in a night such as that is a stirring one, though it is *felt* rather than seen in the black murk of a southern night. There is the continuous clump-clump-clump of the seas smashing at the side, the deafening roar of the wind, the wild look of the night, the black sails, scarce perceptible in the murk overhead, straining at sheet and yard as if eager to carry them away. The knowledge that many of those sails must be fought and taken in might strike terror into many a heart, safe with its owner asleep in some soft bed ashore, if it were there. But there was a wild exhilaration about it all which we rather liked.

We began by trying to clew up the cro'jack, and the cro'jack answered by trying to blow out, an operation in which it succeeded at least to the extent of tearing a great hole in the depth of the sail in the lee side, near the leach. It was a big job to get it hauled up in its gear. There are always two battles to get a great sail fast: the first on deck with the gear, the second aloft with the canvas itself. It is questionable, sometimes, which is the worse.

We managed to get the cro'jack clewed up in the course of time, assisted by various youths from the other watch who had drifted down from the main- and mizzen-topgallant-yards. Then we lay aloft to set it fast. The canvas was wet and stiff, the wind worse than ever; and our poor hands! The pain would have been almost insuf-

ferable if we had had time to think about it. We had to claw at the stiff, wet canvas with the raw flesh bursting through our too-sorely tried fingers; and if the canvas was streaked with our blood, we still had to get it fast. . . . We did eventually, and in the exhilaration of the fight, wet through and all but blown into the sea, we sometimes forgot the pain in our fingers.

How grand was the sight from up there! Ahead the great seas swept at the bows—the wind was for'ard of the beam—like breakers at a rock, only to be met by the sharp cutwater and torn asunder with a shower of cold spray that sometimes smothered the whole of the fore-deck, to roll back in thundering cascades of foam for chains on either side. Along the white ship's sides the foam raced wide; in the nearer distance sometimes we caught the phosphorescent glare of breaking sea. From somewhere high aloft upon the foremast came a voice crying eerily, something about a clewline that had jammed and a deficiency of gaskets; on deck there came the mate's answering shout, and peace again. They were having trouble with that fore upper t'gallant. . . . At the wheel, before the darkened binnacle's fitful gleam, we could see a figure lashed in oilskins, straining at the spokes. There were many sails to make fast, and much to do; God knows how long that figure strained there before it was relieved.

And it was cold, very cold. Nor could any oilskins upon earth have kept us dry.

So we wandered along our way; and pitched, and wallowed, and rolled, and stumbled, and always drove on!

We rushed madly before the gale, drove furiously with masts that bent to the force of powerful wind, and always the decks were wet, and it rained, and hailed, and was very cold; always we watched for ice, and hoped that we

should see it in time, if any came while we raced blindly on through the night. Out of the murk astern, where we knew not what we had passed; into the murk ahead, where we knew not what was waiting; under the heavy pall of storm-wracked sky above—always we drove on! We did not know where we were for days; we only knew that we sailed on.

So there came a time when we looked again to the lashings of the few things that were movable on deck, and caulked again the steel focs'l doors, and screwed down again the skylights over the galley, and made sure there was no deficiency of gaskets aloft; and came unto the neighbourhood of Cape Horn.

CHAPTER IX

WITH THE ROYALS SET

THIRTY-THREE days out from Port Lincoln we came round Cape Horn. We went around in bright sunshine, with squared yards to strong westerly wind, and the three royals set. Thirty-three days to Cape Horn! We never expected such a passage after taking sixteen days to reach the longitude of New Zealand; but from there *Herzogin Cecilie*, in the seas she knew so well and under the conditions in which she was built to excel, fairly flew along. She ran from New Zealand to the Horn in seventeen days. Seventeen days to sail five thousand miles! It was good going, very good indeed, though we had to get down to 55° S. to do it. She ran down 50 degrees of longitude in a week; the day before she came to Cape Horn she sailed 304 miles; in a four-hour watch that important day she logged sixty knots. It was great going indeed.

The morning of the day we passed the Horn was bright and beautiful, with bright sunlight that, though it gave no actual warmth, yet disguised the cold a bit; and our great fair wind blew us on. It was splendid to be in a sailing ship then, and to walk the decks—with several coats on—and hear the music of it all, to look aloft at the white sails and the whiter clouds far overhead—there was a hint of storm in those clouds, despite the sun—and to lean over the side and watch the broken water flying swiftly by. We were doing a steady thirteen knots then, fairly roaring along, rolling heavily now and then as the old ship dipped her rusty sides in answer to the caressing

of the foam. It was all very grand, and rather pleasant, and infinitely beautiful—in the morning. Who would not be here, we thought, in a great sailing ship racing around Cape Horn?

In the afternoon of that day the sun suddenly went and the sky blackened over, and bitter hail-squalls raced upon us from nowhere, and hard, cold rain lashed us at the wheel as we worked on deck, and the biting cold numbed our fingers, and the cold seas fell over our sides as we drove along. The wind that had roared a welcome through our rigging now moaned a dirge; the sea that had boiled in welcome to the rare sight of the square-rigged sailing ship now smoked in cold fury, and smashed cruelly at the bulwarks as we rolled. How quickly everything changed! Who would be here, in a great sailing ship off the bitterness of the Horn? . . . The sunshine was too good to last; this was Cape Horn. The pleasant conditions of the morning were nothing but a mockery; this was no place for sailors' pleasure. This was the world's worst headland, bleak outposts of sailors' misery and wretched memory. This was Cape Horn!

And we drove around with squared yards and all the royals. . . .

How many men have died here! How many stout ships gone to a fearful doom! God knows; both are beyond count. From the time of its first rounding Cape Horn has taken its toll; in the history of the ship-of-sails it has claimed more victims than the break-up yards. We were quiet, when we remembered how many of our brothers were sleeping close; how many sailors' graves there were beneath those white-topped seas. Three, we knew of, went here last year, in that "race" of sailing ships from Australia to the English Channel with their wheat—two from the German full-rigged ship *Greif*, who were swept over the side in a gale somewhere here; and

one who was blown from a tops'l-yard of *Olivebank*. Then there were two from *Killoran*, not so long ago, dashed mercilessly into the Cape Horn sea when a great roller thundered over her poop and smashed them from the wheel; and one from *Grace Harwar;* and two from a German ship bound out to Chile with her coal; and one from *Falkirk*, before that, and *Hougomont*, and *William Mitchell*, and *Wray Castle*, and *Marlborough Hill*, and *Port Patrick*, and God knows how many more from how many other ships besides—all boys, all here! A whole watch went, once, hauling on the braces of a German ship coming deep with nitrate from some South American port; went so suddenly, so completely, with such stunning disaster, that the captain of that German ship, standing on his poop, for the moment did not know his men had gone. One instant they stood at the braces, a long, thin line of oilskin-clad figures, toiling in the sprays; then a sea swept aboard as the ship rolled, and when she stood up again there was only the brace-end trailing over the side. There had not been a sound. . . . And not so long ago, on just such a day as that upon which we came around but with little wind, a boy fell out of the rigging of a Swedish barque making around the Horn, and seven of her crew put out in a boat to pick him up. A lifebuoy had been thrown and he was seen to make for it. They pulled back a bit, quietly, watching the sea intently for a bobbing head in that grey waste of waters. And they watched so intently that they did not see a squall that was coming viciously down until it was right upon them; and they never saw the bobbing head, and they never pulled back to that Swedish barque any more. . . . All here!

And we stormed around with all the royals.

The loss of a sailor or two from an old sailing ship coming around Cape Horn is not an event of any importance. It is not chronicled in the newspapers; it is

not broadcast over wireless. Nobody knows of it, mostly, except the crew of the ship from which the men have gone; and their people, later, when the ship comes at last sadly into port. And if the rusty full-rigger or barnacled four-masted barque tows into the docks behind a condescending tug with an old and much-worn ensign flying at half-mast, it is not a matter for comment or surprise. Some old fool has snuffed, who would not go in steam; or some young fool who would wear brass buttons, and wears his sea-boots and his oilskins for a shroud instead. So mutter the wharf workers who see the ship come into port, if they notice that her flag is low, and troop off to their public-houses and their pots, and are glad that their only connection with the sea is to handle, with more or less efficiency, the cargoes that the ships bring into port. What does it matter if the voyage of the sailing ship has cost one of her courageous spirits his life? What does it matter if a young adventurous heart lies stilled for ever, somewhere beneath the grey sea off Cape Horn? Cape Horn must have its toll; it was always so!

"Them ships is all right on pikchure cards, an' to read about when a feller's got nothin' better to do," says the wharf worker as he draws his pot, "but—" If ever we were inclined, traitorously and only for a moment, to think that the shoreman's view was right, we never would admit it, not even to ourselves.

The awfulness of death is demonstrated nowhere so completely as in the sailing ship, when some one has been lost over the side. Around the bole of the mainmast, toiling for their lives, the watch hauls on the clewlines of some sail high aloft. Heavy seas fall aboard as the ship rolls madly, and rush across the decks with a weight of water it is fatally easy to misjudge; now and then a big sea comes, heavier than its predecessors, and the hands leap like monkeys high on the ropes they haul, out of its

way. But they must get that sail clewed up; now they work so, and exert every ounce of strength and energy, that they do not see that great sea towering to windward until it is too late. It thunders upon the decks, roars upon them, sends them hurtling as if they had been powerless children. And when they pick themselves up, bruised, half-drowned, and bleeding, they find that one is not there. That is all; one is just not there. And there is a hand less for the wheel, and a hand less aloft, all that voyage; and an empty bunk in the low focs'l, an empty bunk, with the few poor treasures that were its occupant's around it—his stock of tobacco, maybe, a photograph or two, and a half-finished model of the ship that killed him chocked carefully off that it may not become dislodged with the working of the vessel, and a sailor's bag in white canvas hanging on a nail. There is no burial, no funeral service, no announcement in newspapers. The cold grey sea sweeps on.

II

Herzogin Cecilie was a good sailing ship. In some ways she was not like her more ordinary sisters of the modern sailing-ship class at all, and rounding Cape Horn in her was rather a different experience from making the same voyage in other vessels of her class. Her long poop-deck kept her remarkably free from heavy water, though sprays came often enough over the whole length of it; she was very steady and rode the seas beautifully. She took very little water aboard, for a sailing ship, even over the low fore-deck, and was comparatively comfortable in the worst of weather. The crew's accommodation was so sheltered that it was almost impossible that the sea should wash it out, and the galley was stowed away in under the fore-part of the poop, so that few seas could sweep in there and put out the fire, as seas sometimes did in other ships. In the worst of weather there was always some-

thing to eat and some place where one could sleep in more or less of comfort. In most sailing ships running down their easting in those high southern latitudes there is pretty often neither.

The long poop, too, meant that there was always a sheltered place where the watch could stand by, in heavy weather, ready for a call when they were wanted. No water came in under there, and no wind, even in the most terrific down south gale. The focs'ls were very good and very comfortable, especially as the ship's accommodation had been built for so many and had so few. Fyhrqvist and I had a big two-berth cabin, with a sofa in it, two lockers, a little table (where I wrote this), and a wash-stand in one corner, and bookshelves, and two big ports. A two-berth cabin for able seamen in a sailing ship, with a wash-basin and a sofa! Who ever heard of such a thing? It did not seem possible when I looked around the white walls at the big brass lamp hanging there—mostly lying over at a precarious angle—and the big mirror, and all the books, and the lockers and the pictures on the walls, and compared all this with what I had known in other sailing ships. True, no able seaman ever entered that cabin when the ship was German. It was the sacred domain of petty officers then, respected religiously as such. But with the Finns there were no petty officers, and we appreciated the good accommodation. Though the moisture gathered thickly on the steel deckhead and sometimes there was a suspicion of ice inside the glass of the ports, always we were assured of a greater degree of comfort and of dryness than ever sailors knew in other and less-favoured ships. And though they did not live in two-berth cabins, the others in the big forecastles were even better off. They had stoves; and they were not long in discovering that there were other uses for those stoves, besides keeping them warm. They made good

toast, for instance, at the changing of the watches; and a bite of toast washed down with boiling coffee was a wonderful vitaliser for the wheel. All that one would know of that kind of thing in sailing ships that I had been in was the desire.

Yes, *Herzogin Cecilie* was a very good sailing ship indeed. We did not often have to go out upon her decks and work in swirling water to our waists; we did not fear to open the focs'l door, lest a few tons of miserably cold water would pour in to wet our bunks and keep them wet indefinitely. All that we had to do was to caulk the focs'l doors that opened out on deck, and use the companion-way to the high poop instead. The seas that came over that high poop were few indeed, and what water came there was quickly gone again. There was nothing to check it, nothing to break its flow. It just swept aboard, when it felt like it, rushed across the incline of the decks with the roll of the ship, and straight into the sea again on the other side. A little swept around the fore-deck now and then, but not much, and it never stayed there long. For'ard on the focs'l head sprays came over pretty heavily, but sprays were nothing compared with the weight of seas. The only part of the ship where there was ever any danger of being caught by a big sea was around the foremast, and we had only to work in that wet neighbourhood when it was necessary to clew up sail on that mast. All the braces and the whole of the gear of the other sails were on the poop-deck, and therefore always accessible. *Herzogin Cecilie*, though she was so huge and so lofty and her sail area so tremendous, was a very good ship indeed for her sailors.

For proof of that, it is necessary only to look at the experiences of the more ordinary of the few sailing ships that are left—not built as training-ships for great com-

panies, but solely as freight-earners for their owners—going where *Herzogin Cecilie* went with all her royals.

Some time in June 1921 the then-British four-masted barque *Hougomont* tied up in the docks of St. Nazaire with 4,000 tons of wheat from Australia. She had come around Good Hope that voyage, the weather had been good, and the most eventful thing that had happened was that a Frenchman in her crew went mad. She tied up in a corner of the St. Nazaire docks, opposite another big four-master that had made the same voyage; and three years later she was still tied up there. Then Captain Gustaf Erikson bought her, and it cost him a good deal more than the purchase price to get her to sea.

Her first voyage under her new ownership was in ballast around the Horn to Callao. When she had been about three months at sea, she was somewhere off the Horn. When she had been four months at sea, she was still there.

It is a very different thing from running around the Horn before the west winds from Australia, beating around the other way from Europe out to Chile or Peru. When sailing ships were common at sea, many went that way—around the Horn with coal from the Bristol Channel to Valparaiso, Taltal, San Antonio, Iquique, Callao, or any other of the numerous ports along that coast; or out to San Francisco for grain; or from New York with general cargo to the west coast either of South or North America. But now the only ships that sail that way are an odd Finn with a charter to Peru, or a ship of the German "P" fleet bound from Hamburg out to Chile. The only ships that still regularly sail that way are the Germans, and a hard voyage it is—out around the Horn from east to west, back again around the Horn from west

to east. The sailers that make for Australia go out around Good Hope, and only for the homeward voyage do they race before the west winds to Cape Horn. They do not attempt to round the Horn against those winds, as the German ships bound to South America regularly do, as a thousand beautiful British sailing ships regularly and magnificently did, and as *Hougomont* had to do that voyage. It is a very good thing for them that they do not.

To describe the agony that was *Hougomont's* and her crew's, it is necessary to sailors only to say that it was winter, and she lay four weeks off the Horn. They know only too well the hell that that means! But there are not many sailors left now, though there are plenty of seamen; and perhaps it would be as well to describe something of her rounding a little more fully.

Day after day, night after night, week after week, the icy water fell upon the old ex-Britisher's decks as she battled for a chance to get around the Horn. She was empty and high out of the water, and she would not stand up against the wind. When she was asked to beat, she lay over and fell to leeward like a helpless punt; when she was asked to run, she rolled as if the masts would fall out, and, looking for'ard from her poop now and then, it was pretty hard to say exactly where ship ended and sea began. Mostly down there she was asked neither to beat nor to run; she lay helplessly hove-to, drifting, waiting for one let-up in that howling westerly gale to set some sail and tear around. Day after day she lay there, night after night, week after week, and the westerly gale still shrieked in her rigging, and the Cape Horn seas still fell upon her decks and thundered all around and all over her, and the black murk of sky overhead shut out the sun so long that the frozen sailors, toiling on those decks or hanging to those dripping spokes, almost forgot

that it existed. Nor did it exist for them. There was no warmth in the ship, no comfort, no dryness. There was not a dry spot in her, nor a dry stitch of clothing. The best oilskins aboard had long since ceased to be of the slightest use; the deepest sea-chest was long since exhausted. Her people, all camped in the one big focs'l for'ard, abandoning the smaller houses aft, had so long been wet through, and cold, and chilled to the bone, waiting there for a chance to round Cape Horn, that they had grown to expect nothing else; and if, as sometimes it seemed to them then, the ship was doomed to drift in the frigid hell down there until the end, they would still have carried on.

Often there were indications that the gale would slacken and give them the slant that they so much desired; and sometimes it did so. But never for long! Just long enough to get sail on her to give her way—not much; an upper tops'l or two, and maybe the main lower t'gallant—then the gale howled down again, right from ahead, and the weary sailors had to lay aloft again and get what few rags had been painfully set, infinitely more painfully fast again. For a month that was all that happened. The ship lay there, somewhere off Cape Horn, in a westerly gale, hove-to, setting sail at intervals and taking it off again. That was all; to the handful of boys who suffered aboard her, that was enough.

Low-sided, lofty, with not much sheer, low for'ard like a racer—which she isn't—and heavily sparred, after two-score years of battling at sea the four-masted barque *Hougomont* has nothing to learn about taking seas on board. Sailors say that she is a very wet ship; I do not doubt it. Most sailing ships are, those that came from the yards in *Hougomont's* time especially so; and to the young Finns who shipped in St. Nazaire that voyage she gave a practical demonstration of shipping water that

they will remember all their lives. At least, most of them will. There is one who will not. One of her demonstrations killed him.

It was very simple. It was one of those too-numerous occasions when sail had been set to a slant that lied, and then had to be clewed up again. The sea was running in grey walls miles long, foam-streaked and ugly. The only relief in the sullen greyness of sky and sea was this white foam, and that was fearful. Aloft the foot-ropes were heavy with ice, and the ice lay thick in the strands of the gaskets. This ice made the foot-ropes very difficult to stand on and the gaskets very difficult to set fast. To emerge from the low, sodden focs'l, that had been wet so long that moss grew in it and ice lined the ports, was to face being washed over the side to a speedy and a bitter death, if one was not pretty quick in grabbing the life-lines that were rigged around the decks.

You cannot hold on to life-lines and clew up sail, however desirable might be that accomplishment. The most that you can do, in a big sailing ship making around the Horn the wrong way waiting for a slant, is to haul for your life when you have the chance, and when you see a cold wall of sea roar solidly above you, jump for your life to the life-lines and hang on with every ounce of strength you have. On this occasion all hands were clewing up the main upper tops'l when a sea swept aboard. They all escaped it save one, a boy of seventeen. It was not a big sea, as such things went down there, and when he was tossed into the lee scuppers as if he had been made of timber, his shipmates only thought that he had suffered one trial the more. And one trial more or less didn't mean very much, down there. But another great sea fell down upon him before he could rise, swept him back across the deck and dashed him against a heavy pair of steel bits standing there. . . . They buried him there next day,

with a cloth and a half-sodden canvas sewn around him, and an old anvil at his feet to weigh him down.

What will men stand! I was once with a whaling expedition to the Antarctic; we lay three months in a narrow split of the Great Ice Barrier in 78° S., with the hundred-feet-high walls of ice all around us. The blizzards shrieked at us, the snow tore at us horizontally through the air; often we had to slip the anchor and stand out to open sea to avoid being crushed by the ice. The thermometer dropped to 50° below zero; and always we had to work barehanded over the side, twelve hours a day, cutting up whales. Yet the hardships and the trials of that experience, bitter as they were, were not so bad as the hell of a wet sailing ship in mid-winter, battling off the Horn.

III

In *Herzogin Cecilie* there was a concert in the starboard focs'l on the night that we came around Cape Horn. All of the boys were there, and the ship's orchestra played beautiful sad Finnish music, and Swedish music, and German. Schmidt of Weimar was the leader with the violin of which he was a master, and his players were Fyhrqvist with another violin, Nyman with a mandolin, and Ringe with his drums. Ringe had been hurt at the wheel a night or two before. It was very hard to hold *Herzogin Cecilie* to her course in strong winds—too hard. It should always have been the work of two boys, and not one. But the boys made it a point of honour to fight out their hour at the wheel alone, if they could, and never to ask help. It was not from any desire to do the job alone—it *was* a fight, sometimes!—but because they knew that if they asked for help there would have to be two at the wheel all the time, and everybody would have to stand in the misery there a double turn. A single turn was enough, and if that single turn was sometimes a little

more than a boy could carry on alone, he always grimly set his teeth and said nothing.

That was what Ringe had been doing. The wheel, always atrociously heavy in bad weather, was particularly vicious that night, and Ringe had as much as he could do, by the exertion of all his strength, merely to hold on to the wheel without putting it around. It kicked spitefully now and again; *then* it was hard! His face was white with the cold, but his body was feverishly hot with the strenuousness of his efforts. Then there came a bigger sea than its predecessors, and catching the ship on the counter, it struck the rudder with a force that all but tore the wheel from the boy's grasp. He did not let go. He held on, and was flung through the air right over the giant wheel for his pains. It was a miracle that he broke no bones; as it was, his forehead came a nasty clump on the wooden deck, and one of his sea-booted feet, catching an iron stanchion, was bruised severely. The boy at the wheel was lashed there after that, so that there would be less chance of being thrown over. Boys had been thrown over that wheel before, and it was dangerous.

But Ringe was not hurt so much that he could not have his drums brought to him, and play. What a memorable concert it was down there! Schmidt, his body swaying with the motion of the ship and the light of the focs'l lamp falling fitfully on his fine face, standing there with his violin, leading his little orchestra with the ability of a genius—I never heard such music in a ship before as Schmidt could get from that orchestra; it was lifeless without him—Fyhrqvist beside him, playing as if he loved it (as he did); Nyman swaying on a form with his back crouched against the focs'l table; Ringe struggling with the drums in his bunk with the photographs of his home and his ships around him. Lying in their bunks, huddled on their sea-chests or on the forms, the boys gathered

around and listened. The lamp swayed from side to side with the roll of the ship; outside was the roar of wind, and the pelting of rain overhead, and the swish of water on the fore-deck; and now and then there came the thunder of a sea smashing on the steel side so close, and the whole ship shuddered violently.

What did we care? We listened to the music, and thought. And predominant in our thoughts was the knowledge that Falmouth was not just a name upon the map any more. For we had come around Cape Horn.

CHAPTER X

NEVER MONOTONOUS

ON the day after rounding Cape Horn we saw Staten Island, a grim strip of high coastline, uncertainly on the horizon for an hour or two. We did not go close, and saw nothing of the Falkland Islands, which we passed the following day. We got into radio communication with Port Stanley, learnt that the world still went around and nothing much had happened since we left Australia, and reported all well. Then we stood on to a light beam wind on the way to the South-east Trades, and when the wind petered out not many days later, the waters of both Atlantics stretched interminably before us. We would not have minded having no wind—for what we lost in one part of the ocean it was pretty safe to say we would make up somewhere else—if it had not been for the *Beatrice*. If we had gained some slight advantage over her on the run to the Horn (and we were by no means sure of that), the calms of the South Atlantic would soon rob us of it. So we waited, more or less patiently, for something to happen and the wind to blow again. . . .

Most persons who only see sailing ships in port and read about them in inaccurate reports in newspapers, immediately they hear that it is nothing uncommon for the square-rigged sailing ship to occupy three months or so on the voyage from Europe to Australia round Good Hope, and four months or so on the voyage round the Horn back to Europe, raise their hands in horror and exclaim, "How monotonous! *What* a life!" But it is

ON THE TOPS'L YARD, LOOKING DOWN

A HAUL ON THE T'GALLANT BRACES

THE *HERZOGIN CECILIE* IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

A VIEW OF THE STARBOARD BOW

not monotonous at all; and though it has its trials, it is one of the best lives that the modern adventure-bare world has to offer.

I was six weeks in a steamer once—a very comfortable steamer—on the voyage from London to Melbourne by the interesting route of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, and it was dull. I was four days in a steamer once on the voyage from Wellington, New Zealand, to Sydney, New South Wales, and it was deadly. I was seventy-four days once on a voyage in a four-masted barque from Bordeaux to Australia, and there was not an uninteresting half-hour. I was a hundred and fifty-one days on another occasion in a four-masted barque on a voyage from Melbourne to St. Nazaire, and nobody in that ship was ever bored once. And when we had been at sea in *Herzogin Cecilie* forty-two days, and had seen nothing in all that time but the heights of Staten Island dimly in the distance for an hour or two and the lights of a steamer once, low upon the horizon, we surveyed the prospects of another forty-two days and more at sea with not the faintest trace of boredom and not the slightest suspicion of dislike, and monotony was a word that was never heard about our decks. Why should it be? We did not go to work in railway trains; we did not eternally survey the dull, hopeless faces of a million city folk; we did not bolt our food at night to be in time for a place in a theatre queue; we did not find the only outlet for our emotions at the cinema round the corner. We were a little world unto ourselves, a very happy and a very interested little world; we all loved the ship we sailed and the life we led; and we could all say truly, as our stowaway had said, we lived!

But if the ship is at sea a hundred days and more, with never anything to see but the sea and the sky, and always the same faces, and always the same food, and

always the same work, how could it be, you ask, that there was no monotony? It does not sound possible. But it *was* possible, right enough, as any sailor will tell you. Indeed, the only time that there is any taste of monotony in sailing ships is when they have been too long in port. . . . One of the reasons why the sea-life is not monotonous is because nobody—with the exception of the unfortunate daymen—is ever on deck, or ever has to work, all day. The watch and watch system is so arranged that every day one has either the morning or the afternoon off, and the opportunity to do something for oneself in the daytime makes a very big difference at sea. When I was a boy and had my first experience of watch and watch, I hated it and felt inclined to begin a mutiny over it—if I could have found anybody to listen to me! But afterwards I liked it very much, and found it infinitely preferable to working all day and sleeping all night.

Perhaps a glance at the daily life aboard the Finn ship *Herzogin Cecilie*—typical of most sailing ships—might help to explain why the ship-of-sails always holds an interest for her crew. To begin with, the crew is divided into two halves, one of which, under the second mate, is called the starboard watch, and the other, under the mate, the port watch. Always one watch is on deck and the other below, though sometimes—pretty often in bad weather—it is necessary to have them both on deck when there is a good deal to do. It is rarely, however, that the whole of a watch below is lost, no matter how bad the weather might be. In British ships the crew always work in watches of four hours, four hours on, four hours off duty, being the custom, with the four hours between 4 and 8 p.m. always divided into two short watches of two hours each, so that the watch which has the morning below one day will have the afternoon off the next, and vice versa. In Finnish sailing ships that is not so. There

are no short dog-watches, and the eternal rule of four on, four off does not apply. Instead, the day is broken into five irregular watches, some of four hours, some of five hours, and one of six hours. From midnight until 8 a.m. there are always two four-hour watches; from 8 a.m. until 1 p.m. (instead of noon, as in British ships) is the morning watch; from 1 p. m. until 7 p.m. is the afternoon watch; and from 7 p.m. until midnight is the first night watch.

The breaking of the sea-day in British ships and Finnish therefore compares as follows:

British Style	*Finnish Style*
Midnight	Midnight
4 a.m.	4 a.m.
8 a.m.	8 a.m.
12 noon	1 p.m.
4 p.m.	
6 p.m.	7 p.m.
8 p.m.	
Midnight	Midnight

The long afternoon watch, at first sight, seems rather wearisome, but it is broken always by a half-hour for coffee between 3.30 and 4, so that in actual practice it is never long at all. Meals, as in British ships, are eaten always in watch below, the times in *Herzogin Cecilie* being as follows:

Breakfast ..... 7.30 to 8 and 8 to 8.30
Dinner .....12.30 to 1 and 1 to 1.30
Tea ..... 6.30 to 7 and 7 to 7.30

With the long watch on deck in the afternoon, the watch has to wait a long time for tea. But there is the coffee break half-way, so that it is no hardship and does not matter. The advantages of the Finnish system outweigh whatever disadvantages there may be, and once one

becomes accustomed to it, I think that, from the sailor's point of view at least, the Finnish system is preferable to the eternal four on, four off. With the British system the longest unbroken sleep that one may ever hope for is three and three-quarter hours; in the Finn ship it is fine to come below at 1 o'clock and know that you are there—barring accidents—until 7. Another point which I liked about the Finn ships was that the wheel turns were always one hour each, and one hour only. In British sailing ships the practice was always two hours; and it was apt to be rather irksome going to the exposed wheel after three and a half hours' sleep for two hours of desperately trying to keep the ship to something like her course. Most big sailing ships, particularly four-masted barques, do not steer kindly; one hour at the wheel is quite enough.

II

The work-day begins always at 6 a.m. and continues until 6 p.m., but there is always a whole watch on deck whether they are working or not. We will take the twenty-four hours as from midnight, however, so that nothing will be missed. The boy on the lookout for'ard has just struck eight bells there in answer to the eight from the boy at the wheel, and the mate stands by the break of the poop while all hands, watch below and watch on deck alike, troop out before him. The watch which has been below since 7 o'clock comes out shivering, sleepy-eyed, well muffled up; the watch that has been on deck looks on with a grin and makes caustic remarks about the ill-effects of too much sleep, and so on. Never mind; *they* will come trooping out, sleepy-eyed and all but walking in their sleep, at 4 o'clock; and then the watch which is being gibed now may have its turn at the same game. The mate scans the forms below him with an experienced eye. He knows all the boys—there are not so many—so

well that he can distinguish them, although all that he can see of them is a number of dim forms in the darkness. A clear, distinctive laugh here, a voice there, a glimpse of a check cap over yonder, the stamp of wooden clogs beneath him—these little signs tell him who is out and who isn't. Always at the changing of the watches all hands must be on deck, except the daymen, and nobody ever misses these musters. Sometimes, when the weather is very bad, they are useful to make sure that everybody is still there.

"Relieve the wheel and lookout," says the mate, when he knows everybody is there. He never has to wait more than a few seconds. Then the boys who have first turns at these regular jobs hasten off to relieve their comrades; the hand from the wheel comes along and reports his course, the lookout comes down and reports "All's well." Then "Go below, the free watch," says the mate, and there is a scamper of clogs and sea-boots if the weather is cold, or of bare feet if it is warm, as the watch that is to sleep until 4 a.m. makes one wild rush for the focs'l doors. The mate himself troops away aft, glad enough of the four-hour respite from his responsible job, though he spares a minute or two to enjoin the officer who relieves him not to lose the fair wind. Then, with a remarkable suddenness, all is quiet again; the free watch is quickly in its bunks and sound asleep—nothing on earth would keep it awake once it was told to go below—and the watch on deck stands by for the whistles from its officer that tell it it is wanted. In pairs mostly, sometimes in threes and fours, the boys pace the deck, softly talking until they have walked the sleep out of their eyes—it is surprising how easy that is when you try—and then, if the weather be very good, they may stand by in the focs'l, reading, or making models, or sewing trousers, or doing one of the thousand-and-one other things there always are to do at

sea; but always one must remain on deck to be at the call of the mate. There must always be three members of the watch on deck, the wheelman, the lookout, and the third boy who is called the police, and whose duty it is to see that the lights burn brightly in the binnacle by which the helmsman steers, to be at the call of the mate in case he should be needed, and generally to see that all is well. When the weather is bad, the whole watch must stand by on deck, but in Trade-winds that is not necessary. How the sailor loves the Trade-winds!

The turns at wheel, lookout, and police are so arranged that for a four-hour watch in good weather only four boys need stay on deck. The boy who goes to the wheel for the first hour goes to the look-out for the second hour and has the last hour's police; the boy who went to the lookout first has the last wheel. Police, wheel, lookout—that is the usual run of things; and if you have a wheel in a night watch you have to be on deck three hours. That is never irksome. On the lookout all you have to do is to watch for ships and rocks and lights and wrecks and pirates and such; and as there never are any of these things you mostly just walk up and down and think, which isn't a bad occupation on the focs'l head of a big sailing ship in good weather at sea. Or if you get tired of walking up and down you can hang over the rail and watch the black water breaking into light at the sharp bows, and think there; or you can go and sit out on the bowsprit beneath the sails out there, and think (but do not forget that you have to strike the bells!), or you can, if it is very good weather, lie on your back on the wooden deck for a moment or two, now and then, and look up at the sails and rigging black against the sky, and the countless thousands of stars far overhead (but do not forget to take a look at the horizon now and then, too, in case the lights of a steamer show there, and the mate is along

with a rope's end to see what the devil has become of you!). Above all, you must remember when you are up in that focs'l head that you are eyes of the ship, and the lives of the boys who are sleeping are to a very large extent in your hands. You must never betray that trust; you must never leave the focs'l head, no matter if sprays come over every moment or so and wet you through and you would dearly love a draw at cigarette or pipe, no matter if you are chilled to the bone and the focs'l stove is only twenty seconds away. And no matter how late the boy who is relieving you may be, you must not go until he comes. You can tell him what you think of him, with the aid of a sea-boot if you like, when he comes; but not until then! There is seldom anything to see on a sailing-ship's lookout, but that is all the more reason why you must not allow yourself to be lulled into a false sense of security and become careless. The sea is not friendly to man on his ships, and always is awaiting its chance to tell him so.

At the wheel, too, if the weather be good, you may think of port and life, and what you are going to do with yourself, and your girl, while you keep the ship on her course. But do not think too much! When you are police you may count yourself your own master, so long as you remain religiously where the mate can see you, and you can think as much or as little as you like.

The hour at wheel, lookout, or police never seems long, and the night watch passes quickly. Maybe the wind changes slightly in the middle of the watch—it generally chooses the most inopportune moment to do things like that—and the mate summons the watch with two blasts on his whistle to haul a little on the braces. They haul with a will, for they know that the sooner they are finished the sooner they go below again. Sometimes the whole watch passes without a sound from that whistle,

and the only boys who need to come on deck are those who have wheel turns, police, or lookout.

In bad weather, of course, things are very different. But no matter how bad things may be and how heavy the work, there is always the comforting thought that the harder blows the wind the sooner shall the ship come to the Trade-winds; or if she has passed through the Trade-winds, the sooner shall she come to port.

At a quarter to four one bell is struck, and the boy who is police for that hour calls the sleeping watch. How he enjoys that job! He makes noise enough to wake the fish sleeping a mile below, until somebody hits him with a pillow or bags him with a blanket; he remembers all the gibes he had to bear when he came on deck, and gives them back with interest, until somebody hops out of bed and jumps on him; he yells and shrieks until somebody rams a belaying-pin down his throat. The boys are good to get up, though they—very naturally—don't like the experience. Getting out of one's bunk at 4 o'clock in the morning to go out to muster on deck, and maybe to the wheel or lookout, is a woeful experience. How bleak the world looks! Whatever on earth made you come to sea? Why can't you be like all those other sensible people, and stay ashore? You wanted adventure, romance, life; well, here they are, getting out of bed with you at 4 o'clock in the morning. Ugh! Would the dam' ship never get to port? You shiver, though the weather is warm, and water at the eyes, and your sea-boots won't go on, and somebody has tied knots in your trousers! And there goes eight bells! Ah, well, if you can't go out to muster with your trousers on, you'll have to go out without them, much to the ribald amusement of the crew! You breathe murder, but you have to grin a bit to yourself when you sit down and think it out.

Getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, though the next

two hours are notoriously the most difficult in which to remain awake and the longest in the day, has its advantages. You see the sunrise, now and then; and you can never see sunrises more beautiful than those at sea.

A little after four the unfortunate cook is called. It doesn't matter in the least that he has made the acquaintance of his bunk only at 9 o'clock, a short seven hours before; there is coffee to be ready at half past five, and he has to get on the job. I have often thought that the much maligned cook of a sailing ship, and the infinitely more maligned steward, have the worst jobs aboard. Their day begins about 4 o'clock in the morning, and lasts until 9 at night. Their work is never done; they are at everybody's beck and call, and have to suffer every one's abuse. Is it a head wind? Swear at the cook, or tell the steward off! It is good for the temper; and they don't count. Is the food bad? Swear at the cook and at the steward, too; it doesn't matter in the least that they didn't buy it, and have to eat it just the same as you. Do you think you don't get enough sugar? Go aft and complain about the steward; don't recollect for a moment that *he* didn't provision the ship, and it isn't *his* money that paid for what you eat. And never allow yourself to recall that he has to look the voyage ahead, and no man knows how long it will be; you are concerned only with the present. And if the ship is running her easting down fast and the putting ahead of the clock has caught the cook unawares—nobody thought to tell him the time was to be put half an hour ahead—do not think of that when you abuse him! . . . God gave us our food and the devil gave us sea-cooks, I have often heard sailors say. I do not know if my experience has been peculiar, but I should be inclined to put it the other way. The devil sent the food on board and God gave us the cook! And that is true, pretty often. I have known ships, of

course, when the Satanic hand was sadly evident in both.

It is something of a fashion to decry sea-cooks—and cooks in general, for that matter—but I have found them a surprisingly competent body of hard and conscientious workers. The cook of *Herzogin Cecilie* was no exception. He suffered three great disadvantages, as all sea-cooks do. The first was that he never had a holiday of any kind. Sunday was the crew's day of rest; it was the hardest day in the week for the cook. His second disadvantage was that he was robbed of the pleasure that appeals most to sailors on a long voyage at sea—because of his job he could not take the slightest interest in what he had to eat, and even if he knew there was to be a splendid dinner, the main consideration to him was that it meant the deuce of a lot of hard work. The crew could lick its chops in pleasurable anticipation, and clean up all the dishes that he gave them with an inhuman rapidity, and hasten back to his galley to abuse him for more. If he had a bite or two, standing up there with his implements all around him, he would reckon he was doing well. Food becomes disproportionately important at sea, and in looking forward to good meals most of the boys found a good deal of the physical pleasure of the voyage. And there always were good meals, and there always was work unlimited for the poor cook. If a pig was killed, the crew whooped with glee and looked forward to pork chops. But to the tired cook and the much-worked steward it only meant more work.

Then there was the third disadvantage. The cook could never growl about the food, seeing that he cooked it himself. Just as sailors find their main pleasure in eating the food that is given them, they are prone pretty often to find the main outlet for their tempers in hotly criticising the man who did his best in preparing it. But the cook has no outlet for his temper like that. He only has

to carry on. I have never been a sea-cook, and I fervently hope I never shall!

Having brought him from his bunk with that little tribute to a difficult job that usually earns him only scorn, we can leave the cook to prepare the coffee, with the watch clamouring around him, while we take another look on deck. The mate, who for the past hour or so has been walking vigorously up and down trying to get his circulation to work, now casts a knowing eye about for something to give the crew to do—something that will liven them up and freshen them for the real work to follow. He sees a slackened brace here and there, a sail that has mysteriously gone baggy, a stays'l-sheet that could do with a good haul. The crew suspect that he is not above making that sort of job himself, when his eye can't find him any, and slacking away a rope or two when nobody is looking. Though the man at the wheel always keeps a vigilant lookout, nothing has ever been seen to confirm that suspicion.

Now the mate sniffs the air of coffee from the galley approvingly. He has found his jobs—plenty of them this morning. That fore-royal could go up a foot; the flying-jib is setting like a horse's leg; all the lee fore- and main-braces are slack, and the weather mizzen lower t'gallant-sheet is shrieking to be stretched. He strikes three bells, and for the next half-hour there is nothing but the scrunching of good bread and the pouring of good coffee down ten lusty young throats. All too quickly the helmsman strikes four bells—he wants his coffee, too—and then the work starts. Around the decks the watch follow the mate, hauling in this rope, dragging on that, heaving around this capstan, slacking out at that. Nobody minds that sort of work at 6 o'clock on a bright South Atlantic morning with a fair wind in all the sails and the water flying by.

Then when everything is in order, the ordinary day's work begins. There is no carpenter—he left the ship in Port Lincoln, and there weren't any others there—so the handiest of the boys has the key of the carpenter's shop under the focs'l head and sets about his duties. He has first to sound all the wells and water-ballast tanks, bilges, etc.; then when that is done he can fill in the time until breakfast at 8 o'clock oiling the steering gear, the capstans, the sheave-holes in the bulwarks where the course-sheets lead, and anything else he can find that will take the business end of an oil-can. In Trade-winds he is dayman, working from 6 in the morning until 6 at night—he hates that—and sleeping all night if all hands are not wanted on deck; but in other parts of the ocean he takes his place in the watch. There is plenty for him to do, capstan bars to make, barrels, wooden buckets, belaying-pins, blocks, cupboards for the cook and chessmen for the skipper, not to mention the innumerable little odd jobs that are always cropping up. Then he is blacksmith, too, and no job must be beyond him in either of these departments. I have been in steamers where the principal duty of the carpenter appeared to be to sound the wells and find work for shipwrights in port; but in the sailing ships he must do everything that comes along. He must be equally efficient at shaping a royal-yard as a fishhook for the albacore playing around the bow, at making a new boat as a bookshelf for the captain's cabin. His job is no sinecure in sail, and he counts a lot aboard the square-rigger.

The only others who have a regular job to go to, in addition to the boy who acts as carpenter, are those who sew sails. There is never any scarcity of this work—always there are new sails to make and old ones to repair—and two boys in each watch do little else. But before they can go to that job there is water to pump for

the galley, and coal to get up, and the pigs' house to clean—the youngest boy's job, much to his disgust—and buntlines to overhaul aloft. In the same mysterious manner as there are always slackened ropes asking to be hauled taut, every morning of the voyage there are buntlines on the sails asking to be slackened. It does not do to leave them too taut, because of the wear on the canvas, and a boy is sent to each mast to see that all is well. He has to do other things besides haul slack on buntlines. He must see that all the gaskets are in order and all the gear clear, and that the sails are well fast to the jackstays with plenty of rope-yarns in each eyehole, and if the sun is shining he generally manages to find work aloft to keep him up there until 8 o'clock—and watch below.

At half past 7 the other watch, which has been sleeping since 4 a.m., is called for breakfast, and at 8 o'clock must begin work. Now the regular work of the day begins, and goes on without interruption, except for the half-hour break for coffee in the afternoon, until 6 o'clock in the evening. The sailmakers go to their sails, the carpenter to his shop, the lamp-trimmer to his lamps, and the odd men to the thousand-and-one things that sailing ships always find for them to do. There is never any scarcity of work in the sailing ship, and the mate is never at a loss to find something for his hands to do. His problem, in a fast ship, is rather to see that they get all that must be done completed before the end of the voyage. There is rust to chip and paint to scrape, and when that is done the steel must be scrubbed clean with steel brushes, and painted twice with red lead and three times with white; and all the paint in the ship must be washed and washed again, and then repainted white and French grey until the decks on a moonlight night shine in their beauty; and all the teak must be scrubbed and scraped and oiled and

varnished; and all the decks must be scrubbed and scraped and oiled, and scrubbed and scraped again—if ever the mate *is* short of a job he can just oil the decks and scrape all the oil off again—and all the intricacy of the gear aloft must be kept in order and fit for its heavy and responsible work. There is nothing on earth so clean as the sailing ship at sea. There is nothing on board to dirty her, no reek of smoke or mess of oil, no rust-stained steel decks or oily winches, no great ugly hatches, no grime-stained, toil-worn firemen. The only smoke in her is that which comes from the galley fire, and that isn't much; the only coal is that she carries for the galley fire, and that isn't much; the only oil she has is that for her few lamps, and that isn't much either. With a quietness and a beauty of her own, the sailer wends her cleanly way at sea, and her sailors must keep her so. They take a pride in the cleanliness of the decks, the spotlessness of the paint, and the neatness of her trim aloft, for the sailing ship has an appeal for her people no mechanically propelled vessel can ever have—and therein lies much of the secret of the absence of monotony in her long voyagings. She is more than a ship to the sailor in her focs'l; she is a personality. He knows her; he has watched her make her voyage, has seen her come bravely through a hurricane, haul safely off a lee shore, work miraculously through a calm. He has studied her little ways, the eccentricities and the peculiarities which each sailing ship has to herself; he knows what she can do and what she can't; he knows when she is being asked to do too much and when too little. He always speaks of his ship as if she *lived*.

"She's going beautifully! Knocked off fifty-seven miles that watch"—it is with a glow of pride that the old lady is still a heeler; or, "She won't steer at all: don't know what's come over her to-day, damn her!" when the

wheel is heavier than it ought to be; or, "She'd go better with that spanker off; she's fair shriekin' for some one to let that sheet go."

Because his ship is a personality to him, the sailor loves her. Even if she be only a great wall-sided stub-nosed barn, he leaves her with regret and speaks lovingly of her afterwards; he has found something to admire in her, in Cape Horn gale or Southern Indian cyclone, and he has come to learn that, with ships as with women, beauty is only skin deep, after all. . . .

To-day the watch on deck must chip rust on the fore-deck—not so bad a job with the sunshine and the good wind, and the sheer health of it all. They do not need to work too hard; none of the mates is a slave-driver, and there is no word of discontent. So the hours pass pleasantly enough, with albatrosses to see—how do they sail so magnificently against the wind? if only the sailing ship could discover that secret!—or flying-fish to watch in warmer latitudes, with the ravenous bonita and albacore ever after them; always there is life for the sailing-ship man to see that the honking of the screw very often frightens from the steamers. Chipping rust is a job that requires no brain-work at all, and you can think of other things while you do it. The sailmakers are out on deck, sewing in the sun, and aloft the best sailor of the watch can always find plenty to keep him busy. How everybody delights in that real *sailor's* work! The time never drags if you can get aloft with a marlinspike in your hand, or a sail-needle to put in a few homeward-bound stitches somewhere, or a new block to strop where the old one has become, through long and incessant heavy use, worn out. Everybody wants those jobs; working with the gear aloft in good weather is the best job in the ship. There is not always sailor's work to give everybody, and in watch below the younger boys can get ropes, and wires and spikes,

and serving-mallets, and spunyarn, and palms and needles, and all the other implements of the sailor's craft, and the older boys will willingly teach them. They are always ready learners.

So 1 o'clock comes round, all too soon to the boy singing softly high on the royal-yard while he serves the lifts, soon enough to the boy daubing a bit of red lead in the sun; and the other watch troops out from dinner and carries on the work where its comrades left off. For chipping, scraping, washing paint and such jobs, the port watch keeps religiously to the port side of the ship and the starboard watch to the starboard. Always there are races between the watches to see who can get the most done—the mates shrewdly see that the spirit of rivalry is kept alive; it is amusing to see how in the focs'l the boys gather together and the watches solemnly enter into a pact that there shall be no competition, yet as soon as they are out on deck they are at it again—which is good for the ship and good for the boys, too. It is wonderful how quickly time flies by when you work and forget that such a thing as a clock exists.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, if the ship is in the Trade-winds, the apprentices troop up over the poop-deck to their navigation school in the charthouse aft, with a stack of huge books under their arms, a cheerful grin on their faces, and not the remotest intention of learning anything. School lasts until coffee-time, and after 4 o'clock they work on deck again. At 6 o'clock work finishes for the day. Paint-pots, chipping-hammers, scrapers, sail-needles, marlinspikes, serving-mallets—all are put away, and the watch on deck has the hour clear until 7 o'clock to wash and spruce up, while the watch below eats at half past 6 and gets ready to stay on deck until midnight. With the coming of nightfall—often these sea-sunsets excel even the dawns in beauty—the side-

lights for'ard are lit, and the compass lamps, the lookout mounts to his airy perch, the mate tramps the poop with one eye on the wind and the other on jobs for the morrow, and at six bells all hands come out for the first of the three night musters. That over, the watch below is free to midnight, and the watch on deck has the right to use the first couple of hours, by ancient custom, in whatever manner it likes, so long as there are no sails to take in or yards to haul around.

III

If time never drags in watch on deck, it fairly flies in watch below. Nobody ever finds a watch below too long or too monotonous! Everybody has something to do. There are the model makers, for example, plenty of them, who go through the intricate processes of perfectly rigging a ship about nine inches long with a rare skill and a rarer patience. It is easy to spend the leisure of a whole voyage on one model, and one of the many good points about that method of passing time is that there is something to show for it. Generally it is something pretty good, too. With no tools other than his knife and a needle or two, and no materials other than a little tractable timber, some cotton, and some pins, the sailor can make a wonderfully good model of the ship in which he sails. His first and greatest aim is to get it strictly accurate in every detail, and he works with a photograph of the ship beside him, and frequently goes out on deck to settle some knotty point with his eyes. Everything must be exactly right, even to the placing of ventilators. I have seen sailors, not once but many times, heave practically finished models over the side because they had discovered some extremely minor technical fault that nobody on earth would ever notice. They have led the royal-stays wrong, maybe, or have overlooked a skylight—nothing

at all, but enough to condemn that model for ever in the eyes of the sailor. And what a stickler for strict accuracy in ship's gear he is! If he allows himself not the minutest mistake, he is just as severe on other people, and woe betide the shopkeeper who exhibits an inaccurate model in his window and the artist who has drawn a ship with the mainstay leading under the main-yard, or no braces, or some equally futile mistake such as artists are wont to indulge in when they start to draw square-rigged ships. If he sees a picture of a sailing ship in a magazine or book, the sailor keeps that page open until he finds something wrong—which usually takes about two seconds. Then he is finished with that magazine for life. Before he will put a postcard of a sailing ship up in his bunk, it must pass the most minute and thorough examination. I have seen a sailor get out a magnifying glass and look for mistakes—it is rarely he has to go to that length—and sit poring over a postcard for half an hour. I passed a postcard of *Herzogin Cecilie*—it was a photograph of a painting, pretty well done as such things go—once to Fyhrqvist. He pored over it twenty minutes, and saw nothing wrong. Then he borrowed Frändén's magnifying glass, and pored over it another twenty minutes, with that. At the end of that time he handed it back to me in disgust.

"Man at the wheel's at the lee side," was his only comment.

He saw no merit in the picture at all, after that one trifling inaccuracy, and never could be prevailed upon to look at it again.

On another occasion I heard that an exhibition of paintings in Melbourne included a painting of the Finnish four-masted barque *Lawhill*, in which I had once served. I took a young Finn who had been with me in the ship to see the painting. It was a very good paint-

ing, as such things go; but the unfortunate *Lawhill* was depicted with yards like telegraph poles, lines like a mud barge, and no rigging at all.

"*That* the *Lawhill!*" said the young Finn, in a voice of cold horror. He never spoke to me again.

All of which goes to show how much the sailor thinks of his ship, and how well he understands her. . . .

There are other hobbies besides making models—criticising them, for instance. It is remarkable how well one may while away an hour or two watching other people work and criticising their efforts. That, of course, is a pastime common both to the sea and the land, only nobody is paid for it at sea. In the apprentices' quarters five of the boys made fine models. The sixth sat by and offered caustic comments, which were tolerated only because they were intelligent and, indeed, led to the avoidance of more than one mistake which would have ended in the model being pitched over the side. In the big focs'l, of course, to attempt to do anything at all to a model was to raise a welter of argument and discussion which wasn't very helpful, but passed the time. That was one of the favourite pastimes of many of the boys, for that matter—arguing the point. First each told all the others all the yarns—and the lies—he could think of; then the whole lot of them spent the rest of the voyage arguing about everything that every one had said. They argued endlessly upon any subject on earth, and the most colossal ignorance of the subject—unless it concerned the sea—was never allowed to hamper discussion in any way. Some of the boys spent the spare time of the voyage in little else than talk, sleep, and eating.

There were the regular spare-time jobs, such as darning socks, sewing buttons on shirts, and putting canvas patches on trousers, and washing clothes, and bathing under the big focs'l head. There is no water to spare

in the deep-sea sailing ship, and both clothes and self must be washed in rain-water. No rain is allowed to go to waste, unless the decks are so impregnated with salt that it is useless to catch it, and no woman can turn out better washing than the sailor with his kerosene tin of rain-water, his bar of soap, and his hands. And no woman can turn out neater patches.

Others among the crew had their particular hobbies. The apprentices, of course, could spend all the spare time they liked learning the intricacies of navigation, though generally the spare time they had for that occupation was none at all. Then there were gymnastics, with a steel bar for'ard about 6 feet off the deck, and deck quoits, and chess, and draughts, and cards, though these last were not often seen. And everybody had the interesting occupation of learning English, and the infinitely more interesting pastime of listening to Schmidt either leading his little orchestra or playing alone on his violin. In either capacity, though he was only seventeen, he was a master.

There was never a day in which some little incident of interest to us all did not happen in our little world. To chronicle these events would be to make them appear insignificant, but they gave variety to life for us at the time and that was all that mattered. Every day had its own occurrence to be discussed among the crew and chortled over for weeks.

So always time passed happily, and there was no monotony. Always every day was the same; and yet always every day was different. Always the sea was the same; and yet always the sea was different. Nature spread a wonderful show-place for us—sunsets, sunrises, sea-moods, glorious clouds—as we wandered along on our lonely 14,000-mile voyage to Falmouth for our orders, and all that we were asked to bring were eyes to see.

CHAPTER XI

THE WORLD'S LAST FLEET

IT is doubtful if there are now, in the early months of 1928, more than thirty big square-rigged ships in commission and ready for the sea; if at any time now there are more than fifteen actually at sea it is an extraordinary state of affairs. Of these thirty or so remnants of the fleets of ages, no less than fifteen are owned in Finland. And twelve of these are the property of one man—Captain Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, in the Aland Islands, owner of the world's last big fleet of big sailing ships.

Since the utter collapse of sail in the lean years that followed the war, the policy of practically all shipowners has been to scrap their sailing ships as fast as they could get anything like a fair breaking-up price for them. Even Finland, which had always been considered the best home of the British square-rigger, looked upon the tall ships askance, and most of the Finn shipowners, too, joined in that colossal discard. A very few years ago the beautiful old lime-juice ships that were ending their days out of the Finnish ports of Nystad and Raumo, for example, might have been counted by the score. Many good old ships which had served their English owners long and well sailed their last with Nystad or Raumo in their counters, looking strange beneath the good old English names. *Windsor Park*, one remembers, that ended her career in bankruptcy in the London docks (she was sold for a hulk in the end); *Marlborough Hill*, powerful and speedy four-masted barque, that sailed from

Port Lincoln to Queenstown in eighty-nine days as recently as 1921, and went to the break-up yards not long afterwards; *Port Caledonia*, lost with all hands on the French coast in 1925; *Port Stanley* and *Port Patrick*, both broken up; *Kensington*, stately full-rigger that has gone the way of all sail; *Milverton*, another full-rigger, which though not a clipper sailed from Melbourne to London in eighty-nine days in 1922; *Carradale*, beautiful old four-masted barque that is now scrap-iron; *Glenard*, dismasted in the Bay of Biscay; *Glenericht*, which sailed as the *Mariechen* of Mariehamn for many years; *Loch Torridon*, one of the last of the famous Lochs to go (the Finns got some good voyages out of her before she went); *Earl of Zethland*, *City of Benares*, *Lucipara*, *Inverclyde*, *Woodburn*, *Rowena*, *Dundee*, and many other graceful old products of the British yards of quarter a century ago and more.

But what ships has Finland now? Few, very few, though the little Baltic State is still the last home of the square-rigger. I have looked carefully into the subject, and all the old deepsea sailers that I found Finland now to possess amount to twenty-two. Several of these, though barques of a thousand tons and so, no longer sail the deep water, and therefore can scarcely still be reckoned as deepwater sail. *Loch Linnhe*, for instance, once a full-rigger but for many years now rigged as a barque, *Montrosa*, *Vidylia*, *Prompt*—all once deepwater barques—seldom are seen beyond the North Sea.

Finland's ships now are these: *Archibald Russell*, *Hougomont*, *Lawhill*, *Pommern*, *Olivebank*, *Ponape*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, four-masted barques; *Grace Harwar*, full-rigged ship; *Favell*, *Prompt*, *Killoran*, *Lingard*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Loch Linnhe*, *Montrosa*, *Oaklands*, *Penang*, *Thekla*, *Vidylia*, *Winterhude*, *Zaritsa*, barques; and *Mozart*, four-masted barquentine. There are also a few

little barques—*Carmen, Fred, Elaköön, Plus, Transocean*—which were never deepwater-men and are now not often seen beyond the Baltic.

The four-masted barque *Ponape* and the barquentine *Mozart* are owned in Mariehamn. *Ponape* was built as the Italian *Regina d'Elena* some thirty years ago, and is a fine model of a ship. Later she sailed under the Norwegian flag as *Bellhouse* for many years, and under that name was well known in Australian ports. She has a good turn of speed, but, like most of the Italian-built ships, somehow rarely manages to make a good voyage. She was 157 days from Norway to Melbourne in 1926; sailing in the course of the voyage a mere 6,000 miles more than she need have done. She lay in Melbourne six months waiting for a cargo of wheat, and then sailed home to Falmouth in 117 days. Voyages like that will not keep the sailing ship from the break-up yards. *Mozart* is a steel four-masted barquentine and was once a German training-ship. The Germans got good passages with her, but under the Finnish flag she has been no clipper. Her 152 days from Port Lincoln to Falmouth in the wheat race of 1927 was not the worst that she has sailed for Finland by any means. She was bought from the French, to whom she had been handed by the Germans after the war, for about £4,000, and her rig makes her an economical vessel to run. *Favell* is owned in Helsingfors and is a training-ship, manned by about forty young apprentices. The four-masted barque *Fennia* (formerly the Frenchman *Champigny*) was also a training-ship for the same company, but she was dismasted off the Horn while on a voyage from Cardiff to Valparaiso in 1927, and that was the end of her. She limped back to Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands, and she is now a storeship in the quiet little harbour that has seen so many tall ships in distress and so many come to an end. *Favell* is

a trim little barque, and though she showed badly in the 1927 wheat race with 156 days from Port Germain to Falmouth, she still has a turn of speed. She sailed from Melbourne to Deal in ninety-eight days in 1921, which wasn't bad for a little barque that never had any pretensions of being a clipper. The barque *Prompt* was in the deepwater trade, mostly to Australia, until a year or two ago, but the latest advices concerning her when we left Australia were that she was laid up indefinitely in the Baltic port of Kemi.

Then there are *Montrosa*, *Vidylia*, *Zaritsa*, and *Thekla*. *Montrosa* was built as the *Montrose* by Barclay Curle & Co., sixty-five years ago, and has a useful career before her yet if the steamers will allow her the opportunity to use it. *Vidylia* was built as the *Ben Lawers* by Russell & Co. at Port Glasgow in 1878, and she also is still in good condition. These old ships are a striking tribute to the men who built them, and to the excellence of British workmanship when sail was at its height. *Thekla* is a small barque, and was built of iron as the *Glenfarg* at Dundee in 1881 and is now owned in Mariehamn. *Zaritsa* I have never seen and do not recognise; probably she, too, once flew the Red Duster of old England.

Archibald Russell, *Hougomont*, *Lawhill*, *Pommern*, *Olivebank*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Grace Harwar*, *Killoran*, *Winterhude*, *Penang*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Lingard*, *Loch Linnhe* —these are worth some detailed description to themselves, for under the flag of Captain Gustaf Erikson they comprise the last big fleet of old sailing ships in the world to-day.

II

When everybody else, in those dull and dreary years when the world discovered that its "war to end wars" had succeeded, like all other wars, in bringing only chaos, was scrapping what few sailing ships had survived the

submarines and the mines and the elements as fast as they could, and the prospects for all shipping looked pretty hopeless, it took courage, foresight, and initiative to see that there was still something for the square-rigged sailing ship to do; and it took a great deal more of these three qualities, not only to begin to build up a fleet of big sailers then, but to hold to them in the face of all obstacles, and to run them successfully. These things Gustaf Erikson has done.

During the war period there was a good deal of money to be made out of sailing ships, so long as they could be kept out of the danger-zone, and many of the ships which Finland had then proved most profitable for their owners. A good many of them were lost, too, falling victims to the German mines and submarines. (Finland was not a republic then, and its ships carried the flag of Russia and were therefore enemy ships to the Germans.) Gustaf Erikson did not share in this harvest. At the end of the war he owned *Lawhill*, which was laid up in France because it was too dangerous to go out, *Professor Koch* (a barque which was later lost), and the full-rigger *Grace Harwar*. These had all been owned in Aland for some years by a shipowner named Troberg, and when he got rid of his fleet Gustaf Erikson bought it.

Then followed some very lean years. Captain Erikson began to be a sailing shipowner on a large scale just at a very bad time, when the bottom had dropped out of the world's freight markets, and out of a good many of the world's ships, too. It looked madness to carry on with sail in those days. But fortune—aided by shrewd common sense—favoured the Finlander. *Lawhill*, a big carrier with a handy turn of speed, proved to be a miraculously lucky ship. She got freights when other ships were looking for a break-up price; she made good voyages when other vessels were posted overdue. She was in

Buenos Ayres in 1920, as one of the fifty big sailers that had gathered there on the wild hunt for freights then, and though many of those fifty never went to sea again, *Lawhill* got a profitable freight back to Europe. She had sailed from Brest to Buenos Ayres in forty-six days, and she sailed back to Falmouth in forty-nine. Her good luck sailed with her, and no sooner was the Buenos Ayres cargo out of her than she was chartered to lift the first cargo of Baltic timber that had gone in sail to Australia since the earlier years of the war. Again she made a good passage, racing the Swedish four-masted barque *Gullmarn* (ex *Loudon Hill*) on the way, and in Melbourne she was chartered to lift wheat at Geelong for France. Then for some time she was regularly employed between Bordeaux, La Pallice, La Rochelle, and Australian ports, sailing out in ballast and back deepladen with wheat. During the worst years shipping had known this century, *Lawhill* was regularly and profitably employed, and with *Grace Harwar* and *Professor Koch* earning a freight or two and his small vessels in the Baltic and North Sea all employed, Captain Erikson saw a bright future before him. He saw then, with the foresight that has always stood him in good stead, that the only way to make the big sailer profitable—or to have a chance of making her square the ledger, at least—was by having a good fleet of them. At that time anybody who wanted to buy sailing ships had something like a hundred vessels under offer to him—many of which had been run to a standstill—and it was simple enough to get hold of a few handy ships. What was not simple was to find something to do with them. Captain Erikson got hold of his ships—*Herzogin Cecilie*, *Pommern*, *Penang*, *Winterhude*, all Germans; *Archibald Russell*, *Hougomont*, *Killoran*, *Lingard*, Britishers; *Loch Linnhe* from the Finns of Nystad—and he had succeeded so well in finding something to do

with them that to-day his fleet of big sailers, in the face of economic circumstances that make the big sailer look a hopeless proposition, is on a very sound basis and is, one may make bold to say, profitable. It was, to a very large extent, the luck which followed the old Dundee four-master *Lawhill* which, in the first place, made this state of affairs possible.

Since *Lawhill* has played so important a part in this last fleet of old sailers, it would be fitting to look at something of her career first. Prior to passing under Gustaf Erikson's flag, *Lawhill*, which is a fine model of a four-masted barque turned out by Thompson & Co. at Dundee in 1892—she is a sister-ship to *Garthpool*, Britain's last big sailer, by the way, except that she is most curiously rigged in that her t'gallant-masts are stepped *abaft* the topmasts—had not made any extraordinarily good voyages, though she was always looked upon as a good type of a ship and a good earner. She sailed well, was very handy, was light on canvas and gear, and could be handled by a small crew. And she could carry about 4,600 tons. From 1917 to 1919 she was laid up at Brest, where she delivered a cargo of Australian wheat after a 122-day voyage from Wallaroo (South Australia.) She was bound to the Azores for orders, and it was never intended that she should face the submarine menace of the neighborhood of the English Channel. When she came to the Azores Islands there were no orders for her, and as there had been talk of delivering the cargo at Brest before he left Australia, the captain decided—the wind being fair—that he would go on to Brest with it. He did not know that while *Lawhill* had been at sea the submarines had become alarmingly and increasingly dangerous, and no one would dream of sending an old engineless square-rigger like *Lawhill* into their midst. The captain, of course, knew that he might encounter either

submarines or mines, and a very sharp lookout was kept as the old ship sailed on into what looked like certain disaster. She came through the very thick of the submarine menace without so much as a sight of one—*Lawhill's* luck again—and sailed right up to outside Brest. When the French pilot came aboard he was amazed that the ship had come through safely, and painted so vivid a picture of the dangers of the locality that then, in sight of his port, the old captain went aft and put a life-belt on. He had only smoked his pipe before.

So serious was the submarine menace that the owner would not allow the ship to put to sea again—the insurance rates demanded were enough to make a freight impossible—and for the two years during which the sailer was most profitable away from the war zone *Lawhill* lay rotting, tied up to a wharf in the very heart of it all. It was while she lay there that Gustaf Erikson bought her, and her first voyage for him was to Buenos Ayres. She accomplished the round voyage from Europe to Buenos Ayres and back to Europe, freights both ways, in five months and twenty days, which was very good. Then she brought Baltic timber to Australia, and went into the only trade in which the square-rigger still had a chance—Baltic timber out to Australia, and wheat round the Horn back to Europe. When the steamers and the motor-ships took all the Baltic timber, she came to Australia in ballast, and for some two or three years regularly sailed to Port Lincoln for orders without cargo. Her reputation always ensured for her a cargo of Australian wheat at a rate which made the round voyage profitable, and she has always been a good earner. She has remained in the Baltic-timber-wheat trade pretty regularly ever since, with a voyage to Chile at odd intervals, when an Australian harvest has failed. She has made some very good passages, too. In 1920 she ran from La Pallice to Port

Lincoln in seventy-eight days, which is not bad going for a sailing ship. In 1921 she came from Bordeaux to Port Lincoln in seventy-four days; while a few years later—in 1924—she made the passage in the excellent time of seventy days. When it is remembered that the sailer never comes direct, but must make a wide sweep first out into the North Atlantic, then away in a wide curve over the South Atlantic nearly to the coast of South America, and around in a flowing sweep below the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and away before the breeze in 45° or 50° S. to Australia, it will be seen that the time is even better than it appears at first sight. A steamer coming from Bordeaux to Port Lincoln, via the Suez Canal, would travel only about 11,000 miles. If it came around the Cape the distance would be about 12,000 or 13,000 miles. But to make the same voyage the sailer must encircle half the world and cover perhaps 15,000 miles.

I was lucky enough to be in *Lawhill* for one of those fast voyages. We had sixteen hands before the mast and only eight of them were able seamen, with the natural consequence that when we were in any heavy weather—which was pretty often or the wind would never have driven us to Australia in so short a time—it was all hands on deck all the time, and an uninterrupted watch below was a thing to be dreamt of but never enjoyed. I joined *Lawhill* in Bordeaux in July 1921, the year she came out in seventy-four days. I shall never forget that voyage, which was ended with the long bowsprit of that beautiful old sailer poking over a cowshed on a narrow strip of beach outside Port Lincoln.

When I joined *Lawhill* she was discharging wheat at a pier erected by Americans during the war, about six miles down the river from the city of Bordeaux. Times were bad, and there were anything from twenty to twenty-five big square-riggers in Bordeaux. Some of them are

still there and have never been to sea since. Among them, I remember, were the Britishers *Kilmallie* and *Falkirk*. *Falkirk* lay there two years, and the first time she put to sea was dismasted. *Kilmallie* lay there four years, and then got a charter to load rock salt at Liverpool for Sydney and Newcastle. Then she went to the break-up yards.

Of them all, *Lawhill* was the only sailer to put to sea that summer, and she had to leave in ballast for Port Lincoln for orders on the off-chance of picking up a load of wheat in Australia, or perhaps coal at Newcastle for the west coast and nitrates or guano—the two worst cargoes in the world—for the Continent.

For the first three or four days out we struck strong head winds, right in a nasty corner of the altogether nasty Bay of Biscay.

We tacked her twice a watch, and though she had big steel yards and cumbersome brace winches, she came around like a yacht. We beat her right out of the Bay of Biscay, and we earned our reward. For no sooner had we left that Bay of dreaded memories than we struck a fair wind which brought us right to the North-east Trades. There followed balmy days and balmy nights, with always fair wind and always steady progress. We encountered neither horse latitudes nor Doldrums, and on August 31st—twenty-seven days out from Bordeaux—we crossed the Line. The North-east Trades graciously dipped a little below the Line that month, and we were able to sail right into the South-east Trades with never a moment's calm.

The South-east Trades were strong, and in little over a week we had blown through them. On the thirty-fourth day out we passed through the islands of Trinidad, off the coast of South America—a bare, bleak group, uninhabited and unused. The same day we overhauled a big

German full-rigger bound from Hamburg to San Antonio, ninety-eight days out. We picked her up—a faint cloud-like blur away on the horizon ahead—about two bells in the forenoon watch, and before noon we were up with her. Late in the afternoon she was again a cloud-like blur away on the horizon astern, and next morning was nowhere to be seen. She was the only vessel we saw all that voyage. After Trinidad we unbent all the light tropic sails—they had been aloft only three weeks—and got the heavy-weather suit aloft in readiness for running down our eastings. Two days it took us; two days of work all day and watch and watch at night, and it was very heavy work. We unbent one sail at a time, and before going on with another always immediately sent the new sail aloft, bent it and set it there, so that her wings would be clipped as little as possible and she would not lose any of her way.

From Trinidad we made a wide sweep around the South Atlantic, passing to the south of the island of Tristan d'Acunha on the forty-second day out. We passed it in the night and therefore saw nothing of it. By then we had picked up the Roaring Forties. How they roared! Day after day the westerly gale roared behind us; day after day, under all the sail she would stagger under—we had forgotten she was in ballast by then—old *Lawhill* fumed and roared through the great seas, with the sprays breaking right over her and the spume flying as high as her lower t'gallant-yards. The wind was splendid, though the sea was high and—like most four-masted barques—she was the very devil to steer. There were always two of us at the wheel, and if we kept her within a point each side of what was supposed to be her course, we were doing well. On Thursday, September 22nd, we passed the Cape of Good Hope, forty-eight days out from Bordeaux. We were away to the south of the Cape, over 300 miles below

it, and we did not come up from those stormy latitudes until we were very near the longitude of Port Lincoln, our destination. The westerlies held; we passed so close to Kerguelen that we should have seen it had the visibility not been so bad. Snow-, hail-, and rain-squalls raced down on us in turn on their impetuous way before the great wind; the icy seas lashed across our decks, until we had to rig life-lines to move about. The forecastles were washed out twice a watch, and three times on Sundays. The galley was feet under water, and we rarely saw a hot meal. But we didn't mind that. The old ship was doing fourteen knots at times, and we were rapidly coming nearer to Port Lincoln.

In the midst of it all she almost broached-to one night and in a flash all the weather braces on the foremast carried away. Then we had a picnic. . . . About three days later we began to figure out whose watch on deck it was. For seventy-four hours on end we toiled in the bitter weather, with the rain and hail flying in our faces while we strove to clear up the wreckage and get her in sea trim again. The yards went all ways when the braces gave; the fore lower tops'l was split and blew out in a mighty thunder-clap; the foreyard was cockbilled up at a dangerous angle and we feared every moment it would come down. We couldn't have that. If it had come down it would have been the end. It would have brought the foremast with it, and probably knocked a hole in the wooden decks. . . . For over three days we fought to get things straightened out, while the gale roared around us and the fair wind went to waste. In the end we cleared the wreck, and that night the gale came down worse than ever. Many ships would have hove-to. Our skipper cursed because we were in ballast, and it was dangerous to set the lower t'gallant-sails. We gave her the full fores'l—the only course that would stand in that wind—

the three lower tops'ls, the main upper tops'l, and let her go. She fairly flew, though the fores'l lifted her foot right out of the water at times and it fell back in again with a thud that made the old ship tremble and the clouds of spray and spume flew over her to such an extent that we never knew whether it was raining or not. It was always raining with us.

So we came to the longitude of Port Lincoln, when we canted her head to the north and sailed up out of the Roaring Forties. We were not altogether sorry to leave those stormy latitudes. On the seventy-fourth day out we sailed into Spencer Gulf. It was the early evening; the night was calm and black, the moon not being due to rise until about 10 o'clock. We saw ahead of us the lights of Port Lincoln—a joyful sight after over two months at sea. We passed a point and turned for the lights.

"För helvete! Vi segla iland!"

The mate let out a dreadful yell from the forecastle head, where he had gone to superintend the operation of coming to anchor. He was quite right; we did come "iland"—which means ashore—and, more unfortunate still, we stayed there. There had been another low point of land to clear before we should have turned to make Port Lincoln; but we didn't know that. So we ended our fine voyage with the long jibboom poking over a farmyard.

Two days later a little steamer towed us off—steamers are useful sometimes—and we came into Port Lincoln little the worse for our adventure, and after a diver had had a look at the old ship's bottom we sailed around to Port Adelaide, where *Lawhill* got her cargo of wheat. She deserved it.

III

Lawhill is by no means the only good earner of Gustaf Erikson's fleet. *Archibald Russell* (a beautiful four-master which enjoys the distinction of having been the last big tallwater-man built in the United Kingdom for British owners), *Hougomont, Pommern, Herzogin Cecilie* —all these have a good turn of speed and are good carriers. *Clivebank* is the biggest carrier of them all, but she has proved no flyer. She is a very handsome vessel, especially in port, but . . .

Archibald Russell was one of the last big sailers under the British flag, having been owned by Messrs. J. Hardie & Co., of Glasgow, until December 1923. She was built by Scotts' Shipbuilding & Engineering Company at Greenock in 1905, and under the Red Ensign made some very good passages. That very interesting publication *Survivors of a Glorious Era*—all sailors thank *Syren and Shipping* for that, and look forward to more; its extraordinary success, by the way, is a remarkable proof of the interest in the old sailing ships—gives the following record of some of her voyages for Mr. Hardie:

	Days
Port Talbot to Tocopilla	87
Liverpool to Taltal	81
New York to Melbourne	92
Melbourne to New York	90
Cardiff to Rio	45
Barry to Buenos Ayres	60
Channel to Geelong	96
Melbourne to Queenstown	99

For Captain Erikson *Archibald Russell* has sailed from Milford Haven to Callao in 114 days, and from Lobos via Panama to Savannah in thirty days. I saw her in Melbourne in January 1928, when she looked as well as she

ever did. She was discharging timber after a 122-day passage from the Baltic—spoilt by a long spell in the Doldrums—and was chartered to lift wheat as soon as the timber was out. Her crew, like *Herzogin Cecilie's*, was composed almost entirely of boys, many of whom were apprentices. *Archibald Russell* should have many years of useful life yet.

Killoran and *Hougomont* were also Hardie ships, and both saw many years of good service under the British flag. *Hougomont* was laid up in St. Nazaire for three years before Captain Erikson bought her, and, though she cost a considerable amount to get to sea, was well towards squaring the ledger when she was partially dismasted in the North Atlantic while on the way from the Baltic to Melbourne at the end of 1927. She had to put back to Lisbon. The loss of a stick or two usually means the end for the sailer nowadays, but in *Hougomont's* case it was not so, and she went to sea again. Her repairs cost over £2,000, which will knock a hole in her probable earnings for years to come. Any other shipowner would have scrapped her. Of course, there is one factor which helps the partially dismasted sailer in these hard times. That is the fact that she can scarcely put into any port in Europe—or any port of consequence anywhere else, for that matter—where there are not masts and yards from broken-up sailing ships to be had in profusion.

Hougomont was built of steel in 1897 and is a very handsome vessel, though sailors consider her just a little low in the water deep-loaded. Though not a fast sailer, she came from Santos to Melbourne in ballast in forty-six days in 1920. She then sailed to St. Nazaire with wheat —it was a long passage around Good Hope—and that was her last voyage for old England. Captain Erikson has kept both *Hougomont* and *Killoran* regularly employed, though they have made, like most of his deepwater-men,

a good many passages in ballast. *Killoran* is a big barque, handy, economical, and a good carrier, though she does not often make good voyages. She was in the wheat race of 1927, and was 147 days from Port Lincoln to the Channel. *Hougomont* was 123 on the same passage, and *Archibald Russell* was 124 from Geelong. Captain Erikson bought *Killoran* early in 1924.

Pommern, *Penang*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, and *Winterhude* were Germans, *Pommern* and *Penang* of the well-known Laeisz line of sailers, of Hamburg. All are good ships. *Pommern* sailed from Europe to Tocopilla in a hundred days and back again in eighty-eight for Gustaf Erikson, and has been well employed. *Penang* and *Winterhude* are perhaps the best type of sailer from the point of view of economy. They are water-ballast barques, with a good turn of speed, small crews, and big carrying capacity. *Herzogin Cecilie* has already been pretty fully dealt with. *Penang's* last voyage was from London to Callao and thence in ballast to Port Lincoln, where she was to lift wheat. *Winterhude* has just sailed around the world—Liverpool to Sydney, Newcastle (New South Wales) to Callao, Callao to Europe—with freights all the way. *Herzogin Cecilie* took flooring boards and paper pulp to Australia and wheat back to Europe. *Pommern* has had freights to South Africa. These are the kind of ships that pay.

Olivebank Captain Erikson bought from the Norwegians, who had called her *Caledonia*, only a year or two ago, and she, too, cost a good deal more than her purchase price to get to sea. The first thing the Finlander did was to give her back her old name. She is a big four-masted barque of 2,818 tons, and was built for the Weir line in 1892, though it is many years since she was under the British flag. She is a big carrier, but not a fast one. Some time in 1926 she wandered into Port Lincoln for

wheat, but she had been too long getting there and there wasn't any left. She was lucky enough to get a charter—for a job steamers wouldn't look at—to lift guano at the Seychelles for New Zealand. But when she left Port Lincoln (she was in ballast) she found that she could not get around the Leuwin. Eventually she was blown somewhere south of Tasmania and had to put back to Melbourne to refit. In Melbourne her master, having become only too fully aware of the uselessness of trying to make his destination around the south of Australia, decided that he would go there around the north. He got charts of Torres Straits in Melbourne, and took his big charge through that awkward passage and the awkward seas around it successfully, which was something of a feat. *Olivebank* is probably easily the biggest sailer ever to have gone that way. Most sailing ships carefully avoid getting anywhere within a thousand miles of places like Torres Straits.

From the Seychelles *Olivebank* made a long passage to New Zealand. I think it was eighty-eight days, though it may have been a little more. Then she sailed in ballast to Port Lincoln again, and was twenty-nine days in Bass Straits. From Port Lincoln she sailed to Falmouth with her wheat in 167 days, which was the longest voyage of the year. She was due for inspection then, and that ordeal showed that she would either have to go to the scrap-heap or be re-classed at considerable expense. From the point of view of business she was a certainty for the scrap-heap. But Captain Erikson has sailed in the tall ships himself and does not like to see them go, so he re-classed her at the expense of a good many thousands of pounds and, though she must now be a pretty hopeless business proposition, *Olivebank* will still keep the seas. Captain Erikson loves this last handful of sailers that still spread white wings at sea, and does not scruple to spend

a thousand or two now and then to keep them going.

Grace Harwar is the only full-rigger left to Finland, and one of the very few full-rigged ships left to the world. She is a pretty ship and sails well. She was built at Port Glasgow as far back as 1889 and is still in first-class order. *Loch Linnhe* is very old—over fifty years, I think—and does not sail the deep water any more. She was built as a full-rigged ship, but has been a barque for many years. I do not think that she was one of the famous "Loch" line of sailers, though some of these went to the Finns. She was given, if I am not mistaken, a "Loch" name by some other line. She was in Melbourne at least once during the war, and despite her age is still a serviceable vessel. *Lingard*, a barque of a thousand tons or so, was once under the British flag as the *Wathara*.

Captain Erikson also had *Woodburn*, *Carradale*, and *Professor Koch*. But *Woodburn* is now a hulk at Fiji, *Carradale* is broken up, and *Professor Koch* was dismasted off the Horn.

IV

There are two secrets of Captain Erikson's success. The first is that he keeps his ships at sea; the second, that he can afford to. The first is a matter of policy, the second of economy. He believes that the only way to get freights for his ships is to go out and hunt for them, and though it is a nightmare sometimes it generally works. If he cannot get timber in Sweden for *Herzogin Cecilie*, he sends her to Australia empty; if there is nothing in Callao for *Penang*, he sends her to Port Lincoln with her water-ballast; if Luderitz Bay is bare when *Hougomont* has put out her coal, she must weigh her anchor, and stand on empty to the Seychelles, to Australia, to Iquique—anywhere where there is some chance of earning something. It is extremely difficult, with steam competition

and a general depression in world-freight markets, to arrange voyages so that ships carry freights both ways, and most of the sailers under the Erikson flag have to do a fair bit of hunting in ballast. That they are able to do this and yet to come out—mostly—on the right side of the ledger is due to the fact that they are run in the most economical manner possible. Take *Herzogin Cecilie*, for example. She is well found and well kept; but it is doubtful if her entire wage-bill exceeds £150 a month. If she were a British ship, even with the same crew as she now carries—and she would probably have more—it would be nearer £400. That may not seem so vital a factor in theory, but it is a very big one in actual practice, particularly since the sailer must work upon such a narrow margin to get a profitable freight at all. When all those big sailers were gathered in Buenos Ayres in 1920, one of the factors that made the dropping of the freight market then their stone end was the fact that they mostly had crews signed in Australia at anything up to £16 a month, or in America at anything up to 100 dollars. English wages also had gone up to a very high level; but since most of the ships had not been to the United Kingdom since the earlier years of the war, they had crews shipped abroad, and the expense of waiting in port for a cargo or of hunting in ballast to look for one was tremendous.

This did not apply to *Lawhill*. It never did and never does apply to Captain Erikson's ships, because although the ships themselves never go to Finland, they are always manned from there, at Finnish rates. When one of these ships reaches Europe, after a long voyage and the crew is paid off, a new crew is not signed on in that port, but is sent from Finland. Why should the shipowner sign men in London at £8 a month when he can send his own countrymen for £3? And his own countrymen want the

experience in square-rigged sail which their Government says they must have before they can qualify to take charge of ships at sea. When he signs a crew for *Hougomont*, lying in the London docks, in Mariehamn, Gustaf Erikson is to the good in three ways—he gets the most economical crew possible; he gets a good crew of boys he knows will make good sailors and can be depended upon, since they are going in the ship for experience; and he does his countrymen a good turn by giving them the opportunity to get square-rig experience. The supply of boys and young men who want to take advantage of that opportunity is inexhaustible; it is pretty sure that Captain Erikson could get a crew to go in one of his big sailers in the Australian trade for nothing. And it would probably be a very good crew too.

So, for that matter, could a British shipowner who had a big sailing ship that he wanted to run in the most economical manner. The desire to serve in square-rigged sailing ships is not limited to Finns. There are English boys in several of Captain Erikson's school-ships, there for the experience that they can get no longer under their own flag. Could not a lusty crew be got from such as they? I believe that it could. Perhaps the British shipowner looks askance at the idea of trusting his ship to a crew of boys. It has never done Captain Erikson any harm; it is quite likely that that has been the main factor in keeping this last fleet of sailers at sea. And there is nobody so trustworthy, so eager, and so willing as the boy with the call of the sea in his blood, the boy who feels an urge when the deepwater sailer sails into port that no steamer ever begets in him.

There is another factor that largely keeps this Finnish fleet afloat, and that is the fact that the capital on which it is operated does not greatly exceed its breaking-up value.

Yet how long can this last big fleet keep on? Not so very long, I fear. They are all old ships. *Archibald Russell* is the newest of them, and she was built in 1905. There have been other fleets that have struggled on at sea: John Stewart's, of London; Sir William Garthwaite's; the Dollar, the Rolph, the Alaska Packers' and the Columbia River Packers' Association, of the United States. But now no sailer is at sea with London on her counter; *Garthpool* is sole survivor of the Garth line; I have not heard of a Dollar or a Rolph square-rigger at sea for some years; and too often the only ships of the Packers' Association fleets which leave San Francisco are those which are going somewhere for conversion into hulks.

It looks as if when Gustaf Erikson's fleet goes it will be the end.

CHAPTER XII

THE PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP

IN July 1926 there were six big deepwater sailing ships left under the flag of the United Kingdom. Now there is one, and how long she is to continue to sail the seas with the Red Duster at her peak is a question that I should not care to answer. It is interesting that this last lone survivor—the four-masted barque *Garthpool*—does not belong really to any port in the United Kingdom, though she generally sails from British ports. She belongs to the Marine Navigation Company of Montreal, Canada, and it is with the name of that port upon her counter that she still keeps the Red Duster flying from square-rig sail.

The six of those few years ago were the four-masted barques *Garthpool* and *Rewa*, the full-riggers *William Mitchell* and *Monkbarns*, and the barques *Garthneill* and *Kilmallie*. *Rewa* had been laid up in Auckland (New Zealand) since 1922 and was likely to stay there—she was still there when *Herzogin Cecilie* left Australia—and only *Garthpool* and *Monkbarns* were then at sea. *Rewa* was once the shapely American *Alice A. Leigh* and was bought in New Zealand shortly after the war. If she made one voyage for her New Zealand owners it was as much as she did; then she laid up in Auckland because of the impossibility of getting freights for her, and when, at long last, there might have been some prospect of getting a freight of Australian wheat to the Channel for orders, it would have cost as much as she could earn on the voyage to get her to sea. I saw her in the pretty

Auckland harbour a year or two ago, swinging idly at her moorings, red with rust, manned only by a watchman, deserted and forlorn, looking as if nobody wanted her and she was doomed to stay there until she sank. So she might, too. She is too old to buy now with any idea of running her again—though she has a year or two of useful life before her yet—and she is too big for a coal-hulk. Some time ago her sails, which had been lying in her sail-locker for four years, were stowed neatly and sent to England, where it was thought a buyer might be found for them. But nobody wanted the sails of old square-rigged ships and, still stowed as neatly as when they were sent, they were shipped back again, and now once more they lie rotting in *Rewa's* lockers. Could there be any gesture more eloquent of the utterly hopeless *débâcle* of sail?

At that time *William Mitchell* and *Kilmallie* were looking for freights on the west coast of South America, with the knowledge that if they found them it would probably be only to have something to sail Home with to be broken up. *William Mitchell* made one voyage more; *Kilmallie* didn't. Both these ships, with the full-rigger *Monkbarns*, belonged to John Stewart & Co., of London, the last London shipowners to keep deepwater sail at sea. *Monkbarns* was making a tragic last voyage from Valparaiso to London—a voyage that cost her master his life.

It would require the whole of this book fully to describe the causes of the *débâcle* of square-rigged sail that followed the war, and the effects of it. When world freight markets were so dull and steamships so plentiful, it was only to be expected that the weakest, the oldest, and the least economical vessels would go to the wall first. With steamers laid up literally by the hundred, and searching for cargo literally by the thousand, it was not to be

expected that the big sailer would stand much chance of survival. Nor did she.

For a short twelve months after the end of the war, when wheat was being rushed from all countries that could spare it to starving Europe, and long-booked cargo was searching for any kind of a bottom for delivery to waiting consignees, the square-rigger kept the seas. Indeed, in that short boom period more than one old sailer that had lain through the war as a hulk in port was given masts and sent to sea. I sailed in one—the old *Clan McLeod*, that had been launched in 1874 and as the New Zealander *James Craig* had been a store-ship somewhere in New Guinea. She was brought to Sydney and rigged again and sent to sea; but the boom had burst when she spread her sails, and she is a hulk again now.

Once that boom was over, there came utter collapse, from which—from the sailor's point of view, at any rate—there will never be any recovery. By the time the recovery comes the old sailers will all be gone.

In 1920 the slump came; in 1921 it touched bottom, and it has been down around there ever since. I remember, in June 1921, coming into dock in the English four-masted barque *Bellands* into St. Nazaire, with a cargo of Australian wheat that had been five months on the voyage. On the other side of the dock was Mr. Hardie's fine four-master *Hougomont*, also in with wheat. Neither of these Britishers ever left that dock under the flag of Britain: *Bellands* went to Norway and to the break-up yards, and *Hougomont* went to the Finns. In a corner of that dock were three French full-riggers tied in a row. They looked as if they had been there a year then; except for one that was sold to Hamburg and afterwards went ashore in Dublin Bay, they have never gone to sea since. In the opposite corner from the three full-riggers there were two beautiful four-masters, a full-

rigger, and a lofty barque, all in a row. Out in the River Loire a big barque swung at her moorings, red with rust. Farther up the river, at Nantes, were more sailing ships, all tied up, most hopelessly so. There must have been fifteen or twenty of them there, mostly French, though they included some Scandinavians and a Britisher or two. The French played a pretty prominent part in the later years of deepwater sail, keeping their ships at sea by a bounty system which assured them more or less profitable voyages. The ships were guaranteed so much per mile they sailed, instead of per ton of freight they earned, with the somewhat natural consequence that they became infinitely more interested in sailing miles than in earning freights. When they set out on any voyage, the principal object of it often was to sail as far as possible, rather than to look for anything to carry. Many French sailing ships then called regularly at Hobart, in the far south of Tasmania, though never by any chance had one a cargo for delivery there. They put in for orders, not because they wanted any "orders," but because Hobart was conveniently situated as one of the most distant ports they could reach. It was not at all uncommon, say, for a big French four-masted barque to leave Cardiff with a cargo of coal for Callao, and instead of going round the Horn to Callao she would go first to Hobart "for orders." Then, as like as not, she would carry on to Portland, Oregon, to see if by any chance they wanted the coal there. Then she would deliver it to Callao, and collect considerably more from the Government for the miles she had covered than from the charterers for the work that she had done. There used frequently to be four and five big Frenchmen in Hobart together, mostly in ballast, and if they heard there was any likelihood of getting a cargo they would up anchor and go somewhere else. France continued to build the big sailer long after Eng-

land had been forced to stop—and built them very well, too—but there came the inevitable time when somebody recollected that there weren't many votes to be got out of such ships as they, and the bounties stopped. Then the big sailer stopped, too.

Many ships had rushed cargoes to France at that time—1920 and 1921—and there was not a port in France which did not contain laid-up sailers almost by the dozen. In Dunkirk was *Vimeira*, and a host of others; in Brest a dozen more; in Bordeaux twenty. There was scarcely a port of any size in all Europe which did not hold the big sailer, tied dejectedly to its quays or anchored hopelessly in the roads. Many big German ships that had been interned during the war—a number of them in South American ports—had brought cargoes to Europe, then to be handed over to some Government or other as an asset, I suppose, though they looked like developing only into a liability.

In London there were four square-riggers. I remember them all only too well; I was aboard the lot looking for a job not once but many times, but there was no hope there. The four-masted barque *Omega* (ex *Drumcliff*) was one of them. She had been one of the Germans laid up in Callao during the war period and was then flying the Peruvian flag, though she still had the German officers who had gone out in her to Peru six years before. She was lying at the buoys off Woolwich. There was another big ex-German called *Peking*, then flying the colours of Italy; a little Norwegian barque called *Oaklands;* and a Finn full-rigger named *Windsor Park* that had been well known under the British flag in her better days.

All were laid up; none had the slightest prospect of securing a cargo. *Peking* lay in a stagnant corner of the Surrey Commercial Docks, and went back to the Germans for the Hamburg-Chile trade not long afterwards; *Oak-*

lands shipped a skeleton crew—mostly composed of ships' firemen—and was taken across to Christiansand to lay up indefinitely; *Windsor Park* was held for bankruptcy. The stately old full-rigger looked sorry for herself, chained there to the dock wall, with the white-and-blue flag of Finland tied in a knot at her monkey-gaff and the writ lashed around her foremast. She had brought a freight across from somewhere in the United States; that was the last freight she carried.

Though this was in 1921, since then the square-rigger has become so scarce in the world's ports that the arrival of one in London now is featured in the newspapers. When *Hougomont* arrived at Falmouth from Australia in 1927, a small army of cinematographers, newspaper reporters, and such descended on her decks.

In Bordeaux at that time there must have been over twenty big sailing ships. I recollect *Falkirk*, John Stewart's big barque *Kilmallie*, the Norwegians *Cate* and *Sandvigen* (ex *Ballachulish*), the Dane *Viking*, the Italian *Silvana* (once the famous *Hesperus*), the Frenchmen *Général Foy*, *Duquesne*, and *Marguerite Molings*, and, of course, *Lawhill*. These were only a few; most of them did not go to sea again, or if they did it was only for one voyage. *Falkirk* lost her masts and went to the break-up yards; *Kilmallie* was there goodness knows how long.

Nor was this stagnation of sailing ships confined to Europe. In Callao, Buenos Ayres, Melbourne, San Francisco—all great ports in the history of sail—there were big fleets, gathered together looking for freights and facing only the break-up yards. The big ports of the United States held many idle sailers. Many an old Britisher finished her days under the Stars and Stripes, and during the war a fair number of German square-riggers passed under that flag. It is probable that at the end of the

war America was the biggest owner of square-rigged sailing ships in the world; she is very far from that now, though she is still loyal to the fore-and-after. Many of the sailers that America had are now barges for towing short distances at sea, or hulks somewhere in port. Some have been broken up, and others still sold abroad as hulks. It was not only the square-rigger which suffered. The fore-and-after, too, felt the blow, and American ports were full of them. They still are. An indication of the fate that has befallen the schooner—admittedly a better economic proposition than the square-rigger—is to be found in the fact that, not very long ago, the American schooner *Robert R. Hind*, of San Francisco, was auctioned as she lay in Sydney Harbour and brought £65. She was an American-built wooden four-masted schooner and sailed for many years for the well-known firm of Hind, Rolph & Co. Another big American schooner which was lying in the same port was sold for a song to a cinema company which wanted a ship cheap to blow up at sea.

II

What trade the steamer has not filched from the sailing ship the motor-ship has. Even in the sailers' dullest days there used to be certain trades—mostly so unprofitable that the steamers wouldn't look at them—that she could always call her own. There was carrying Baltic boards to Australia, for instance, and wheat Home; or coals from the Bristol Channel to the west coast and nitrate or guano Home; or lumber from the Gulf to Buenos Ayres, where there was generally something to carry back to Europe; or timber from the Pacific Slope to Australia and copra from the Islands back again. The steamer could not spare the time to handle these cargoes when things were better; now they will load anything on the

face of the earth rather than go empty. The motor-ship now brings out the Baltic boards and takes the wheat Home—though there is, now and then (when Australian wheat harvests are good and timber importations heavy) a chance for a sailer still in this service; the steamer brings the lumber, and the nitrate too, and everything else it can tear into its capacious maw.

I read somewhere the other day that there was still one trade that would always be the sailers', bringing lumber from the west-coast ports of the United States to Australian ports, principally Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. But for two years not one cargo of lumber came across the Pacific in sail. The steamers took it all, and the motor-ships, and both were glad of it. Then, last year—1927—for some queer reason, a goodly fleet was chartered, and some fifteen big American sailers—mostly fore-and-afters—set out for Australia. These included the full-rigged ships *Tonawanda* (once a well-known German under the name of *Indra*, and later a unit of the salmon packing fleet) and *Chillicothe*, also of the packers' fleet; and the four-masted barques *Monongahela* and *Moshulu*. All these vessels were once Britishers which had passed to the German fleet, and thence to America. It was very uncommon for such ships as these to engage in the lumber trade; so far as *Chillicothe* and *Tonawanda* were concerned it was just a dying gesture. They both made long voyages, both arrived in more or less distress, and both were sold for hulks in the Pacific islands; so they will never carry lumber, or anything else, at sea any more. *Moshulu* made a good passage from somewhere in Oregon to Melbourne, and then lay there several months waiting for something to do. Then she sailed back to Oregon empty. *Monongahela* was discharging lumber in Port Adelaide when we left Australia, and the prospects

before her were no better than *Moshulu's*. *Moshulu* was once the German *Kurt; Monongahela* was built by Barclay Curle in 1892 as the *Balasore*.

Of the fore-and-afters which brought their lumber across, several were abandoned by their owners in Australia and were sold under orders from courts. One or two of these had been used, one suspects, just as shuttlecocks in a last game. Seeing that sail was on the scrap-heap and dirt cheap, and having the shrewdness—let us call it that—to see also that there was something to be made out of them, if one went about it in the right way, some mushroom syndicates sprang into being and bought up a ship or two. They did not buy the ships to break them up, or to make training-ships of them, or to do anything else in the ordinary line of business. That would not do. They got them for a song, got one good freight for them, loaded them with their cargoes, collected the money for the freight, and then sent them to sea with not the slightest concern whether they finished in Halifax or in hell. That one freight made them pay, for the simple reason that as soon as they arrived at their destination the syndicates abandoned them, the crew got no wages, no charges were paid, and the ships were sold at auction to the highest bidder. This by no means applies to those American owners who struggled on with sail in the face of overwhelming economic circumstances, only to be beaten in the end and forced to give them up, some of whose ships became bankrupt in Australia last year. But there were some vessels in that last lumber fleet to which it certainly does apply, with a vengeance.

These fore-and-afters that brought lumber included the six-masted schooner *Fort Laramie*, the barquentines *Forest Friend*, *Anne Comyn*, *Monitor*, *Centennial*, the schooners *Elinor H.*, *Thistle*, *K. V. Kruse*, *North Bend*, *Aneiura*, and *Ella A.* *Aneiura* was sold for £825 in Mel-

bourne at the completion of her voyage; *Forest Friend* did not bring that much in Port Adelaide, though she is a fine and new ship. Most of the schooners had to sail back in ballast to America; it is unlikely that their owners will desire a second dose of an experience like that. Several of these vessels were built since the war and are big carriers. *Fort Laramie* and *Anne Comyn* were built for wooden steamers. They were among the few lucky ones; most hulls that were destined for that were burnt. There was nothing else to do with them. They weren't worth scrapping, and they were too expensive to break up for firewood. And they wouldn't even sink.

For some years before that the only American sailers which crossed the Pacific with lumber were going somewhere for conversion into hulks. These included the old barque *Star of Peru* (once the well-known *Himalaya*) and the ship *Star of Russia*, which were sold from the Alaska Packers' fleet to be hulks at Noumea. It was thought that as they had to cross the Pacific they might as well bring something. The stout old ships—both had seen well over half a century's service—were fortunate to be allowed that honour.

Then there was the little wooden barque *Guy C. Goss*, which took lumber to Auckland a year or two ago. She went through the various processes of bankruptcy, auction, and conversion into a hulk, and eventually, I believe, became part of a shingling plant.

No. American square-rigged sail, like all other square-rigged sail, is done. Now and again some old relict comes in handy for a motion picture.

What has been said about the lumber trade applies practically to every other trade where the sailer was accustomed to look for her employment. She was satisfied with little, goodness knows; but she cannot get that now.

From November 1925 until April 1926 twelve big deep-water square-riggers gathered in Melbourne on the chance of picking up a freight of wheat. Some brought out Baltic timber (at cut-throat rates), one spruce from Canada, one pig-iron and coke from Grangemouth, one nitrates from Chile. Some brought nothing at all. But the crops failed; the sailers waited and waited. What wheat there was the steamers took. Only three of the twelve sailers were able to get wheat charters, and that was merely by chance. These were the Belgian training-ship *L'Avenir* (which had come out as a kind of floating exhibition and had proved very successful in that capacity, if not to the same extent upon the freight market), the Norwegian full-rigger *Skaregrom* (once the Britisher *Castleton*, and a fine old ship), and the Londoner *William Mitchell*. Of the others, the Swedish four-masted barque *Beatrice* picked up a bit of wool and a few odds and ends for London; the Finn four-masted barque *Pommern* (ex *Mneme*) and the Finn barque *Penang* went up to Newcastle and were lucky enough to get coal for the west coast before an Australian coal strike chloroformed that trade; the Danish five-masted barque *Köbenhavn* cleared out in ballast for the East to try her luck there; the Finn four-masted barque *Fennia* lay five months in the stream whistling for a cargo and then shipped 2,000 tons of sand as ballast to take her to South America; and the little British barque *Garthneill* lay there so long that she was sold for a hulk.

One fears that this was the last gathering of the clan, in a port which has seen so much of the sailing ship. Now *Fennia* is gone, *Skaregrom* dismasted, *William Mitchell* gone, *Garthneill* a hulk, and the names of one or two of the others have disappeared ominously from the shipping newspapers. Probably no port in the world will ever see again so many of the great modern wind-

jammers gathered together, in commission and ready for the sea.

There was another big collection of sailing ships in Australian ports in 1927, but there were not so many as twelve in any one port. Some were in Melbourne, some Port Adelaide, some Sydney, and others picked up wheat at the small South Australian outports where mostly only the sailer goes. There were nineteen of them altogether, and only two were British. Seventeen of them raced to the English Channel, though they did not all leave together. It was not a race in that sense. The race was rather in the duration of their voyages; and with more than a few of the ships it was a pretty poor performance in that regard, too. Why should the big sailing ship race to her port, when only the break-up yards await her?

The nineteen were the four-masted barques *Beatrice*, *C. B. Pedersen* (Swedish), *Ponape*, *Hougomont*, *Archibald Russell*, *Lawhill*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Olivebank* (all Finn), *Lisbeth*, *Gustav* (German), and *Garthpool* (British); the full-riggers *William Mitchell* (British), *Greif* (German), and *Grace Harwar* (Finn); the barques *Killoran* and *Favell* (Finn); the five-masted barque *Köbenhavn* (Danish); the six-masted barquentine *E. R. Sterling* (American) and the four-masted barquentine *Mozart* (Finn). *William Mitchell* took wheat from Melbourne to Callao in sixty-three days, after a voyage of 155 days from Wilmington (U. S. A.) in ballast. *Beatrice* took wheat and flour to Mauritius. The others all cleared for Falmouth or Queenstown for orders. One voyage was good, about six were passable, and the rest were rotten. When *Herzogin Cecilie* left Australia on her race with *Beatrice*, one of these "racing" sailers had not yet reached the port to which she was bound. That was the American six-masted barquentine *E. R. Sterling* (ex *Everett G. Griggs*, ex four-masted barque *Lord Wolsey*). It

looked doubtful if she would ever reach her port; she was dismasted in the North Atlantic and dismasted sailing ships are little worth taking into port, these days.

The record of the voyages of the seventeen which sailed for the English Channel for their orders is as follows:

Ship	*Days*
Herzogin Cecilie	88
Köbenhavn	110
Ponape	117
Lisbeth	119
Greif	121
Garthpool	122
Hougomont	123
Archibald Russell	124
Lawhill	131
Grace Harwar	136
Gustav	138
Killoran	147
Mozart	152
C. B. Pedersen	154
Favell	156
Olivebank	167
E. R. Sterling	Dismasted

The German *Greif* (once the Britisher *Wiscombe Park*) and *Lisbeth* (also once a Britisher) went to the break-up yards when their wheat was out. Only seven of the seventeen set out for Australia again, and when they got there it was to find that harvests were poor and wheat chartering—as far as they were concerned, anyway—dead. This race cost three lives, two lost overboard from *Greif*, and one killed when *E. R. Sterling* was dismasted. This was the dying gesture of the square-rigged sailer—a dying gesture that cost three ships and took three lives.

III

When the full story of the passing of British sail comes to be written, it will be a very interesting chapter which will deal with the adventures of the Garth line, one of the youngest and the last of the many great lines of British sailing ships through the centuries. Briefly, the facts of this line's story are these. At the end of the war the Marine Navigation Company, of Montreal, of which Sir William Garthwaite, Bart., is the President, believed that there was still useful work for the sailing ship to do. Other shipping companies did not share that belief, and the Canadian line had not much difficulty in getting together a fleet of six ships. These were the four-masted barque *Garthpool* (ex *Juteopolis*), the barques *Garthneill*, *Garthsnaid*, and *Garthgarry* (ex *Inverneill*, *Inversnaid*, and *Invergarry*), and the full-rigged ships *Garthwray* (ex *Wray Castle*) and *Garthforce*. And, though the fleet came right at the end and lasted only a few short years—it now consists of a single unit—it has left a story in the history of British sail and, one might also make bold to say, in the history of the British Merchant Service, which will live for ever.

Ill-luck dogged it from the very start. The ships were good enough. *Garthpool* is a fine model and a good carrier; the little Inver barques were useful and economical ships; *Garthwray* and *Garthforce* were not clippers, but would have been good earners had they been able always to command freights. *Garthforce* was, I think, the first to go. Early in 1922 she was on a voyage from Liverpool to Sydney, New South Wales, with a cargo of rock salt, but she never reached Sydney. Collision with an iceberg during a rain-squall somewhere down around 50° S. nearly sent her to the bottom instead. The shock dismasted her and caused her to leak, and—having no wireless or other

means of communication—she was very fortunate to be picked up by the Swedish steamer *Unden* and towed over a thousand miles to Durban. She was adrift helplessly for over a fortnight before help came. She is a hulk in Durban now, I understand.

Next came *Garthwray*. Never a clipper in any sense, she ticked off one of the longest voyages made by a sailing ship since the war, and ended it all, as if she were tired of life, by piling herself up on an island off the coast of South America. *Garthwray* was a full-rigged ship of 1,937 tons, built at Workington in 1889, and she always carried, like most of the old British sailers, a few apprentices. Some time in July 1922 she left the Firth of Forth with a cargo of coal for Iquique, in Chile. At the end of 1923 she was still on the way to Iquique. First she tried to round the Horn from east to west, but the Horn was exceptionally vicious that year and the end of a long battle saw her running back to Montevideo for repairs. She was five months out when she reached that port. A second time she set out; a second time she battled with the howling westerlies of the Horn in a vain attempt to get around. The loss of a tops'l-yard convinced the skipper at last of the fruitlessness of his efforts. He swore no vain oaths, but put up his helm and set the old ship before the wind to run around the world and make the Chilean coast from the other side. On the way from the Horn to Good Hope she again fell foul of the elements, to such an extent this time that, over a year out from Scotland, she had to put into Table Bay to refit. But that did not end the voyage. She was bound to Iquique, and she had to get there. So she set out again, and in the long run she did come to Iquique, after being something like 559 days on the voyage and sailing something like 30,000 miles. Clearing Iquique to load at Talcahuano for the homeward voyage, *Garthwray* struck

head winds and then ran into a fog that lasted three days. Groping blindly in that fog, she ran her bones ashore on Santa Maria Island, off Concepcion harbour, and that was the end of her.

Then came *Garthsnaid*. While on a voyage from Chile to Melbourne in 1924 she was dismasted off Gabo Island, almost within sight of her destination. She was picked up by the White Star steamer *Zealandic* and towed into Melbourne, where she is now doing duty as a hulk. I have often seen her there. When she was first rigged down—that squall off Gabo hadn't left so very much to rig down—her decks used to be a sight to see, although she was a coal-hulk. They were as clean and as neat as when she sailed the seas; but they did not last long like that. I saw her on the way through Melbourne to join *Herzogin Cecilie*, and she was nothing but a dirty old hulk then, so far as outward appearances went. They all go like that. Much the same fate overtook *Garthgarry*, and she also is now a hulk somewhere.

Then there is *Garthneill*. Smallest of the fleet, her story is one of the most interesting. After battling for years to secure payable cargoes and getting only a deficit, she is a wheat store-ship in Port Adelaide now. I saw her there a few months ago, with houses strewn around her decks and bits of elevators poking horribly out of her hatches, and her stumps of masts used to swing derricks like a steamer's. The figurehead—a pretty Scotch lass—still kept her lookout underneath where the bowsprit had been, but her dress was rusty, the paint had been chipped from her nose, and altogether she bore a sorrowful aspect. I suppose she will be taken away before long, and propped up incongruously in somebody's garden.

The first voyage that she made for the Garth line, *Garthneill* sailed practically around the world to gain 2,000-odd miles. But she did not take over 500 days to

do it, as *Garthwray* had done. She accomplished the feat in seventy-six days, which would have been a creditable performance for a ship that could boast a good turn of speed. About the most *Garthneill* ever did was eleven knots; and, indeed, the number of the big sailing ships of later days which could exceed that speed—sailors' yarns notwithstanding—was very small. In 1919 *Garthneill* was in Melbourne. She came in as *Inverneill*, and her *Inver* prefix was chipped from the name as she lay at the north wharf. She was then one of a small fleet of sailers chartered to carry railway-sleepers from Bunbury, in West Australia, to Cape Town, for some railway that was under construction. But first she had to get to Bunbury. As that was only about 2,000 miles away it seemed simple enough. But it wasn't. She had to go almost around the world to get there. She was empty, and as soon as she tried to make westing the westerlies that howl down below Australia in winter fairly shrieked at her, and tore her sails to shreds, and blew her down somewhere near Macquarie Island. It was an utter impossibility to get to the west'ard, and in the end *Garthneill* was lucky to get back all sound and well to Sydney. She nearly piled herself up on the Tasmanian coast on the way.

An old shipmate of mine—by name Sid Higgins, of Melbourne—was in *Garthneill* that voyage, and from a log that he kept of it I have been able to glean some interesting particulars. It is a short and cryptic document, that log, and there are frequent entries in it like this: "Wednesday, Aug. 20, wind gale from aft with big sea, doing 10 knots; two men to wheel. Killed a pig." Or like this: "Monday, September 13, blowing like hell. Saw ice. Fore lower tops'l-sheet carried away." But it is very interesting; it records the things that were of most vital importance to the men who sailed in the ship, and

they are the things which are of greatest interest to those who only read about it now. Well, *Garthneill* left Melbourne bound to Bunbury on Sunday, July 6th, 1919, and as soon as she got outside the wind came howling from the west. On July 29th she arrived in distress at Sydney, and anchored in Double Bay, and it was not until Thursday, August 14th, that she put to sea again. This time it was intended, apparently, to attempt the passage around the north of Australia, through Torres Straits, but the wind would not allow that. All that it would do was to howl from the west, which it did with remarkable consistency and violence. So *Garthneill's* Old Man decided that as the wind would only blow from the west, the one thing that he could do was to make the best of a bad job and run before it. That was what he did, with such success that the little barque passed the Three Kings, off the northern end of New Zealand, on the fifth day out, and came to Cape Horn in thirty-three days. Twenty days later she was past the Cape of Good Hope—fifty-three days out from Sydney—and she ran across from the longitude of Cape Town to Bunbury in twenty-three days. The weather was very bad most of the way, with heavy gales, ice on the rigging, fog, and snow, and *Garthneill* had to be hove-to a good many times on that voyage. A tops'l-sheet carried away once and there was the devil to pay. In the end, very rusty and looking a bit the worse for wear, *Garthneill* sailed out of the list of the ships that were posted overdue and came into Bunbury, seventy-six days out from Sydney via Good Hope and the Horn. It was a remarkable passage. And now all her battling with the sea has ended in conversion into a storeship, to lie in the docks of Port Adelaide. It is an ignominious end to a brave and useful career.

And now there is only *Garthpool.* The fates have not treated her as well as they might have done, either. She

was nearly lost in the English Channel in 1922, and again off the Horn in May of 1926. *Garthpool* is a handsome product of Thompson's yards, of Dundee, where she was launched as the *Juteopolis* in 1891, and the fact that she has no royals does not spoil her appearance, as it so often does when ships have been originally built fully rigged. *Garthpool*, like her sistership *Lawhill*, was built with double t'gallants and no royals, and she is a very handy ship, economical, and a good carrier. She also possesses the advantage of having a good turn of speed, though one or two of her voyages for her latest owners might not indicate it.

On March 1st, 1926, *Garthpool* cleared Sydney Heads bound to Falmouth for orders with a full cargo of wheat. (Incidentally that was the only wheat cargo to leave that port in sail for over three years.) Six and a half months later she reached her destination. Somewhere off the Falkland Islands, early in May, she encountered very heavy weather—by no means the only heavy weather encountered on that voyage—and in the height of a very fierce gale the steering gear smashed and the ship sprang a leak. They were the two worst things that could happen to any sailing ship. To have them both together in the height of a gale not very far from the Horn! It was a wonder that *Garthpool* came to port at all. She limped into Rio de Janeiro after that, and stayed there six weeks. Her ill-luck stayed with her, too, and some of the lighters of wheat that had been put out to lighten the ship were swamped. Then she sailed from Rio to Falmouth in sixty-nine days, and on the way two of the apprentices were laid low with appendicitis. The ship had no wireless to summon other ships to her aid, and, being a sailing ship, had no doctor of her own. Somebody aboard had heard that starvation was a rough-and-ready means of combating appendicitis at sea, and because there was

nothing else that could be done, it was tried. It was successful, too. It was a hard job to keep the boys away from food for three or four days, but it was managed, and they lived.

In Falmouth, *Garthpool* was ordered to Birkenhead, and she sailed right up to New Brighton without a tug. There followed another voyage to Australia, to Port Adelaide this time, where she was together in port with *E. R. Sterling*. She left Australia with her grain on the same day as both *E. R. Sterling* and the Finn *Olivebank*, and beat them both handsomely to the Channel. Then she set out for a third voyage to Australia, this time in ballast because there was nothing for her to bring. Voyages like that cannot be profitable, and it can only be a question of time when *Garthpool* shall sail her last. Indeed, one is strongly of the opinion that it is infinitely more his determination to keep the Red Duster of Old England still flying in at least one of the ships that make their long voyages in harmony with the age-old music of the wind at sea, rather than any hope of gaining profit out of her, that influences Sir William Garthwaite to keep *Garthpool* at sea. It is a very fine determination, but it must also be a very costly one.

Indeed, those few survivors of the glorious era of sail which, until a year or two ago, still flew the Red Ensign, made heavy weather of it. Fate did not treat them kindly. Give them up, it seemed to say; it isn't any use keeping on. And it rammed home the lesson with tragic illustrations. *Monkbarns*, for example—her last voyage was a bad one. She made a passage or two between Chile and Sydney, taking coal back from Newcastle, New South Wales, but after landing her second coal cargo she nearly went Home in ballast to be scrapped. But the condemning of the old barque *Queen of Scots*, aged fifty, at Talcahuano, enabled her to get a cargo. The *Queen of Scots*,

then flying the Finnish flag, was bound to London with a cargo shipped at the Mazorca Islands, but she got such a buffeting making for the Horn that she had to run for Talcahuano in distress instead, partially dismasted. That was the end of her. Her cargo was transferred to *Monkbarns*, and she set out for the long voyage to London. The barque's cargo did not fill her and she was a foot or so from her marks, but it was better than nothing by a long way, and a foot or two from the marks was all to the good for getting around Cape Horn. Captain Davies, master of *Monkbarns*, had been ill before his ship left Chile, but he kept that knowledge to himself and set out hopefully for London. He knew that he could have a rest there, for his ship would go to sea no more. But his illness grew rapidly worse. He could not eat; he could not relieve his pain. *Monkbarns* had no wireless and no doctor; Captain Davies had to do what doctoring he could for himself, and sail the ship on. But he did not know what was wrong with himself. He could not diagnose his complaint; he could only fight it. He became rapidly worse, and it was evident to his officers and his crew that he was very seriously ill. They asked him to make for a port where he could receive the skilled attention it was so obvious he needed. They pointed out, as guardedly and as quietly as they could as the days passed, how necessary it was. They suggested, later on, that not to do so might have very serious consequences. But the captain would not hear of deflecting his ship from her course. "I am bound to London," he said, and that was all. . . . It was always the aim of the sailing-ship master to get his ship from port to port without putting in anywhere, no matter what obstacles came in his way, what trials he faced, what hardships he had to overcome; for putting into port meant the spending of money, and he knew always that his ship didn't have so much money to

spend. If some one of his crew was dangerously ill or very badly hurt, *Monkbarn's* captain would unquestionably have made for port to give him chance of life. But himself? "I am bound to London"—that was all he said. . . . In the end, *Monkbarns* put into Rio with her master so ill that he did not know what was being done, and three days later Captain Davies died. They buried him there, in a little cemetery overlooking the beautiful harbour that had seen so much of the ship-of-sail; and no braver spirit ever was laid to rest there. So ended one of the last of England's square-rigged ship commanders.

Nor was *Kilmallie* without her troubles. Two of her crew were killed in Newcastle, while she lay there waiting for her coals to carry across the Pacific Ocean. When she got to sea she had a very bad time; but she brought her coals to Chile, and set out not long afterwards for England and oblivion. *William Mitchell*, too, had a strange epidemic aboard on the way from Canada to Melbourne with her load of spruce in 1926, an epidemic that put nearly the whole of her crew out of action and cost one of her apprentices his life. She had been 266 days on a voyage from Gulfport to Buenos Ayres not so very long ago. The story of these ships of John Stewart's, when it comes to be given as fully as it deserves to be, will make grand reading.

The day of the sailing ship seems almost utterly gone. With the increasing use by steamers of oil fuel, and the fast-increasing number of ships with motor engines, it is a lucky sailing ship that gains the distinction of being sold for a coal hulk now. There is little work for them. A few months ago two beautiful old clippers which were ending their days peacefully in Fremantle Harbour as coal hulks were taken out to sea and sunk because there was no more work for them to do. These were *Loch Ness* and *Tamerlane*—handsome old vessels, with their grace

of line still showing sweetly through the coal grime of the years as they towed out to their end.

The sailing ship that sets out upon a voyage now is rare indeed. The square-rigger is so uncommon these days that it is worth while, sometimes, for newspapers to send reporters in them when they make a voyage.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP (*continued*)

SHOULD the passing of the deepsea sailing ship be lamented? Look at a picture of one, and think. Look at the record of the men who were trained in them, and of the Merchant Service that they manned, and think again. It must at least be conceded, one makes bold to say, that when the great sailing ship goes she must take a good deal of the romance of the sea with her, and the best of training will be lost to the youth who joins the Merchant Service.

It is regrettable to see anything that is beautiful disappear. The sailer is not beautiful merely because she is old; the sea holds no grander sight than the ship-of-sails, seen so rarely. Whether she be rolling in doldrum calm, snoring through the water by the wind with every stitch spread to bear her on, or driving under shortened sail before the storm, she is a sight to stir the blood of all who see her. Even in port, where the only ships that are seen to much advantage are those that carry passengers, the tall square-rigger with her lofty spars and maze of rigging, her figurehead surmounting the flowing curve of her cutwater, the graceful sweep of her lines, the indefinable air of the *sea* about her, quietly presents a spectacle of grace and beauty that is possessed by no other of man's creations to bear his goods at sea.

For hundreds of years the sailing ship developed by experiment and experience until there came, only comparatively few years ago, those glorious clippers of England and America which were the very climax of its

growth. After them came the fuller-bodied ships, still of beautiful line—a few of which are still afloat to-day—and then there came the big carrier that spread sails because they were the cheapest means to progress at sea. When man built the first ship that he didn't have to push along with a stick, he gave her sails that the wind might blow her. And that was the beginning of his conquest of the sea. The ship-of-sails has played an important part in the development of the world for countless centuries; it built up the British Empire; it found four continents; it opened up the great trade routes of the world; and it was driven from the seas at its period of greatest excellence.

No one objects to progress, of course; though sometimes it would be truer to call it only by its proper name of change. But it is a pity that the wireless aerial must spoil what there was of beauty—not to mention what there may also have been of peace—of a million suburbs; it is a matter for regret that the motor-car and the charabanc, with their raucous crowds, mar so damnably the quiet beauty of what was once some glorious piece of scenery or quiet and restful hamlet; perhaps we should not so smugly smile at "progress" when we see the grace of old architecture replaced by the garishness of concrete monstrosities. Honk of engine, reek of smoke, nerve-wrack of vibration—these things comprise the mad rush of haste that is too often the lives of the people of to-day, a rush that only tends to hasten the mental rest home and the grave. The mob that bellows from its charabancs, the crowd that rushes upon its elevated railway stations, the sad-faced throng that emerges from those huge concrete buildings, the weary multitude that listens nightly to the bray of saxophone and mechanised "music" and to discourses upon subjects of slight interest—what do these know of the "progress" of which their newspapers so

glibly tell them? In what way are they the better for it? In what way are the people of to-day improvements upon those of yesterday? Perhaps they are not improvements at all, and having less of beauty in their lives, have infinitely less field for real progress. For the only progress that matters much, after all, must be the progress that widens mental outlooks and improves lives.

But I did not set out to write philosophy. My job is to give a picture of the sailing ship at first hand, while yet the opportunity of doing so remains. I had recalled the remarks of some with whom I ventured—once only—to discuss the going of the sailer. "It is done," they said. "Let it go." And then they went on to point out that the people of to-day wanted to travel quickly, and were finished with the ships that had served their fathers. The sailing ship was historical, like long hair, and did not interest them. I might have answered that the only reason people wanted to travel quickly was so that they could get back again even more quickly and start off for somewhere else; and that the only difference between them and their fathers was that they had now infinitely greater opportunities for doing the things that were of least benefit to them. But I said nothing. It was hopeless. I see I am philosophising again. What I really set out to say was that, in a world which seems bent upon ridding itself of beauty as fast as possible, perhaps it was only to be expected that beauty should be driven from the sea, too.

There is another reason for regretting the going of the sailing ship, and that is because the sailer takes with her the natural training-ground for the sea. I believe in the efficiency of sail training. I believe there is no sailor with a better knowledge of his craft and a better training for it than the man who has been brought up in square-rigged sail. It brings out the best—and the worst—that the boy has in him; it teaches him to have initiative, and

not to be afraid to use it; it impresses upon him, above all else, the necessity of knowing his business thoroughly if he wishes to rise in his vocation at sea. It might be said that the steamer has no use for the man who has been trained in sail, that it does not need him, that all he needs to know to be an efficient steamship man he may learn in steamers. But the coming of mechanically propelled vessels has not robbed the sea of its danger. The need for men trained in every exigency of their arduous calling is, indeed, greater than ever, because the responsibilities of the men in charge are greater. Square-rigged training cannot be excelled; to serve an apprenticeship as a maid-of-all-work in a cargo steamer or as a brassbound doll in a passenger steamer is no training at all.

One does not wish eternally to belittle steamers from any idea of crusted conservatism or lamentation for the old merely because it is old. But all seafarers will admit that they learnt infinitely more of their calling in the years that they spent in sail than they ever could have in the decades that they may have spent in steam. Of what use, it may be argued, is it that a boy should be able to tack a sailing ship, when he will never be required to execute that manœuvre with a steamer? It is of not the slightest use that he should be able to tack a ship; but it is of the very greatest use that he should have had experience—the more the better—of the nicety of judgment, the initiative, the *sea-skill*, that the sailing ship demands before she will go efficiently through that exercise. His steamer may not always be able proudly to honk along, defiant of the sea. There are times when she will call, also, for the exercise of sea-skill in no small degree, when her handling requires nicety of judgment, if disaster is to be averted, when initiative is the quality most demanded of her officers. And if they fail? Well, the steamer may not be defiant of the sea any more.

After all, the principal qualifications for positions of responsibility in all walks of life are much the same. One may call for the exercise of a slightly different talent from the other, but in the main it is character and common sense that count. There is no sounder ground for the cultivation of both than the sailing ship. On the sailer's long voyages character will out; there is no hiding it. The main reason for that well-known camaraderie among sailors is, I think, just that fact that one cannot sail long voyages with men, all cooped up in the one little world, without getting to understand pretty thoroughly their characters, and to understand anybody else's character much is to realise that it isn't so very different from your own, and it certainly isn't any worse. It does a boy good, too, to have his character shown to the light of day and the rough edges knocked off. If he be content to slip from school into some job his parents have found for him, and to stick through there until he grows to the age of a man, pretty often it is not until he gets married that he finds that he has any rough edges at all. And getting rough edges knocked off in married life, I should imagine, may be an experience not exactly productive of bliss.

It is remarkable to see an apprentice come aboard his ship for the first time, and to see that boy after a voyage. You wouldn't know him! The sailing ship is a gloriously healthy life, though pretty often also ingloriously hungry, and the boy fills out and becomes a man as he never would if he had remained cooped up behind windows in some town. The young apprentice may have come aboard with his head filled with queer ideas about sailing ships and the sea, principal among which is a fixed notion that all he has to do is to look on while old sailors explain things to him, and then later on to give the captain advice about sailing the ship. His first month at sea may be a distressing experience, shattering illusions right and

left until he sees only the bare bones of real life remain. He expected romance, and found work; he expected a "great life," and found himself principally called upon to perform feats of almost superhuman endurance—feats which everybody did daily and nobody ever noticed. Then, after a while and he has settled into things, he finds that there really can be romance in those bare bones of life, if one knows how to go about looking for it; and he sings while he works aloft, and feels the thrill of the sea in his veins as he hangs on to the wheel, and laughs when he is wet through for the twentieth time in succession, and turns out quickly when the call is for all hands on deck, though he made the acquaintance of his bunk only half an hour ago and his watch is always "catching it," and fights the mad canvas aloft with the men. Often, often, the boy makes his first port with the determination to write home and get his people to have his indentures cancelled—for the sailing ship can be hard, too—but he never does so. Often at sea the half-deck swears solemnly that it will never go in sail again; but it always comes back! Yes, the sailing ship can be hard, and it is not always a pleasant process having the edges knocked off you, and being starved into a man, and enduring things that somehow you never read about in books. But the sailer casts a spell over those who sail in her, and they always come back. And the spell is this—that it makes them men. Who does not want to be a man?

It is a good thing for the boy's character that he sticks to the life; that he will not give in. That is the whole crux of the sailing-ship life. Never give in. Pulling on stubborn brace, working aloft like a madman with some murderous sail, asked twenty times a day to do some utterly impossible and rather dangerous job: "Never give in!" And it is a very good principle for boys, too. If the boy comes aboard a little weak and without much

strength of character, the example of his shipmates will soon rectify matters and it will be quite a different boy who returns. The weak are made strong, the strong strengthened.

It is this aspect of the moulding of boys' characters, I think, that is the most important when one considers the sailing ship as a training-ground for the sea. To-day the sea is a harder profession than ever; promotion is slow and hardly earned, and while the responsibilities are a thousandfold greater than they ever were before, the recognition of that fact has not advanced one jot. The master of a big steamer, for example, trading between England and Australia, has often a ship and cargo worth well over a million pounds in his sole charge, as well as hundreds of invaluable lives. Many times in the course of his voyagings, with the knowledge that he alone has this vast responsibility lying on his shoulders, must he exercise that nicety of judgment, that power of initiative fully ripened by long use, that *sea-skill*, the seeds of which were laid in the days of his apprenticeship in sail. There is need for strength of character in a job like that! The men who occupy those jobs must be the best-trained men available; and the youths who are now growing up, one day to occupy positions like that, are having the very best means of fitting themselves for them taken away. There are steamers, I know, which are excellently managed and are as good training-ships as they can be. But, in comparison with the sailing ship, the steamer is only a sea-factory.

An old shipmaster of my acquaintance, a man who spent many years in sail and is now master of one of the splendid vessels of the Australian service of the great P. & O. Line, was telling me only a little time back his views on this question of sea-training. (Needless to say he was strong for square-rigged sail.) He told me, among

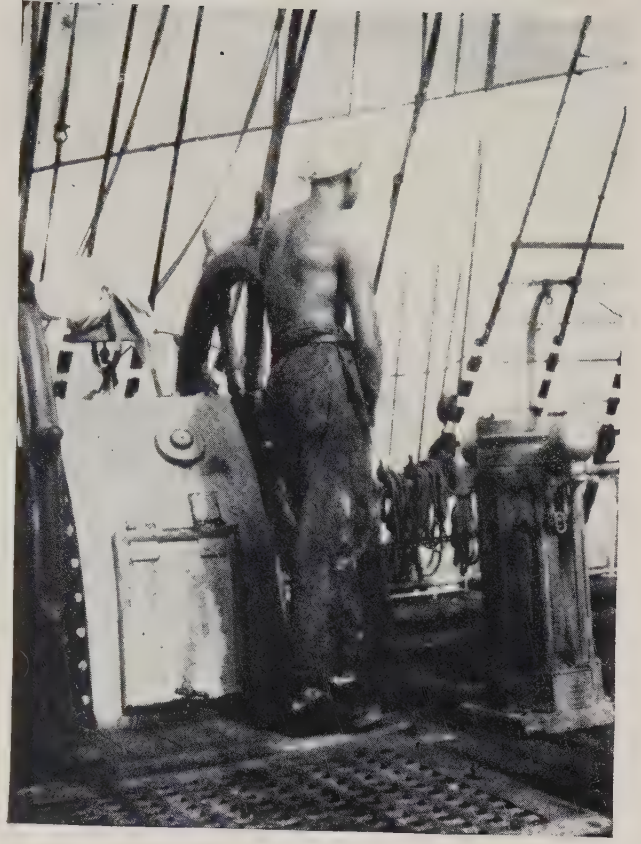
many other things, that he had a few apprentices aboard, though he suspected that they were there mainly because the lady passengers liked to see young boys in neat brass and blue uniforms. One of these youths had that day incurred the master's displeasure by objecting to his watch being changed.

"It is done to give you a chance of getting some experience," said my friend to the boy.

"I know, sir," the youth replied; "but it interferes with my piano practice."

It was very laudable and doubtless very nice for that youth to have his piano practice, and to think so much of it that he approached the skipper with a complaint when it was threatened. But if he wanted to be a pianist, his place was in a music conservatorium ashore. And if he wanted to be a master of a ship, it was a pretty poor way to go about it. The moral of that little tale is obvious. What sort of a man to have the responsibility of property worth a million pounds upon him, and countless lives, would that boy in all probability develop into? The passenger ship didn't give him a chance. It was no place to learn his craft at all. Quite possibly he found the life so boring that he took to the piano for relief, and he was not to be blamed for that. But if he was where he ought to have been—in a deepsea sailing ship—he would not have been bored at all. Or, if he had been so dreadfully bored, he could have thrown it in. (For the sailer does a service, too, in weeding out those who are unfit for the sea.) But that youth suffered the misfortune of being British, and there wasn't any sailing ship for him to go in. And Britain is the Mistress of the Seas!

Then there is the value of the actual seamanship experience that the boy gets in sail that he would never get in steam. The sailing ship is continually hurling at the little group that sails her knotty problems that they must



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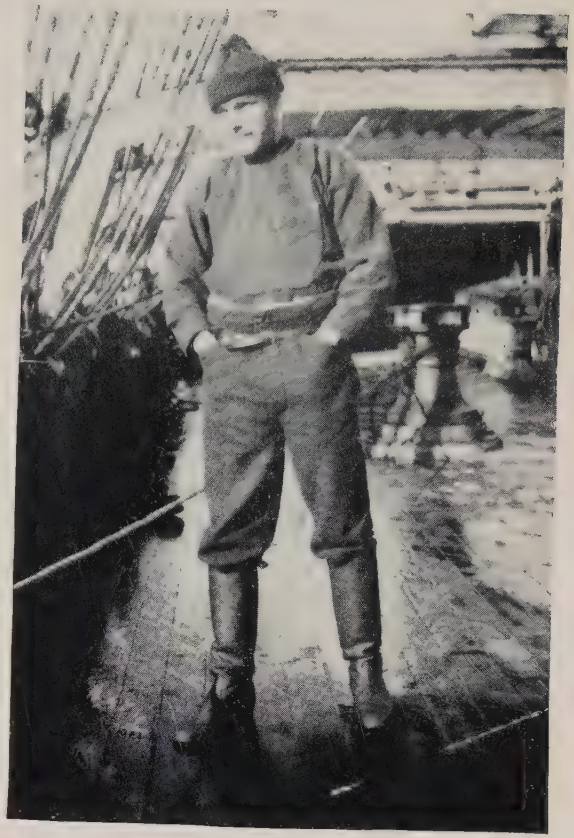

THE AUTHOR

HEAVING DOWN THE FORE TACK

AT THE BRACES

solve; the problems that the steamer gives her crew are mostly solved in port. The sailer has to solve her problems for herself, and in the solving there is invaluable experience for her boys.

II

Practically every maritime nation recognises the value and the importance of training in sail, and—more than that—see that it is available. The boys themselves want to go in sail. The sailing ship has a call for many boys that no steamer ever has. What romance is there in seeing a collier put to sea, or a cargo steamer drop her pilot and head slovenly down some bay? The only romance of steam is in its passenger ships, and that is but glamour. The whole atmosphere of the passenger steamer's setting out is false and artificial; and so is a good deal of the life aboard, for that matter. Watch the great steamer drawing proudly from her wharf, flags flying, sirens hooting, tugs puffing, streamers, faces everywhere, and maybe something of music too. It is a stirring sight! But it is not the ship that stirs one; it is the artificial conditions that surround it. See the same steamer eight hours later, when she is outside. A good deal of the glamour is gone then.

It is not so with the sailing ship. The call of the sea hums through her high rigging as she lies beside the wharf, and when she sets out her beauties are increased tenfold, her glamour blossoms into glorious life; she lives, and her people live with her. They who are really called by the sea feel the summons of the sailing ship, and to them the steamer, when they are forced to go in one, is only a job.

One could quote many examples of maritime nations which hold resolutely to training in sail for the youths who are to man their merchant steamers. The develop-

ment and the prosperity of a country depend to a very large extent upon its merchant service, and the efficiency of that merchant service must depend upon the men who man it. Germany, since the war, has turned again to her merchant service as her main hope; and the latest news when we left Australia was that another full-rigged ship was being built especially for the training of boys. The ship *Grossherzogin Elisabeth* is already doing good work in that regard, not to mention the fine four-masted barques of the Hamburg Laeisz line—*Passat*, *Priwall*, *Pamir*, *Parma*, *Peking*, *Padua*, and the full-rigger *Pinnas*. Several of these vessels are manned wholly by cadets and are schoolships proper; the others are manned, for the greater part, by boys who sail in them for the experience. Every German sailing ship is a training-ship. The German Government is keen on its merchant service, and it insists that those who are to be its officers must be trained in sail. There is never any scarcity of boys offering. Indeed, there are so many that they are to be found in Finnish ships, as well as in German.

By the way, some of the Laeisz ships have been built since the war, which seems paradoxical where the big engineless sailer is concerned. There are two reasons why this line still builds the sailer. The first is that it has work—regular and constant work—for her to do, in carrying out coke and coal to the company's mines in Chile, and nitrates back; and the second is that the large number of boys offering assures it always of economical crews. The big four-masted barque *Padua*, which was built since the war, carries, I understand, a crew of anything from forty-five to sixty boys. We heard before we left Australia that this line was building more big sailers, and I should not be surprised if that were quite correct.

Nor is Germany alone in her awakening to the value of sail training. Bad as the shipping depression was after

the war, the great Danish Asiatic Company had a five-masted barque built in the United Kingdom since that period solely as a training-ship for youths desirous of becoming officers in its service. This is the magnificent five-masted barque *Köbenhavn*, of 3,901 tons, which was built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson at Leith in 1921 and has always had plenty to do since. *Köbenhavn*, though easily the largest sailing ship in the world to-day, goes to sea with a crew composed almost entirely of cadets, and in such a ship they must get invaluable experience.

Belgium, too, has her training-ships, in the shape of the four-masted barque *L'Avenir* and another vessel which is kept in harbour and acts as a sort of breaking-in ground. The only two big sailing ships which still sail out of Sweden are subsidised training-ships, the four-masted barques *Beatrice* and *G. B. Pedersen*, which, manned almost wholly by cadets, scout the world for cargo. Even the Soviet Government of Russia, which early recognised that one of its most important possessions, if it had come to stay, must be a merchant service, secured a square-rigged ship to train the youth which was going to man that service, and bought the old British four-masted ship *Lauriston* for that purpose. Under the name of *Tovaristch*, the old *Lauriston* sails the sea with a horde of young Russian apprentices on her decks. Japan, too, whose merchant service has made such wonderful strides, has not overlooked a proper training-ground for her boys. The four-masted barque *Taisei Maru* flies the ensign of Japan from her lofty peak, and sometimes voyages to Australia. She was in Sydney Harbour a year or two ago, when there must have been over a hundred cadets on board. Italy, France, Spain, Peru, Chile—all have sailing ships for their boys. And England has none.

Five of the best of the deepsea sailers in Captain Erik-

son's fleet are schoolships proper, and every one of his ships is manned by boys there for the experience. His five schoolships are *Lawhill*, *Archibald Russell*, *Olivebank*, *Killoran*, and *Herzogin Cecilie*, and from personal experience of two of these—*Lawhill* and *Herzogin Cecilie*—I must say that they constitute the best training-ground that it would be possible for the boy eager for a sea-life to find. They are big ships, and the crews are not large. Every boy gets a chance of learning every kind of work; every boy is a sailor all the time, and a maid-of-all-work never. The disadvantage of most of the larger sailing ships as training-ships used to be that they carried so many boys that most of their cadets rarely had an opportunity of doing real sailor's work under the conditions of actual experience. It is not so in the Finn ships. The boys are the *crew*, and there is none other. Everything that has to be done—sailmaking, splicing, rigging, steering, and the hundred-and-one other branches of the sailor's craft—they have to do, for the simple reason that there is nobody else to do it. And, though it often means hard work and plenty of it, that is the best kind of training that can be imagined. Even if no navigation were taught in them at all and that aspect of the life were left to the schools ashore—as it well might be—the experience that boys can gain in such ships as these is the best that they can have. The school of actual experience is the best school of all, and here in the Finn ships it is found. It is not only Finnish boys who take advantage of it; there are Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Poles, Germans, and British boys, too. The call of sail is international; the means to answer it no longer can be found under the Red Ensign.

III

I think the deficiency is a serious one. Not 1 per cent. of the British apprentices at sea to-day have ever been in sail. Soon the same thing will apply to the junior officers—probably it does now—and, in not so very long, to those who are in command. And that will not be for the betterment of the British Merchant Service. One does not contend that because they are denied sail training the men must be inferior. One does not say that steamboat men, so far as the men themselves are concerned, suffer inferiority in the slightest. The spirit of the British Merchant Service to-day is the same as it ever was, and the men who man it are as stout-hearted. But should the officers who control this vast machine for development and growth be denied the means of training which every nation recognises best fits them for their calling? That is the question; and it is a pretty serious one.

It is all very well to ask questions in books. The whole thing, like every other question that ever was, has to come down, in the long run, to £ *s. d.* I don't know what the five-masted barque *Köbenhavn* cost, but it must have been a pretty large amount—so much, I should say, that the construction of another such vessel would be a matter for long and careful deliberation. As far as that goes, one is inclined to the view that a smaller vessel would be best, but even then the cost of instituting a proper scheme of training in square-rigged sail at this stage, when almost all the ships have gone, would be enormous. And there is no dearth of officers; indeed, with the tendency for bigger and bigger ships, it naturally follows that there also will be fewer jobs and less promotion. It also ought to follow just as naturally that, if there are fewer jobs, the men who occupy them should be the best-trained men available.

If the building of a sailing ship is a job for a shipping

line which really does make the profits the Seamen's Union thinks it does, is there no other way out? I don't know. Looking at the sailing ship as she stands to-day solely from the hard business point of view, she is a pretty poor thing. But I believe it would be a profitable proposition —or one which would at least have a chance of being profitable—to get hold of one of the best of the French sailing ships which are still laid up in French ports, and run her as long as possible on the gear that is in her. As soon as it is necessary to buy more sails throw her back on the scrap-heap and get her breaking-up value. In that way, and in that way alone, there is still a chance at the cost of infinite labour to the small crew you would have to keep aboard, something might still be made out of the sailing ship. You would have to get the ship for little more than breaking-up value, and that at least would be easy enough. Then you would have to run her with the most economical crew possible. That would be easy enough, also, for you could get boys enough to eat her willing to pay to come and your wage bill for'ard need be nothing at all. Young and willing officers you could have on much the same principle, but you might have to hunt for the right man as master. And it would pay you to pay him well, above all people. Then you could send your ship out to Australia for a freight of wheat, and if you were lucky enough to get it there would be something of a margin on the first voyage.

Let us look into the project a little more carefully. You would have to be pretty careful about that ship. It mustn't cost any more than a cursory dry-docking to make her a good insurance risk—as far as cargoes are concerned, that is; you could not afford to insure the ship herself—and there would have to be plenty of sails. Canvas is expensive these days. Say that you got her for £4,000—a fine four-masted barque of 3,000 tons, with

anything up to thirty years of life before her—and her breaking-up value was about £3,000. You could, if you had freights, run her on the bread-line until you got that £4,000 back. Then you could sell her and have the £3,000 break-up value as profit. You could run her in the Australian wheat trade, out in ballast and Home with wheat, and if you averaged 30*s.* a ton for your cargoes, the earning capacity of that ship would be £6,000 a year. Your job would be to keep expenditure down to £5,000 a year for four years. You would have to be wary of tow-boats; if ever your ship wanted repairs it would be best to get her break-up value at once. And as soon as she wanted a suit of sails she would have to go, because that would cost as much as the whole of your original outlay. To spend more than your ship is worth merely to give her sails to keep her at sea, to double the capital invested merely to keep the original capital earning—that is an impossible state of affairs. Many a graceful sailer which has gone to the break-up yards of recent years has gone there only because she wanted sails, and to give them to her was an utterly impossible business proposition.

It might look easy enough—in a book—this getting your money back out of sail, if you knew how to go about it. But in practice it would probably be very hard indeed. The worry of freights would be a nightmare. Australian wheat harvests have a nasty habit of failing, when the sailing ship is dependent upon them for a charter; and charters themselves are rather apt to prefer a ship whose cargo they can sell with some reasonable knowledge as to the probable date of its arrival. No; unless you are a philanthropist with a good many thousands of pounds to spare, perhaps it would be better to let the square-rigger be. And if you were a philanthropist with a good many thousands of pounds to spare, you never would be satisfied with grinding a wretched profit out of

the sailer's last days like that. You would keep on with her and, like as not, lose the lot.

But it is not the question of extracting a profit from the sailer with which I am mainly concerned. It is the question of sea-training, and if the two won't mix, it is the latter that is the more important. I have picked my quarrel with what the world calls progress, and have endeavoured to show that in the progress that really matters—the progress of character and common sense and the development of mankind—the sailing ship may still have a place, after all.

CHAPTER XIV

WAS IT *BEATRICE?*

IT was a long passage from the Horn to the Line, and the fact that at that time of the year—late summer and early autumn—a long passage was to be expected didn't make it any the easier for us to bear. Calms, light winds, rain, head winds—these were our lot for weeks, with us toiling like Trojans in the midst of it all to get our ship on, and getting nowhere. For a few days after passing the Falkland Islands we had good winds. Then we had a calm that lasted six days, then head wind that lasted three days, and then calm again. Then there came a breeze from the south-east and we thought we had the Trades.

At the cost of what infinite toil does the sailer make her voyage! How many times a day we hauled around those yards one would not care to say; what use we got out of the process I could not say without the use of language unprintable. A summer passage of the South Atlantic might be an enjoyable experience for steamers, but for the big square-rigged sailing ship it is exasperation.

The weather became rapidly warmer and we forgot that we had been wearing three guernseys and two heavy suits on the run to the Horn. Soon we came to wear as little as possible—it would have been nothing at all if the woman had not been aboard—and hammocks were slung on deck. The fact that we were subject to heavy rains without the slightest warning did not deter us from sleeping on deck. With the first spot we were up and

decamped hastily back into the focs'l. It was very beautiful to lie out there under the stars, swinging gently in the hammock, and masts and rigging rising high overhead and the sails mounting blackly into the night. If only we had not to haul upon those braces every darn five minutes! Whenever we had to haul around the yards we had to shift every sail in the ship, and that, as they say in America, took *some* doing. Stays'ls refused to budge over their stays, sheets flatly declined to reeve through blocks, jibs stubbornly defied all efforts to shift them, course sheets kinked, and braces fouled, and capstans groaned for oil, and blocks wouldn't work, and we couldn't find capstan bars, and the ship wouldn't steer, and wouldn't go, and wouldn't do anything else that she ought to have done, though she had an efficiency that was amazing in doing the things that it would have been infinitely better for everybody if she had left undone! It is a miserable phase of square-rig life, this working your ship through a calm, a phase of hard work and hard swearing, and infinite effort for infinitesimal gain. Many times we hauled around the yards from one tack to the other because the ship was going too far from her course, but the infernal wind—what there was of it—hauled around with the yards, and when we had accomplished the manœuvre, the ship was all back and we had to drag the eighteen yards around all over again. Then there would be so little wind it was impossible to tell if the ship were aback or not. Then it would begin to rain like fury. What a life!

But it was all very good exercise, and it was all very healthy. We had muscles on our stomachs that would have stood a whack with an iron belaying-pin, and the rich tan of pure health was in the faces of all. As if they did not have sufficient exercise in their hours of working on deck, the boys rigged a horizontal bar for'ard, and

keen was the rivalry to excel upon it. And what if it did rain? So much the better; there was plenty of water to do our washing, and laundry was the order of the day. When it rained heavily in the daylight the boys whooped with delight, and watch on deck and watch below alike rushed to catch every drop they could with rain-sails spread above the deck, and buckets. Then the watch below fell to with a will, when all the tanks were full, and there was more washing about the ship's decks than ever was seen in the yard of the largest boarding-house. Unwashed clothes had accumulated on the run to the Horn; there was little chance of washing them there. Even if they had been washed then it would have been of little use, for they would never have dried.

The days passed pleasantly enough, although our progress was so poor. We had always our sunsets and our sunrises, and all the beauty of the sea spread lavishly for us alone to see. There came never anything save birds to share it with us. We were far from the steamship tracks and never saw so much as a light. We did not mind that; it was the steamships' loss, not ours. Sometimes a school of fish came around, though we were never lucky enough to catch any, and strange birds began to take the places of the albatrosses who were dropping back to the colder regions astern. We saw floating weed now and then, and early one morning we sailed leisurely through a most peculiar sight. For miles the sea was discoloured with great brown streaks, miles long, extending out on either side of us with a curious regularity. It was not weed. We sailed right through it and saw no weed. We could not see anything to cause the discolouration. What really was the cause? We did not know. The sailing ship sees many strange things at sea, things that have a simple enough explanation if only one knew it, I suppose—queer streaks of light in the water, extraor-

dinary contortions, curious misshapen masses going by in the distance, marvellously shaped fish that show an evil head above the water for an instant or two, then to disappear for ever, leaving one wondering if they ever were really there. I remember once in *Lawhill*, down in 30° South, a few of us were up on an upper tops'l yard-arm putting some stitches in a sail that had come adrift, when, chancing to look down, we saw a huge four-winged flying-fish rise out of the water by the weather bow and skim along there for twenty yards or so. It was the largest flying-fish I ever saw. It must have been the king of all flying-fish, come down there to get away from the ravenous albacore and bonita. It looked as large as a big sea-bird. But we did not say anything about it. We might have been told that we were "seeing things." But we saw that great flying-fish right enough, and it must have been three feet across the wings. Nor was that the only queer thing we saw that voyage.

Yes, the days went by pleasantly enough, though once for two days the wind was light from the north-west and blew heavy rain continuously over us. Then it came light from the south and for two more days blew all that rain back over us again. Only on one night was there strong wind. The barometer was down and there was a sting in the rain. The three royals, the lighter stays'ls, the flying-jib, and the gaff-tops'l all had to come in—an operation which we of the port watch viewed with cheerful interest and optimistic unconcern, seeing that it was our watch below and the other watch had to do it all. They had the laugh of us later, though, when at 4 o'clock in the morning we had to set the lot again. And hard toil at 4 o'clock in the morning is what the sailor hates most. It became very hot, too, as the days passed, and one day the imperturbable Voxblom was painting on

the fore-deck, where he was out of sight from the poop, attired only in a straw hat and his sheath-knife.

In the evenings, when it did not rain, we sometimes had concerts out on the main-hatch. All were enjoyable events; one particularly was memorable. It was in the evening of the last day in February, when we had been six weeks at sea, and it was a flat calm. It was just as the last light of dying day sank low in the horizon that the concert commenced; on the one side, far, far away, was a beautiful greyish pink still hovering feebly above the horizon. On the other side proudly rose the moon, shining in all its glory. Between these two lay the ship; to one side of her the moonlight streamed broadly over the waters, on the other the faint light of day flickered and went out. Above, all the stars of the universe shone brightly from a cloudless sky; the sails hung down vertically, without life; the ship lay there silently in the midst of the sea, without motion; the dome of star-filled sky stretched far above, without wind. And we quietly walked the decks of our great ship, and drank in the music, and thought, and paused now and then to look up at the sails. We could not be angry with them if they hung so lifelessly there. We could not be annoyed with them if they too had stopped work for a few moments to listen to such music as that. . . . Around the main-hatch the boys lay; a few walked to and fro, talking softly; now and then a few danced; sometimes all burst into song—some soft old Scandinavian air that fitted in with the peace and beauty of it all. We did not notice how small the knot of boys looked against the great hulk of sails, on the deck of the ship of which they were the crew.

II

On the forty-fifth day at sea—Sunday, March 4th—we saw another ship. A sailing ship! Any ship would

have been a welcome sight then when we had seen none for so long; a sailing ship was doubly so. The welcome was spoilt only by one thing, the fear that the stranger might be the old Glasgow ironsides *Beatrice*. We knew that if she was coming up on us then the race was over, and nothing but a succession of gales to the English Channel could save us.

It was the captain who saw her first, away a point or two abaft the port beam, hull-down below the horizon, showing a smudge of white against a ray of sunlight that slanted goldenly through the edges of a rain-squall. How long she had been there nobody was to say. There had been rain-squalls about all day and visibility was poor. The wind was light and fair—for a wonder—and being Sunday all hands were free all day, with the natural consequence that there was not the frequent scannings of the horizon common to other days. On the fore-deck the boys washed clothes, and lay in hammocks or on the hatches, and did gymnastics on the horizontal bars, and boxed, and read, and did everything but look over the side for other ships. Schmidt played a little on his violin now and again, and that was enough to lull from one's mind all thought of ships. Aft the mates were gathered around the jigger-hatch where the second mate was doing some shooting at a bull's-eye lashed in the rigging; the chief mate was in the charthouse writing the log; at the wheel a boy lolled lazily, mechanically giving her a spoke now and then, listening to the music and the laughter of his more fortunate comrades on the fore-deck, with thoughts of other ships, just then, occupying about as prominent a place in his mind as the question of votes for women. The captain paced the poop right aft. The sun would be set in half an hour, and all was peaceful, and restful, and beautiful, and quiet. Everybody had become so used to seeing nothing that nobody ever looked for anything,

secure in the knowledge that there was nothing to see. But—

"Sail-ho! Sail-ho!"

There came suddenly a loud cry from the captain aft; and an instant later:

"I believe it is *Beatrice!*"

Then there was wild excitement. All hands, from the captain to the youngest apprentice, rushed to the rail. *Beatrice!* Was she coming up on us? Had we not given her the slip on the road to the Horn, after all? (We were not so sure of that!) Some of us had thought she might have tried the other way around Good Hope, since the winds outside Port Lincoln had been so bad. And we all had hoped that, bad as our passage of the South Atlantic had been, hers was worse. But if this were she!

We crowded to the rail and twenty-six pairs of eyes eagerly scanned the horizon. At first we saw nothing, nothing but the quietly heaving sea, the heavily clouded sky, and the dying sun poking a golden finger here and there through the blackness of the rain-squalls. Where was this ship?

And then we saw. A landsman might have searched that horizon all day and have seen no ship. We had to look pretty hard before we could make her out, just a tiny smudge against black and gold, miles away. That *Beatrice?* It might have been any ship on earth. Still, it was just the fact that there were so few of those ships upon earth which had caused the suspicion that she was *Beatrice* to jump into our minds.

A dozen boys leapt into the rigging and climbed high aloft with a much greater speed than they ever showed when going to work there. They clambered to the t'gallant crosstrees and higher to the royal-yards, but in the failing light couldn't see much more from either vantage-point. We were too far away. It was difficult even to

distinguish whether the stranger was a full-rigged ship or a four-masted barque. We could plainly see three square-rigged masts, and that was all that the naked eye could distinguish. Sometimes we had a vague idea that there also was a jigger-mast, but we could never be sure. With the wind right aft it was quite likely that the stranger would be carrying no fore-and-aft canvas, and in that case it would be very difficult to pick out the jigger-mast. Most seemed inclined to think her a four-masted barque, but others said she was a full-rigged ship, and arguments raged fiercely in different parts of the rigging and about the decks as to her probable identity. Was she *Beatrice?* That was the great question. And the answer even then was mostly in the negative.

The mate climbed to the jigger-top and had a good look at her through the glass. There was a jigger-mast with a small triangular spanker, he said, and the ship was very lofty. She carried royals, and at least the main-royal was set. Her mizzen-mast seemed rather shorter than the main. These points he could distinguish—nothing more. It was a matter of impossibility even to tell the colour of the other ship's hull. Bearings were taken, showing the stranger to be heading in the same direction as we, and making about the same speed.

Then night came and we saw no more. We eagerly waited for the light to come again that we might solve our problem; and in the meantime argument raged long and fierce. A little group on the fore lower t'gallant-yard argued so fiercely they forgot to come down to eat. Some of them said that the stranger was certainly *Beatrice*, pointing out that she carried a small triangular spanker and that her mizzen-mast was slightly shorter than the main. The others replied that *Beatrice* was not alone in carrying only a small spanker, seeing that practically every four-masted barque left in commission did

so, and to talk of distinguishing a difference of a foot or so between her masts at that distance was to display an intelligence which would be an insult to a fowl. There nearly was a fight up there on that yard until somebody remembered with a wild howl that the tea-bells had gone an hour ago.

What was this ship? We knew that she must be bound either from Australia or from the west coast of South America to Europe, because they were the only two Trades in which there were sailing ships that used the Cape Horn route left. If she were coming from Chile she might be one of the German "P" ships bound to Hamburg, or a Finn that had got an odd charter there. But all the "P" four-masted barques had fore-, main-, and mizzen-masts of the same height, and it was scarcely likely that a German ship would be carrying only one royal in weather like that. The only Finnish sailers which we knew to have been on the west coast for the past six months were *Lawhill* and *Winterhude*. *Winterhude* was a barque; it could not be she. *Lawhill* had left London for Taltal months before and should have been nearly back to Europe then. She had no royals, anyway. Then what ship was it? If by the remotest chance it *was* a full-rigger—and against that was the fact that only about four remain in commission in the world; and both the captain and the mate were certain our stranger had four masts—it might be either of the German *Pinnas* or *Oldenburg*, but most of us were strong for the four-masted barque. The only other alternative was that this ship, like ourselves, was coming from Australia. If she were coming from Australia she must be one of two ships —*Beatrice* or *C. B. Pedersen*. Both were four-masted barques, and both were bound around the Horn to the Channel for their orders. *C. B. Pedersen* had left Sydney before we cleared Port Lincoln, and as she did not have

the reputation of being exactly a flyer, the knowing ones were pretty sure that the ship we sighted was she.

But we could not be sure about that mainroyal. We had seen so little. It might conceivably have been *Beatrice* with more canvas on the main than either the fore or mizzen, but that was hardly likely. She was too lofty for that. There could be no mistaking *Beatrice's* squat t-gallant-masts. *C. B. Pedersen,* too, fitted in with the few points we had been able to distinguish in the stranger. There was a photograph of her in the ship, and it showed the mizzen-mast to be appreciably shorter than the main. She had royals, and carried a triangular spanker. It looked a pretty sure thing for her.

Still, we were worried and anxiously looked forward to the morning. The helmsman that night sneaked the ship a little to the leeward of her course to bring the two vessels closer, but when the morning came we saw nothing at all. Nor did we see anything of that ship on the next day or for a good many days after that.

The only explanation of the other ship's disappearance was that we had actually been slowly overhauling her throughout the Sunday but had not seen her until close on sundown, when she was out on our quarter, and then we had made the mistake of concluding that she was overhauling us. Had she been going at the same speed as we were, the morning would certainly have brought her to light. There was no reason why she should change her course, for to do so would take her into adverse currents and away from the Trade-wind belt. She could not have disappeared over the horizon *ahead*—nobody, as a matter of fact, thought of that—because there was too little wind for any ship to slip past *Herzogin Cecilie* like that. No; slowly as we were going before the dropping breeze, the other ship must have been even slower, and it was the horizon astern that held her.

And that was the surest possible proof we could have been given that she was not *Beatrice*, for *Beatrice* would never have gone there.

III

The wind had gone altogether a day or two later, and after a spell of glassy calm there came a big swell from the south. If it brought no wind with it, it at least brought some hope. We said to ourselves that the swell must mean one of two things: either that there had been wind, or that there was going to be some. We knew with miserable certainty that there hadn't been any wind to speak of—not to cause a swell like that, anyway—for weeks; therefore we concluded that some was coming. But we were wrong. That swell hung there five days, and it lied all the time. The only thing it brought was more calm.

Would we always have calm? Were we doomed to swelter there in the South Atlantic for ever? The focs'l pessimists answered both questions in the affirmative; even the few optimists who were left spoke dubiously of a hundred and fifty days. And then we came on deck one morning to find there was a swell from the north-west and we had wind from the south-east. Trade-wind! How everybody smiled then! How great it was to see the water, that so long had only lapped slovenly at our sides, turning into foam! It was splendid to feel the ship moving again when she had been still for so long, to hear the roar of the wind when for so long had been only silence.

At the wheel the helmsman grinned expansively, as if he were responsible for it all.

CHAPTER XV

THE TRADES AT LAST!

BUT that helmsman grinned too soon. It was not the Trade-wind after all.

We were a bit sceptical about it when it came. That swell from the north-west wasn't there for nothing. True, the swell from the south that we'd had before had come to nothing, but then if wind had come from there it would have been fair. If it came from the north-west it would not be fair. We were pretty pessimistic then, and the principle upon which most of the boys made forecasts as to the probable date of our arrival in port was based upon the assumption that the only kind of swells which would turn into wind for us were those that were no good. On this occasion, to our great disgust, they were right. That south-east wind went away and hid itself, and for more than a week we worked our way tortuously through head wind and calm and then head wind again.

We had been forty-eight days out when the wind first came from the south-east. We were sixty days out when we got the Trades, and we were pretty sceptical about them even then. In the interval we worked as we had never worked before all that voyage, and perspired pounds and pounds, and were furiously sunburnt, and dragged and dragged at all those great steel yards and swung them around so many times we began to fear they would go on swinging automatically by themselves for ever. And the boy who had a kind word for the passing of the sailing ship then would have been asked out on deck.

The day after that false Trade-wind so cruelly raised our hopes, we began to change sail. On every voyage the sailing ship changes her suit of sails for the passage of the tropics, since it is unnecessary and wasteful to keep the heavy-weather sails aloft in the fine weather there. And all the Cape Horn sails came down, making into the South-east Trades, and all the North Atlantic sails are unbent when the ship gets into the North-east Trades and the oldest, the lightest, the most patched, and the worst suit of sails is sent up in their stead. The wear and tear on sails aloft in a long voyage is tremendous and canvas is very expensive now. So the economical shipmaster—and every man who is master of a sailing ship has also to be a master of economy, or he would never keep his ship at sea—sees that his best and newest sails are aloft only when they are most needed, their places being taken by well-worn sails for the kinder parts of the voyage.

That is all very well for shipowners and shipmasters and such, and it would doubtless be very interesting to watch from a passing steamer. But for the very small crew of a very big four-masted barque, sweltering in weather that has driven them nearly to desperation, it meant the deuce of a lot of very hard work.

It was all hands on deck the day we began to change sail—all hands on deck all day, and watch and watch at night. That meant that everybody had to work twelve hours a day, and get what sleep they could at night. At least, that is what it would have meant if the weather had not taken a hand. What really happened was that no sooner had we clewed up a few sails and got them half unbent, than, with an appalling suddenness and not the slightest warning, the wind fled utterly and the rain poured down out of the sky. It didn't rain. The sky just turned into water and fell into the sea in streams. And in the midst of it all were we, hanging aloft, strug-

gling with the wet and lifeless sails. Nobody had expected anything like that. Nobody had thought of it. If any had, we would never have touched the sails that day, for it was four times the work to change them when they were wet. The sails that were sent down, if they were dry, could be rolled up and stowed away immediately and left there until we wanted them again in the North Atlantic. But when they were wet, nothing could be done with them. We must drag them about the deck, and spread them over the hatches to dry, and rush up and pull them out of every passing rain-squall and fool about with them for days before they were dry enough to stow away. They have to be thoroughly dry for that. Canvas will rot if it is stowed away wet, and canvas has to be looked after.

Well, nobody could help the rain and we just had to put up with it. We had fallen to with a will, when we were told that it was all hands on deck, not because we liked working on deck all day, but because, since we had to do it, we wanted to get the job done and make sure of getting back into watch and watch on the morrow. We hauled out a complete suit of tropic sails for both the fore- and mainmasts and, with the starboard watch to the main and we to the fore, clewed up the royals and the two t'gallants together. We meant to do the thing with a swing, three sails a mast at a time. When we got the royals and the t'gallants changed, we would take the two tops'ls together; then both watches would combine to tackle the huge fores'l and the bigger mains'l, and to finish the day the lot of us would descend upon the mizzen-mast with a wild fury. The fore-and-afters could wait.

It was a good programme—if it had worked. We got the good royals off her and down on deck with a rush and were half-way through the t'gallants'ls. Then the rain

came. How it rained! The water just fell all over us in sheets; five seconds after that rain began we were absolutely sodden. The water poured into our eyes, down our backs, into our slippers, into the sheaths of our knives. The noise it made when it hit the sea was loud and sharp; it was interesting to be up there, high above the decks, and see the rain falling into the sea and sending up little spurts just as if it was falling on an asphalted street.

We did not come down from aloft. We had begun the job and we had at least to change the sails we had clewed up. The other watch was called down and sent below, leaving its sails half-handled, and when we had finished with our own we had to go on their mast, too. It was oppressively hot, despite the rain, and the work was hard. Changing sail is never an easy job, not even in port. First we had to clew up the good sails. Then we had to lay aloft and furl them. Then we had to get the gear from them and cut them adrift from the yards, lowering them on deck with a rope. Then we had to go down on deck and heave the tropic sail aloft, tramping around the capstan always because there weren't enough of us to haul them up by hand. That done, there wasn't any rest for us. Up we had to climb again—how beastly high were those riggings!—and lay out along the yards to stretch the head of the sail, and with only three boys to each yardarm that was a job not accomplished without an infinite expenditure of effort, an even greater expenditure of perspiration, and the use of a vocabulary that included all the cuss-words of five languages. Up and down, up and down, working like niggers on deck, toiling like Trojans in the rigging—we were at it all day long. Sometimes the rain hauled off for a bit, only to come back again, but it never brought any wind. The sails would have been easier to handle had there been a little wind in them to blow them out; they only hung lifeless and heavy

and dead. Being wet, they had shrunk a little and the job of getting them properly stretched along the yards was much harder than it should have been.

However, in the course of time, we did the job. Then at night again we were engaged in the obnoxiously objectionable job of hauling around the yards frequently and uselessly to every catspaw that came. And we thought we had the Trade-winds!

The next day it didn't rain, and all hands fell upon the sails again. We made better progress then, though it was hotter than ever, and the work was damnation. But if we did not work altogether cheerfully—that was impossible—we attacked those sails with energy and determination. The job had to be done; the quicker we did it, the better would it be for us. That is the sailor's code; very simple and very good. When you get a bad job, he says, you work like the devil; when you get a good job, you can swing the lead all you like. For he reasons that if everybody falls on these bad jobs—however much they hate them—with a will, the sooner will they be done and the quicker will the good jobs come along. Soda-washing off the Horn was a bitter job, but everybody worked at it as hard as they could and nobody hung back or tried to swing the lead. Later on, when the Trade-winds had come, they all took the easy and pleasant job of painting with a great deal less of energy and a great deal more of comfort. And that was how it should be. That style suited the officers, since they naturally also wanted to see the bad jobs quickly disposed of. Being wise men, and knowing that their boys could always be depended upon to work with a will when it was really necessary, they said nothing when sometimes on the easy jobs it was obvious that they weren't working with a will at all. And that was how it should be, too.

The abominably hot and windless weather continued.

If only the wind had blown we should not have minded. The heat was not so bad as the absence of wind. Day after day, night after night, the ship lay and wallowed, heading variously towards all points of the compass and progressing towards none of them. The water in the tanks became hot, and the bread wouldn't set, and the cook in his stuffy galley had a harder job than ever; and the ship wouldn't steer, and wouldn't go, and the sails wouldn't fill; and the sea wouldn't do anything but wash lazily along our fast-rusting sides and bring the barnacles to grow there. "Damn!" we said, and "damn!" again. Maybe the captain said more than that once or twice, when we had had ten days of it. He was not wholly to be blamed, if he did.

There were occasions when the only "progress" that we made was sideways. A pig was killed on one of these days of calm, and the refuse was thrown overboard for'ard. Hours later it was still there, about a hundred yards away broad on the beam. Could there have been a gesture more eloquent of stagnation?

That kind of weather brought sharks around, and in hunting them we forgot that it was calm for an hour or two. We dropped a few pieces of salt pork over first, to encourage them. Then we dangled a big piece over on a life-size hook, and watched. It was not long before one of the biggest of the sharks, swimming very leisurely, came along. We could see it clearly in the still water, just flicking its fins, with not an idea in the world that there was a chance of death within miles, with its little pilot-fish—there were five of these; pretty little striped things—swimming around by its nose. A yard or two from the baited hook we saw the big shark stop. The little pilots sped on, nosed about the pork for a second or two, whisked back again and reported all well. Then we held our breaths; one tremor of its fins and the shark

had moved on, right beneath us. Then, very slowly and very lazily, it turned over on its back, its great mouth opened, it gulped; and in an instant it was out of the water and being hauled through the air!

There never was a more surprised shark in the sea. It was so completely taken by surprise for an instant that it did not even shake its tail, but just hung there on the hook, lifelessly, while the little pilots sped about in great alarm and did not know what had happened. The shark was only still for a moment, though. Then it began to beat about violently, and as soon as it did so the hook broke out of its mouth and it fell back into the sea. Then it made off very much faster than it had approached the bait, with its pilots speeding by its head and asking it, in great excitement, whatever on earth had happened.

We did not think that we would see that shark any more, but, contrary to our expectations, it returned later and made frequent and exasperating examinations of the bait. A score of times its pilots swam around that pork, and swam back again. A score of times that shark nosed it, and turned over on its back to bite, but it never actually did so, and in the end it swam away. None of the other sharks came near the bait.

Everybody, from the captain to the youngest apprentice, took a fierce interest in the shark, principally, one supposes, because just then there was nothing else to be fiercely interested about.

II

After we were pretty sure that the ship we had seen was not *Beatrice*, there began to be talk of ways and means of getting through the light winds of the Atlantic faster than she could do. We knew only too well that it was in the light winds that she had the greatest advan-

tage, and it looked as if we were doomed to have a light-wind voyage. There were rumours that the captain intended to bend royal-stays'ls and a jib-tops'l, and a water-sail under the bowsprit, and goodness knows what else. The apprentices also spoke airily of skys'ls, and one youth said he had heard from the mate that we were to have studding-sails, too, though where we were to put either was a question that they could not answer. There was no place above the royal-yards for skys'ls, and to rig studding-sail booms would have been endless trouble. There were no spare spars either for skys'l-yards or studding-sail booms, anyway; but a mere factor like that didn't prevent fierce arguments as to when they were to be bent. Some swore that they had seen the captain cutting sails for a full suit of studding-sails, and Fyhrqvist the carpenter was pestered with questions as to when he was going to shape skys'l poles. The pessimists said that we'd never have a use for either.

Nyman, who had been in *Hougomont* last voyage from Port Lincoln to Europe, recalled that some days out they had fallen in with *Archibald Russell* and a keen race had followed. In *Hougomont* they bent water-sails and jib-tops'ls and extra stays'ls, and because the roach of the mains'l was so high from the deck they put another mains'l beneath that to waste no wind. Then they saw that barnacles had grown around the sides, and at endless trouble passed a heavy hawser right around the bottom of the ship and dragged it backwards and forwards, knocking the marine growths off. After that nothing would satisfy the boys than that Nyman should be lowered over the side in a bowline to see if our bottom could do with a scrape, too, but he reported that it was remarkably clean, so we did nothing.

However, we did bend royal-stays'ls, and very proudly

the boys hauled on the halliards the day those skyscrapers were first stretched aloft. They forgot, for the moment, that there wasn't any wind to blow them.

We made one memorable use of that long spell of light winds and calm. We put out a boat, one day, and took photographs of the ship. How beautiful she looked! How glorious she was!

It was the tiny motor-dinghy that we put out, and we encircled the ship twice. The captain, the mate, the stowaway, the steward, one or two of the boys, and I went. We had with us seven cameras, and we must have exposed at least fifty pictures. We none of us had had a better subject in our lives. It was a remarkable experience. We felt the thrill of it as we slid down a rope from the davit-head into the boat, bobbing alongside in the oily swell. It was queer to be off the decks of the ship in which we had been cooped—though we never felt cooped up—for so long; it was queer to see the masts and yards from another angle, when we had been so long accustomed to looking at them from the decks. How big was our ship! And how high the masts! How huge the sails!

All the cameras were loaded and everybody was aboard. We shoved off. We forgot that it was almost unbearably hot as the little outboard motor chugged us away from the ship; we were prepared, for the moment, even to overlook the fact that it was stagnant calm. A big, greasy swell rolled around us; sometimes we sank in a trough and only the sails of the ship were in view; sometimes we rose upon a glassy crest and the whole of her glory was before us. Old Glory! Beautiful Old Glory of the sea! That was what she was. We looked, and said nothing. Cameras clicked enthusiastically.

We saw our ship under the worst conditions possible. She lay stagnant upon a sea of dull and glassy calm, heaving slightly in a long swell that was not caused by

wind. There was no wind in the sails; there was no progress in the ship, no motion—except her gentle roll and gentle dipping—no life. And yet she was the most gloriously beautiful thing that any of us had seen at sea. All the poetry of the sea streamed in her white sails and sang in the working of her as she rolled. Rare, rare sight, these days; how fortunate were we that we could see it!

The little boat went right around the ship. We saw her from all angles, from ahead, from either bow, from both beams, from either counter, from right aft, against the sun, against the swell; and from all she was magnificent. Then, when we had exposed all our film, we stopped the motor and let the boat lay there, quietly drifting, content merely to drink in the glories of the sight. How beautiful is the old square-rigged ship at sea! Surely the water holds no sight more entrancing than the tall ship slowly rolling, spreading her sails to the skies, asking for wind.

The great white hull dipped and fell again. The water gurgled sullenly around the keen lines of the bow, as if it were sorry it was not breaking white there; and washed along the sides caressingly, as if it wanted to hold the ship there, in that calm, and gaze upon her; and spluttered around the rudder aft, as if it were glad to find it useless. Now the decks rolled into our view, clean and white, with the capstans, the boats, the caulked hatches, the ventilators, the pin-rails, the boy at the wheel—everything exposed to our view. Now she rolled the other way, and a broad sheet of red underside came slowly into view. Aloft the sails cut sharply white against the deep blue of the sky; on the water the great hull gleamed softly white against the deep blue of the water. We heard clearly the workings of her as she rolled, blocks creaking high aloft, yards groaning a little, sails slatting

back against the masts—all as if they were tired of it all and wanted to bear the good ship on.

"Oh, I cannot *believe* that I am really here! That that is really my ship!" said our stowaway in ecstasy. Being men, and therefore infinitely superior, we said nothing. But our thoughts were just the same as hers.

Was this the scene of all our heartbreaking toil? Was this the ship that had asked of us, sometimes, just a little more than we had to give? Was this the ship where we had reeled a little drunkenly around the decks at times, with muscles that had ached like fury and half-naked bodies that streamed with perspiration? Was this the ship that had crashed triumphantly through the great seas on her mad race to the Horn—this glorious creation that now rolled peacefully in the sea, as if she were part of it? Were those the yards upon which we had left our blood those cold and dark nights making for the Horn? Those decks the scene of infinite effort, endless toil, back-breaking work, impossible endurance?

Yes! It was all true. And we felt that no effort could be too great, no toil too heavy, no feat of endurance too impossible, to keep such as our great white sailer spreading her wings at sea. We loved our ship the more after that—though we had loved her well before—and we did not growl about the calm. For we knew that we could not complain if the sea held her to gloat upon her glory. It might not have the chance for so very long.

III

They told us aboard that pretty often they could not see the tiny boat in the swell, though we were never far away. There would be a mighty poor chance, one fears, of ever being picked up in a small boat at sea. The poor devils who get adrift in boats must go through hell. Although we knew that our ship was not far away and

we had a motor to take us there, it was awful to look in any direction that did not hold the ship. There was only heaving sea, and utter silence, and complete hopelessness, and death.

So we came back aboard and waited for the Trade-wind. It was the fifty-seventh day at sea that we put out the boat, and the ship lay in latitude 22° S., longitude 24° W. That night we hauled the yards around eight times, and all that we accomplished was to get the ship aback twice and lose four miles. Surely, we thought, the sea would take pity on us and give us wind after that; but it didn't. Two days later we had not advanced one degree. The sun rose daily out of a cloudless sky, blood-red, and glared down blazingly all day upon a glassy sea, and we hauled half-heartedly at the yards now and then when a catspaw came, and could not be blamed, surely, if we did not feel quite the embodiment of energy. Would the Trade-wind never come? Did it mean to leave the sea, when all the sailing ships had gone and there was no longer work for it to do?

When at last, on the sixtieth day at sea, there came a breeze from a little south of east that filled the sails and heeled us over, and brought the water breaking white all around, we feared to tell each other that we had the Trades in case it was only a trick again.

We need not have feared. It was the Trades, and they were fresh and strong.

CHAPTER XVI

A PLEASANT MEETING

YES, it was the Trades, right enough. That first day the wind was good and moderately strong, with a good deal more of east in its direction than of south, and we hummed along with the yards on the backstays and the boy at the wheel singing to himself as he held her to her course. How good it was to move again! Along the fore-deck the free watch sat up on the rail and watched the blue water turn to white as we came by, and speculated more or less inaccurately about our speed. We did about seven knots then, and it seemed seventeen.

Yes, it was the Trades, though we were tremulous about it at first, and the next day they roared for us, as if anxious to make up for their long delay in finding us on the wide water of the South Atlantic. We had begun to think, in our pessimism, as the ship lay so long asleep, that the Trade-wind had given up his job because there were so few sailers left for him to blow, and he was too old a patriarch to content himself with blowing the cinders off the decks of steamers that defied him. When he found us at long last it seemed that he guessed what we had thought, and roared through our rigging to assure us that it wasn't so at all. All that was wrong was that there were so few ships left that wanted him that he had rather a job to find them, sometimes. But he was still at their service! It was all very well for the sea to cling around us and to hold our beauty, for it feared that as it let each of the big sailers slip by into port it too fre-

quently had never the chance to loll lazily around their beauty again; but the Trade-wind had his job and he knew that the surest way to send the sailer to oblivion was to give her a long and weary passage. So he let the water boil in fury around us, and blew the more. We lay over heavily beneath a press of sail, every stitch in the ship set and drawing. Heavy sprays smashed aboard over the focs'l head and the fore-deck, and sometimes over the length of her, and there came so much water aboard we could not paint. Aloft white sail above white sail streamed out full in the blue sky; far, far below the keen cutwater, at the foot of the sail-stretched bowsprit where the figurehead kept guard, swept through the sea as we flew on; there came heavy squalls at times; the log showed 13, 14, even 15 knots, while the rigging screws set up their moaning and all the halliards sang with the strain of it all. Little Beckman and one of the A.B.s of the port watch and the second mate couldn't hold the wheel one night, when the lee rail smoked in the water and half the tropic fores'l blew out. Take sail in? Not on your life! Nobody ever dreamt even of standing by the royal-halliards no matter how hard the wind might have blown. It was the Trades! We had waited for them patiently and long; now we had them. "Blow on!" we said. "Blow on! And if you blow a tropic sail or two away, we have other better ones down below that you can have a try at, too."

We knew that the stronger blew those Trades the faster would we lose them. What of that? The faster should we come to Falmouth, too; and we already had been long upon the road. Sixty-three days, and twenty days of calm! Good Trades, a quick passage of the Line, good luck in the North Atlantic—here lay our only hope now of making something like a passage. The captain told me one day that *Herzogin Cecilie* always had

been unlucky in the South Atlantic, while she had been Finn, and she had always stopped for a rest in the place where she stopped for us. By the look of some of her old logs, he guessed she had exhibited the same peculiarity for the Germans, too. She had always had good luck in the North Atlantic, though, and generally that had counterbalanced the weariness of the South Atlantic calms. He had sailed her from the Line to the Channel in twenty-two days, more than once—steamship time, that! We hoped that she would make the passage in even less for us.

They were great, those Trade-wind days, though we had so few of them. We held the South-east Trade only five days—from Monday, March 19th, until Friday, March 23rd—and in those five days we came nearly twenty degrees. That was sailing; that was Trade-wind! Nearly 1,200 miles in five days! With the blue sky cloudless overhead, the blue sea, now flecked to white with the strong wind, all around us, and we the centre ever of our unending circle of blue beneath our unending dome of blue above, we came on with a bone in our teeth, and we must have been a sight for all the gods. The boys sang as they worked upon the reeling yards high aloft making good the damage that the passing of strong winds had left; the cook sang as he peeled his potatoes in the galley; the stowaway hummed English songs to herself as she painted the ship's name upon the lifebuoys. The fresh wind drove away the heat; we did not need, once we had checked yards a little in from the backstays, to touch sail or brace or sheet or halliard. We only had to hang on to the wheel, and sail on! None may know the beauty of the sea who has not made a voyage in square-rigged sail; and suffered and enjoyed and gone through trials almost unendurable and pleasure sublime!

The boys worked about the decks in the scanty trousers

of scanty bathing-costumes, and the colour of their lithe young bodies was a healthy brown, and the suppleness of those clean young bodies fitted in with the cleanliness and the beauty of the graceful decks. It was life! We lived! No throb of engine, no thrash of screw, no thrall of smoke here! Just the beauty of the clean-lined sailing ship, and the grace of her great white sails bearing her on to Falmouth for her orders.

And those orders, any voyage, might be the break-up yards.

II

So we came to 4° S. Then the Trades left us, and for a while we wallowed in doldrum calm. There weren't any good points about *that;* at least, there would not have been had we not had company.

On the day that the Trades left we picked up a sail ahead. Early in the morning it was; and the first light of day fell white upon the stranger ahead. We could see nothing but a lone white sail, shaped something like a pillar sticking up out of the sea, at first. She was hull-down below the horizon away ahead. *Beatrice?* That was the first thought that entered our minds. But as the hours passed we hauled slowly up on her, and—particularly as the wind was light—we knew we should not have done that so easily with *Beatrice.* There was a chance that this was again the ship we had passed before, twenty days ago. With so much of calm anything might have happened, and with slightly better luck than we had had she could easily have got ahead of us again on those days when we idly rolled and advanced about nine miles.

The stranger was a point or two on the lee bow when we first saw her, and we altered our course in order to come closer to her when we overhauled her. But the wind continued to drop, and we were hours chasing her before her hull showed above the horizon from the royal-yard.

Then heavy rain-squalls came, and it was impossible to see her clearly. A little group of the afternoon watch below spent three hours on the royal-yard, but they saw very much more of rain-squalls than of the other ship. Always we were in a squall, she was in a squall, or there was a squall in between us. We could not even distinguish the colour of her hull, and all the morning we were not sure whether she was a full-rigged ship, a barque, or a four-masted barque. It is very difficult to distinguish things on days of bad visibility at sea.

All sorts of statements and reports were circulated about the stranger. She had no mizzen-royal and was painted grey, said the mates for hours; she had three small royals and was painted black, said the captain. She had a big white house on the fore-deck and a main-royal-stays'l, said the starboard watch; she had an open fore-deck and no stays'ls at all, said the port watch. The cook was waving a frying-pan at us from the foreroyal-yard, said the apprentices.

The long and the short of it was that nightfall came with an ever-lightening wind, and we hadn't found out anything. The ship, for all we knew, might be a German "P" four-master coming up from Chile; or some lonely wanderer on the way somewhere empty on the offchance of picking up a cargo; or *C. B. Pedersen* from Sydney to the Channel with her wheat.

She flew an ensign all day, and so did we; but if she knew no more about our ensign than we did about hers when nightfall came, we might both just as well have hauled aloft our washing.

With the coming of night she was a point or so for'ard of the port beam, still hull-down, and still a mystery. As soon as it was dark enough we got our motor-generator going and hauled the strongest electric lamp in the ship into the jigger top. Then we started to morse, in the

hope that we should find out something more. We succeeded in telling her who we were and all about us, and she answered that she understood; but find out anything about her we could not. It was pretty obvious that she had no electric lamp, and with visibility still poor the oil lamp that she was using was very bad. It did nothing but blink a little feebly, at long intervals; if it was spelling out a message it was utterly unintelligible. We asked "What ship is that?" ten times, and could never get the answer. Then we asked, "Are you *C. B. Pedersen?*" and she answered something in Chinese which faded out before she was half-way through. The strong glare of our electric light lit up our decks as it carefully spelt out our requests for information, and the short dots of bright light silhouetted strangely the figures of the boys in the rigging. Everybody was there, trying to read what he said. Every time his lamp began to flicker a dozen forms hanging out of the jigger-rigging said in a loud voice: "C. B. P—" when nobody on earth could have read a letter. Then his lamp went out, and Fyhrqvist, our telegraphist, utterly disgusted, morsed him, "You have the bloody worst lamp I ever saw," and climbed down the rigging.

III

But that was not the last of this episode, by any means. The wind was light all night with very little progress, and dawn found the two ships in much the same positions. We were a little nearer, if anything, and when the rising of the sun brought a little breeze we fell off from our course three points to draw in to her. Then we steadily came nearer; at noon she was hull-down no longer and we could see that she was black painted, with a white stripe around the hull and big white houses on deck. She had three royals and the mizzen-mast was much shorter than the main. She had the most extraordinary sails set be-

tween her masts that any of us had ever seen. All these distinguishing points fitted in exactly with *C. B. Pedersen*, and when her signal number went up to her peak she was a mystery no longer. *She was C. B. Pedersen* all right, and she had sailed the same long road as we.

As we drew slowly closer we signalled her, first with the flags of the international code, then with the semaphore; then we yelled to each other, and then we talked. Sometimes the captain and second mate were signalling with the code flags aft, and the mate and the boys were talking away with the semaphore for'ard as fast as they could go. We had a lot to say to this ship that was giving us our first glimpse of faces other than our own, and she had a lot to say to us.

She lay about three lengths away on our lee bow then, and slowly, slowly—for the wind was very light—we came along her weather side, steadily overhauling her. How beautiful she looked! The closer that we came the greater was her beauty; the grace of her old lines and the flowing glory of her cloud of sails aloft drove all memory of stifling heat and oppressive calm from our minds. We must have looked even better to her people, for we had her against the sun and were on her weather side. We saw all her rigging, as well as the sails which were black against the sun. She was on our lee side and could only see the sails.

Then we began to talk, with megaphones at first.

"Hallo!" we heard a resonant and infectiously pleasant voice aboard her boom, and saw that it came from a youngish figure with a big pith helmet and a very brown face. The noise of chipping rust that had been evident aboard her stopped, and all her people crowded to the rail. We suspected there hadn't been much of chipping rust before, for that matter.

"Hallo!" we shouted back. "Where are you bound?"

"Queenstown for orders," came that cheerful voice. "All well on board. Where are you?"

"Falmouth," we said. "Sixty-five days out."

How strange the names of the good old order-ports—names that sang in the mouths of all who knew the ships-of-sail—sounded as they boomed across that water, there close to the Line on a deathly hot day in the year of our Lord 1928! Many, many times, in the days that had passed and the era they had taken with them, had cheerful figures from the poops of great ships boomed those names to each other, the while they inwardly vowed to be there the first! Queenstown! Falmouth! They don't sound much, maybe, when you hear a porter shout them on a railway-station. They don't mean much, maybe, when you read about their municipal elections in newspapers. But they have always been great names in sail; they have been the ports that were looked forward to by the sailors of a thousand ships upon ten thousand voyages.

He had had thirty-three days from Sydney to Cape Horn, he said, and passed that headland on February 19th. That was two days in front of us, so we had picked up two days on him in the South Atlantic, if he *had* got past us in a long calm. He had good weather round the Horn, he said, and had gone in close. He ran across in 47° S. and had seen ice once but no fog. He pricked up his ears when we said that we raced across in 55° S. He left Sydney on January 18th, a day before we left Port Lincoln. So he was in the race, too! That was good; we had not known that he had left so close to us. We thought that he set out earlier.

We talked away a bit—and then . . . had he seen *Beatrice?* we asked, and hung upon his answer.

He hadn't. He hadn't seen anything all the voyage of any ship remotely like *Beatrice*. All that he had seen was us, hull-down on the horizon, twenty days before.

(So that other ship *had* been the *Pedersen.*) He was very interested in our race with *Beatrice,* concerning which we gave him all the particulars we could. We believed that *Beatrice* must have struck head winds in Bass Straits, we said, or if she had tried to pass to the south of Tasmania she'd have had head winds there, too. We came through Bass Straits on a wind that died as we negotiated the last of that island-filled passage; and since we had seen *Beatrice* a long way to leeward off Cape Nelson we were inclined to think she had met bad winds there. If she had made for the Horn it was likely she had not had a good passage; on the other hand, she might have made for Good Hope and have been roaring through the North-east Trades while we yelled. We were not at all over-confident about it, particularly after all those calms.

The cheerful voice of the pith-helmeted figure of *C. B. Pedersen* expressed the hope that he would beat *Beatrice,* too. "It would be great if we could beat her for once!" he said, with a grimace that indicated that the *Pedersen* had not been in the habit of beating much—not in the 1927 wheat race, anyway. We told him to go to it, and wished him luck.

We had a lot more to tell him. There was a very interesting matter that we had not so much as mentioned; indeed, it was not until we were talking across a few yards of water as the two ships lay abeam that we told him we had a girl aboard, who had stowed away in Port Lincoln. We could see the ears of the entire crew of the *C. B. Pedersen* stand up as we said that. The cheerful figure with the resonant voice and the big pith helmet—we discovered later that this was Captain Dahlstrom, her master—nearly fell over with surprise. Then it was pretty obvious that the whole lot of them didn't believe it. A girl stowaway in a Cape Horn sailing

ship? Not on your life, they said. We never heard of it!

"Bring her up and let us have a look at her," boomed the cheerful voice. "It will be something worth looking at."

"If she will come!" we said; and the second mate dived through the charthouse below to find our stowaway, with not the slightest objections to showing herself—why should she have? She wanted to see the beauty of the other ship, anyway—putting on a new dress that she had made out of white flour-bags for the occasion. It was trimmed with little wooden buttons, painted green, that she had made too. She came up, and stood by the lee rail aft. Then all the boys of *C. B. Pedersen* rushed along their deck, upon the focs'l head, and out on to the jib-boom to see. The ships were very close, then, with the Swede a little abaft our beam.

The captain of the *Pedersen* and all his crew surveyed our stowaway minutely, with glasses, though she was close enough nearly to see the colour of her eyes, and didn't say anything for a moment or two. When they had recovered their breaths it was pretty obvious they had all come to the one conclusion, which was not necessarily the right one! The whole of the conversations took place in Swedish, of which our own stowaway understood very little, and sometimes it was just as well. Here were twenty-six men who had been more than two months at sea, and no girl stowaway had come with them to relieve the monotony. We found out later that they did not really believe about our girl; they thought she was a boy dressed up for a joke. But she was real enough.

All this time the ships had been gradually drawing closer and closer together. For half an hour or so we had slowly passed his weather side; then while we talked we drew a little, almost imperceptibly, ahead. We could see cameras clicking about his decks, taking pictures of

us. We were handicapped in returning the compliment, with the strong sun behind him, but our turn was to come. Our captain shouted to the *Pedersen's* Old Man that we should fall off across his bows while he hauled up by the wind; in this way we should be on his weather side and would see all his old ship's glory. The manœuvre was successfully accomplished; we fell right across his bows, so close that one could easily have thrown a potato aboard. What a glorious sight he made! Every stitch was aloft, the queer sails he had set underneath his courses and all, and with the sun now behind us all his sails gleamed a magnificent white as all the grace of the old sailer slowly rose and fell in the long sea. It was a sight not to be easily forgotten. It was a sight that nobody would want to forget, anyway. There was just wind enough to fill the sails and to set off their well-cut symmetry—we were both doing about two knots—and everything was ideal. It was a better day to see a great sailing ship at sea than that on which we put out our motor-boat, for it then was calm. If a steamer had come upon the two of us then, lying side by side in all our glory at this sea-meeting of ours, her people would have thought that we were ghosts of ships left there by mistake—ghosts of a glorious and doomed era, come back again to glorify the seas from which they had been driven for ever. Ghosts of ships—yes, that was what we were, left there in the sea by mistake. It didn't seem right that there should be a meeting of two great four-masted barques there under the Line in the year of our Lord 1928, when the world talked of ten-day airship passages from London to Melbourne and telephoned across the great distances it took the graceful sailer months to cross. It was almost too grand a sight to be true.

But we had each other to ourselves, and there was only the slowly heaving sea, and the blueness of the sky, and

now and then a school of flying-fish rising in between.

We were so close there might have been danger of collision once, but there was little danger really. We were slightly the faster ship in that light wind—in a heavy wind the lighter-rigged ship would have been left—and since the *Pedersen* was astern she could not run upon us. Still, we were very close. We could see the faces of all her people quite plainly. All boys, they were, just the same as ours. And how they needed shaving! It was cheerful to see the unshaved faces of other people, when for so long we had seen only our own. It was cheerful, too, to be lifted out of our own little world, in which we had lived so long, and to realise that it was only a very little world indeed, part of an infinitely bigger one to which we all belonged.

We brought our orchestra aft while the Swede lay astern, and played. They played beautifully, as they always did, and the applause of the *Pedersen's* people was boisterous and sincere after each number. They played again and again, mostly beautiful old Scandinavian airs, and now and then there came a voice from the other ship with a request for some old favourite. . . . A queer scene, that, and a queerer concert. It was surely part of another age, this meeting of great sailing ships at sea, that regaled each other with their music. . . .

So at length there came a little fresher breeze, and the people of the *Pedersen* dropped steadily farther astern. We left with cheers, and memories that would live while we did.

CHAPTER XVII

WE GO ABOARD

WE were very close to the Line then, and that fresher breeze came only to die away. The next day we were becalmed again, with black rain-squalls all around the horizon, and our friend *C. B. Pedersen*, with his uncanny knack—later we learnt that it had been acquired only that voyage—of sneaking ahead in calms and light airs, was again a few lengths away.

It was Sunday, and before very long we saw signals fluttering from his peak. "I am coming aboard," his flags read. "Welcome," we flew in reply. We saw his starboard lifeboat slip into the water, figures clambering down into it, and then it fell away from the ship and began to come towards us. The lifeboat was a big one and well manned, but it looked very small in the long Atlantic swells. There were often times, as we hung over the rail and waited for the boat, when we could not see it at all.

While the boat was on the way over to us we rushed about the decks and put things shipshape. A buntline here that a careless boy had left from its belaying-pin; a clewline there, full of turns; the stains of a hastily completed laundry on the fore-deck, that had to be scrubbed off; a pull on the lee forebrace, that had been hanging slack. We must look our best for the visitors! The mates rushed around and got things all real school-ship style before they disappeared below to don clean shirts and white-topped caps; the boys themselves, as soon as everything was in 100 per cent. order, slipped into their focs'ls and shoved on their best white shorts. Schmidt tuned his

violin and got the orchestra ready. The drummer had been under the focs'l head in his birthday suit, having a bath. Attired in sea-boots and a towel he was brought along to play his drums. Lines were put out for the boat, and a rope-ladder dangled over the side. Then when everything was ready, the orchestra stood by the steps on deck ready to strike up the instant the visitors stepped on the rope-ladder. And the copper-backed boys, all smiles and excitement, perched along the lee rail.

So the boat came on. It was a long pull, though the ships had looked so close, and the sun-browned boys of *C. B. Pedersen* had been pulling strongly for half an hour before they smartly took in their oars alongside us. Seven of them there were at the oars in shorts, sun-browned backs and beards, with two figures aft in whites and pith helmets.

The moment they came alongside there was great excitement. The cook deserted his galley, the steward his mess-room, and the man at the wheel felt like following their example. The first thing to come aboard was a big bag full of books, which was seized eagerly and borne aft. Then came more books, great bundles of them, and when they had all been passed up over the side Captain Dahlstrom, a cheerful young figure in becoming whites, jumped neatly on to our rope-ladder and climbed up the side. The instant the top of his pith helmet showed over the rail, the orchestra struck up a lively Scandinavian welcoming air, and the captain came over the rail all smiles.

"Welcome aboard!" said our captain—also in his Sunday best—heartily, as he came forward with outstretched hand to greet the visitor, his face also wreathed with smiles. A great occasion, this!

The two captains of the two great ships greeted cordially, while the orchestra played lustily and the blue sky

above looked benignly down on the glory of the old sailers lying there. Nobody said much those first few minutes. Everybody was content just to be there and drink it all in.

Then the neat figure of the mate of *C. B. Pedersen* came over the rail, and he was presented by his captain to our officers. Then the boys came up out of the boat, a smiling, slightly-built lad first, with the grace of body and the clear eyes of the sailor. He looked about fifteen as he sprang smilingly to our decks and bowed courteously in acknowledgment of our welcomes. We heard later he was the sailmaker. He was nineteen. Then came other lads, big, brawny youths, with muscles that rippled beneath brown skins whenever they moved; and we welcomed each in turn while the orchestra played away there as fast as it could go. We welcomed them all as if they had been the oldest of old friends; and no one recollected that we had never seen them in our lives before. They came forward to us smilingly, as if we were the oldest of old friends; and no one of them even thought that they had never seen us in their lives before.

The orchestra went on to play other airs. Our officers claimed the captain and the mate of *C. B. Pedersen* and took them away to the poop; our boys took the youths into the focs'l, and there yarns were swapped, jokes cracked, reminiscences enjoyed. Aft the officers were giving their version of the *Pedersen's* voyage; for'ard the boys were giving theirs. Both were interesting.

Then the party broke up into little groups, and we showed our visitors around the ship with as much pride as if she were a palace. We had almost forgotten that she was so interesting. The people from *Pedersen* looked with awe upon our sails aloft and gazed wonderingly upon the heaviness of our yards and rigging.

"Gosh! How many men have you got?" they asked.

"Twenty-six, all told," we said.

"Twenty-six!"

And they gazed at those great sails aloft with greater awe than ever. Our masts were high and our rigging strong; in their eyes, used for so long to the smaller ship —*C. B. Pedersen* had 3,000 tons of wheat, we 4,400—the trucks seemed a hundred yards above the deck and the fores'l looked big enough to cover a field. We were quick to notice their wonder, and not slow to feed it. We led them with pride to the seven capstans, in their different places around the deck, where we had always to lead our course-sheets because they were too heavy to dream of touching by hand; we chaperoned them around the strong braces, watched them try to close their hands around the shrouds, heard their comments as they gazed into the spacious galley and sniffed the inviting odour of boiling sweet soup; we showed them our huge sail-locker that filled the greater part of the space under the long poop; we exhibited the quarters of the apprentices, where some of the boys had their models proudly on the table; we took them for'ard to see the pigs, let them peep into the motor-room where was the generator for our wireless plant; and did not forget to let them grip the spokes of our big wheel so they might know what a really heavy wheel felt like. In short, we made a morning of it, the while the swapping of yarns went on and we learnt things about the *Pedersen* that her officers hadn't said, and they heard things about *Cecilie* that aren't in this book.

The girl? They asked often of her; always wherever the conversation began it drifted around to the girl. They said frankly they hadn't believed about our stowaway when we were shouting across the water; nobody had ever heard of such a thing! They thought she was one of the boys dressed up, for a joke. We told them it was true enough; but when with handshakes and fond farewells

they took their departure hours later they still pretty obviously found it difficult to believe that a girl could come in a ship like ours just because she wanted to, and become a pleasantly accepted part of it.

Captain Dahlstrom brought across a jar of sweets for our stowaway—heaven only knows where he dug them up—and an invitation to her to call over at his ship with our officers and as many of the boys as could get across.

Four hours after they had come aboard, the people of the *Pedersen* left us with mutual expressions of goodwill, a stack of books that we gave them for those that they brought us, and as many packets of cigarettes and matches—they had neither in their ship—as we could rake up for them. We played them aboard, and we played them into their boat again.

II

But before that a thing or two else had happened to add interest to an interesting day. One of those heavy rain-squalls that had been hovering around the horizon earlier suddenly whipped down upon us, and for an hour or two it looked as if it were quite on the cards that we would have to take the captain, the chief mate, and the seven boys of *C. B. Pedersen* on with us to Falmouth. The wind howled, the sea rose, and the black rain shut out the other ship from our view. Seas came over the fore-deck; the ship lay over heavily and snored through the water; and the wind hauled around the compass with surprising rapidity.

The whole thing happened with startling suddenness. We had been slipping along very slowly before a very gentle southerly air that would have taken a year to blow us to Falmouth, with no suggestion that the wind was going to get fierce all of a sudden, or do anything at all.

There were those rain-squalls knocking about, of course, and we were very near the Line, where anything might happen. But the rain-squalls had been there two days and seemed to have no intention of making our closer acquaintance; and those of them that had reached us before had never had a kick in them. The one that jumped on us from nowhere that bright Sunday morning, however, had kick enough for six.

It began by catching us flat aback, which wasn't a pleasant beginning, by any means. Still, it wasn't so strong then and the rain was not so heavy. We rushed to haul up the cro'jack and mains'l and to get the yards around, but while we worked the squall worked too, and quickly reached a velocity that was dangerous. Every sail in the ship was flat aback; driving rain continually blocked out the horizon; and we sailed backwards towards Cape Horn.

It was all hands on deck then, with a rush, and the boys from *C. B. Pedersen* came, too. We were glad of them! It would have been a job for us, even with all hands on deck, to get the eighteen heavy yards around with the wind howling against them the wrong way, and all the fore-and-afters shifted over, and the mains'l and the cro'-jack hauled up, and everything else done that had to be done to get the ship in order. The wind increased steadily. We thought it was just a squall, that would go as fast as it had come. But it wasn't, and it didn't go. The wind swung eight points in as many seconds after we had got the yards around, and caught us all aback again. What could we do, with a wind like that? We wore ship, then, faster than we had ever done before. It was a wild scene, that, with the tropic rain falling solidly on the boys' faces as they ran about the deck, bawling their sailors' shouts as they tramped the braces, hauled on clewlines

and on downhauls, and the ship lying over until her lee rail smoked through the water and it was hard to stand on deck, and *C. B. Pedersen*—where?

That was the question. Aft our captain stood in the lee of the big charthouse with the captain and the first mate of the Swede, peering into the murk for a glimpse of the other ship. She had been upon our lee side when last we saw her; when the wind came we were too busy to look. With a wind like that, that must have caught her all aback exactly as it did us, it would be fatally easy for the ships to drift miles apart in half an hour; indeed, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that by the time the horizon cleared neither ship would be visible to the other. We were doing fourteen knots, though we had the mains'l and the cro'jack off her and many of the fore-and-afters in. It was a strange position in which we found ourselves, with the captain, the mate, and half the focs'l of another ship on board; not knowing where the other ship was! It would be stranger still if we had to take them on.

When the ship was around, all hands, as thoroughly wet through as they possibly could be, stationed themselves around the rail and searched through wind and rain for *C. B. Pedersen.* The captain and the mate from her were the coolest men aboard. Captain Dahlstrom had left his second mate in charge—he had no cause to suspect a sudden wind like that—and from the quiet way in which he took things he must have had perfect confidence in the ability of his junior officer. He peered steadily through the murk in the direction in which he thought his ship would appear, keeping his eyes fixed upon that place with quiet confidence, serenely unperturbed by the rain that smashed into his face and ruined his pith helmet, heedless of the wind that howled around him.

His confidence and his trust were rewarded, for he was

the first to see, dimly through the driving rain, the blurred outline of his ship hurtling along not half a mile from us. Only for an instant he saw her; then the rain shut her out again.

The wind, still up to its mad tricks, had hauled around again then, though this time it didn't catch us aback. Braced hard by the wind, we were flying through the water back for Cape Horn. The compass showed that our course was south by east. We couldn't have that!

And yet we couldn't put about either, and bear away from *Pedersen* with half her crew aboard. We couldn't put about if she didn't know. We couldn't just go away and leave her there. What was to be done? The wind was stronger than ever; we were losing ground with an amazing rapidity in a place where we least wanted to lose it and where, in all probability, it would be most difficult to get it back; we were sailing for Cape Horn when we should have been going across the Equator. The instant that we had seen the *Pedersen* had shown us that the second mate was about his business, with the small crew that was left aboard. The mains'l and the cro'jack were hauled up, and he was clewing up the royals.

A bunch of signal flags ascended to our peak, and blew out in the rain. "I shall wear ship," they said. The second mate would know that he must wear ship, too. But could he see those signals? Seeing that we couldn't even see his ship, it was hardly likely. The only thing that we could do was to hang on until we saw him again sufficiently clearly to be sure that he could read the signals.

Anxiously we gazed into the rain again. All this time the *Pedersen's* lifeboat had been towing alongside, going at a great rate with the spray flying all over it. In the instant that the squall had come, seeing the danger of the boat being smashed to pieces if it remained untended there, one of the boys from the *Pedersen* and an appren-

tice of ours slipped over the side and down into it. Then they let go the stern line and allowed the boat, fast now only ahead, to swing out wide. Then the *Pedersen's* boy sat at the tiller to guide her off and our apprentice stood ever ready to fend her with a boathook. They must have had a great view of us driving through the water; they said it was magnificent, afterwards.

At length we saw the *Pedersen,* more clearly this time, driving along on the strong wind in the same relative position as she was before, and the instant that we saw her the answering pennant flew to her peak. A smart officer, that second mate.

We wasted no more time then. So long as the *Pedersen* was with us we must trust to a chance coming later for her people to get back aboard, though the wind then showed no signs of diminishing. It was blowing too hard to tack, so we wore her around. We raced those braces along the deck as we never had before, and everything went with a great swing. We had her around in less than a quarter of an hour, and when she was going course again —towards the Equator instead of Cape Horn—the wind dropped considerably though the rain was still with us. Not long afterwards the rain had cleared sufficiently for us to keep the other ship constantly in sight, and the wind dropped back to little more than nothing. Our anxiety was over.

It was dinner time then, and before they returned to their own vessel our visitors joined us at our fare of sweet soup and cooked preserved meat. There was plenty for all, and it was a memorable Sunday dinner. It had been a memorable morning, too.

A little after 1 o'clock both wind and rain had gone completely, and to the accompaniment of our music and our cheers the lifeboat set out again. It had been only a doldrum squall, after all, though it had been long

enough and hard enough, in the circumstances, to cause us all some anxious moments.

III

In the afternoon it was calm again, with no trace of the morning's adventure in the still air, and when an hour or two had passed and nothing had happened we put our little motor-boat in the water and set off to return the visit of the morning. The *Pedersen* was about three miles away then, which was a long way to travel over the Atlantic in a little dinghy that was scarcely fifteen feet long. Our captain came, and the first mate, and the stowaway, and three of the sailors, and I. The little motor plugged gamely away as we dropped from the high white sides of our ship, and we felt very small when we were half-way between the two ships and couldn't see, as we fell in the troughs, below the t'gallant-yards of either of them. We could not see two swells ahead, even when we rose on the crest of a sea, and the pretty little sea-swallows flitted around as if they could not make us out. We hoped that a school of flying-fish would fall into the boat, but that a porpoise wouldn't. There were plenty of both around.

As we came nearer the black-painted *Pedersen* we could see her people, all in their Sunday best—sea-wear, of course—and some of them even shaved, hanging over the rail waiting for us. Their music—two big Swedish accordions—began as we commenced, one by one, the ascent of the rope-ladder, and we reached the deck to the accompaniment of sweet Scandinavian airs and quiet Scandinavian welcomes.

"Welcome aboard!" said Captain Dahlstrom, as he advanced to meet our captain, and presentations were made, and the stowaway looked about in wonder—and was looked at in wonder, too—and all of us enjoyed to the full this rare experience of boarding another sailing ship

than our own at sea. And it was an experience, too.

The keen eyes of the sailors swept over the rigging and the sails first, drinking in details no landsman on earth would ever notice. How handy she was, and how small—compared with ours—were her yards and sails! We felt that some day we should like to sail in such a ship as she, where all hands wouldn't have to be called out to clew up the t'gallants'ls and the watch on deck could tack her, if they felt like it. They told us later that pretty often, in strong winds, the watch below had to be called out to pull on the course-sheets, for most of which there were no capstans. So she wasn't all unalloyed bliss, either.

We were taken into the roomy focs'l—she had such big houses on deck there was scarcely any deck left—and had coffee, with a drop of something stronger, too, to bind the bonds of good fellowship. We were shown their photographs, photographs of the *Pedersen* in port, of half her sails blown out in a cyclone in the North Atlantic, of seas coming aboard, of the girls they'd left behind them and the ones they'd met in Sydney, too. We weren't at all surprised when they informed us casually that when the ship left Liverpool with her cargo of rock salt for Sydney some nine months before, the only member of her focs'l who had ever been in a sailing ship before was the nineteen-year-old sailmaker. Oh, no, we weren't surprised. Very much the same thing applied to *Herzogin Cecilie*, almost every voyage. The oldest member of the focs'l was twenty-two, and he was an Englishman who had joined in Australia for the voyage to Europe. He'd been in cattle-ships to South America before, and had been two years in Australia; God knows where he hadn't been. He was one of the real wandering type of Englishman likely to turn up anywhere from the police force of Djibouti in French Somaliland to the focs'l of a Swedish four-masted barque on a voyage around the Horn to

Queenstown for orders. He had not been in a sailing ship before; he told me he liked it very much. He was a very quiet young man; I did not know that he was English until it was nearly time to leave the ship.

When we had eaten our fill in the focs'l we were shown around the decks, where again the eyes of the sailors lapped up details that they would remember for years. The sailor who notices nothing ashore has an uncanny power of observation when he gets aboard a ship; the sailor who remembers nothing of the ports he visits except the flavour of the beer has a vividly accurate recollection of the intricate details of the ships in which he has sailed and aboard of which he has visited. We saw that the tops'l-halliards were chain—ours were stout wire—and how the royal-stays led; we saw that the pigs' house was just outside the focs'l and that the false poop aft must have made an admirable place for being drowned when heavy seas were sweeping aboard; and a host of other technical and involved details of the greatest importance to the sailor and not the slightest interest to any one else on earth.

In the course of our wanderings we came into the carpenter's shop, a roomy apartment in one of the big houses on deck. Here the old carpenter showed us the work that he had done, the little models of yachts that he was making for his young sons at home, the working model of the fore-part of a ship on which the apprentices were taught to send down masts and yards, the blocks that he had made; and we looked aloft again at the mainroyal-yard that he had fitted there. A real old sailor, this carpenter—a typical member of a craft which is now doomed. There never was a handier man than the old deepsea sailer's carpenter. He had to be prepared to turn his hand to anything and to everything. In a way, he had the most responsible job, next to the captain, in the ship.

He never took his orders from any one other than the captain; and he had to be prepared to make, at a moment's notice, anything from a cradle for the captain's wife's new baby—which he may quite possibly have helped to assist into the world—to a new topmast for the foremast. He was all things. He was blacksmith, shipwright, rigger, joiner, cabinet-maker, carpenter, sailor—and he excelled at all of them. He could stand a watch, if a mate were ill, and trim a yard with the best of them. He knew more about the ship he sailed in than her captain, and he loved her just as much. And he was one of the most perfect workmen that ever trod a ship's decks. The type is finished now. Steam doesn't want them, hasn't any place. A few still lurk in hiding-places ashore, where they turn out work as splendid as they ever did, that no one ever sees. But the most are gone.

We were lucky to meet a fine example of this type in the carpenter's shop of *C. B. Pedersen* that eventful Sunday. He had been in the ship two years, he said. Just exactly how many sailing ships he had been in he didn't care to remember. He knew the ships of every nationality, and spoke of them with the affection of the old-timer who would stay in sail while there was a tall ship to go in. We wandered into his little cabin in the poop, later on, and there we saw his models of the *Cutty Sark* and the *Thermopylæ*, made perfectly to scale from old plans that he had dug up from somewhere—God knows where. They were small, but of exquisite workmanship. The glorious lines of those old clippers shone out beautifully in these models. He had been a year making each, he said. They must have been almost priceless.

He had other things in that cabin, little things that he had made. There were walking-sticks of ebony and shark's backbone that he had made for friends ashore, and there was a tiny model of a sea-chest, in ebony and Singa-

MAKING FAST THE FORE ROYAL

A SAILOR'S JOB

COMING DOWN THE ROYAL STAY

UP AND FURL IT!

pore mahogany, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that he told us he had made for his wife eighteen months before. He hadn't had a chance to take it home. We didn't see anything that he'd made for himself.

We were three hours aboard the *Pedersen*, and it seemed like three minutes. A school of porpoises came around and Captain Dahlstrom got his harpoon gun out to have a go at them, but none came close enough. While we were all yarning in the focs'l and in the saloon, the man at the wheel called out that another ship—a *third* ship—was in sight, and he thought it was a sailing ship. Another sailing ship? We all rushed up to see.

It did look something like a sailing ship at first, this blur upon the horizon that only keen eyes could see. How interesting if *Beatrice* should turn up too! But while we speculated there came a cloud of smoke from the stranger, and everybody trooped below again. It was only a steamer.

It was sunset when we left, and the music was playing again, and a little breeze had come, and the old sailer looked more glorious than ever slipping along quietly with squared yards against the setting sun. It was a glorious sunset, too—no riot of brilliant colours spreading over the sky, but a quietly beautiful day's ending, with the softest of soft shades turning the heavens to a gentle paradise that harmonised perfectly with the nearer scene. The little breeze freshened as we left, and we had some anxious moments before we came again aboard our own tall ship. Still the rain-squalls were hanging about the horizon, and the swell that had rolled greasily before was now breaking a little; we noticed with dismay that the *Pedersen* was sailing so fast that we could not leave her. *We* were in a bit of a fix then, or we should have been if we had accepted it. But we got the oars out, and pulled as we had never pulled before, and the little outboard

motor chugged away as it had never chugged before, and as we rose and fell in the seas we noticed after a while that we were slowly gaining. It was a long pull, and a hard one. The sea seemed alive with porpoises, and we saw the fin of a shark or two poking evilly above the surface. We fervently hoped that neither would come too close to us, for it would not have taken much to upset our tiny craft. And if she had been upset—well, the Atlantic was over four miles deep just there. We pulled on, and the perspiration poured from us.

At last the white sides of the *Herzogin Cecilie* loomed above us and we were home. It had been a great day, but we were not sorry when once again we trod the decks of our own ship, though her sails were huge and her yards were heavy, and the watch below might have to be called out pretty often.

There was one thing which especially pleased Captain Dahlstrom about his meeting with us. Always before the *Pedersen* had had the worst of luck on the Line and in the North Atlantic. On her five-month voyage from Australia the previous year she had spent two months between the Equator and the Channel. So when he heard that our captain had never been longer than a week on the Line in all his career, the captain of *C. B. Pedersen* looked forward hopefully to the breaking of his ship's bad luck at last.

And the next day, with *C. B. Pedersen* a white blur astern, we came across the Line. The wind began to blow from the north-east almost immediately.

CHAPTER XVIII

GETTING NEARER

BUT it didn't stay in that desirable quarter. Oh, no, that would have made things too easy. To be sure, the wind that came from the north-east did all that it could to stay and to wax stronger, but there were other forces that were doing all that they could to disrupt it, and, to our forcibly expressed exasperation, for some four or five days they won. A queer neighbourhood, these Doldrums. We had again the old and thrice-cursed trio of calms, light winds, and rain that had already so unduly lengthened the voyage. It looked as if we would be extremely fortunate to get anywhere near Falmouth in less than a hundred days.

For four days that North-east Trade-wind tried to come, and for four days it did not succeed, and the process of waiting for it, accompanied as it was by infinite bracing, endless toil, and the expenditure of a great deal more perspiration than we cared to lose, was worse than unpleasant. If that had been the only delay of the voyage we might not have minded. But it was about the twentieth. The only thing that we could do was to try to be patient. If we did not always succeed, we were only human.

Often we had a pronounced swell from the north-east, and though we had been deceived by a good many swells that voyage we still could gain some shred of hope from them. Often, too, the wind came gently down from the same direction as the swells; but as often as it came it was driven away again. A villainous south wind was lurk-

ing always upon the horizon, and when he thought that those attempts at the coming of the Trade were getting too strong, he sneaked across with one of his allies, the rain-squalls, and soaked the new-born Trade until it got sick of it and went away again. He was always there looking for fight, that south wind, and he always won, damn him! We wouldn't have cared if the south wind had stayed, for that would have helped us towards latitudes where we might expect a more determined effort on the part of the Trade—but he was too cunning for that; his job was to keep the Trade away from us, not to help us to it! Daily we were helpless spectators, soaked to the skin, of this one-sided encounter; how dearly we should have loved to take a hand in it!

We would have kicked that south wind and all his rain-squalls to hades.

On Saturday, March 31st, when we had been seventy-two days at sea, we of the port watch went below at 4 a.m., leaving a good seven-knot north-east breeze. When we came on deck again at 8 a.m. it was raining and there wasn't any wind at all; and that typified the whole day. Still, those Doldrum days on the Line were not without their interest, and the sunsets and the dawns were glorious. One day a perfect rainbow formed around the ship, and for hours the old white four-master came gently on with the softly-coloured halo around her. It was so close and it fitted the ship so perfectly that it looked as if we could go up and grasp handfuls of that halo from the royal-yards.

The flying-fish broke out of the water by our side, the bonita came around, and porpoises, and sometimes sharks. We tried to catch them all and succeeded only in getting one small shark and a bonita that nearly poisoned all hands. A flying-fish came over the side one night and the cat found it in the scuppers in the morning. There-

after puss vigilantly patrolled those scuppers every dawn, but her zeal was never again rewarded.

When at last the Trade-wind came it was fresh and strong, but following out the perversity of this old world it was too far north. We wanted to steer due north; with the yards on the backstays sharp for the wind, we found that the best course we could lay was somewhere towards the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Mexico. We wanted to use that Trade-wind to get us north; we found that it was giving us longitude that we did not want, and we weren't making the latitude that we did want at all. We were driven too far beyond 40° W., and we came unpleasantly close to the outskirts of the Sargasso Sea.

We had hoped that, when it was so bad at first, when we came to 10° or 12° N., the Trade would improve and allow us to lay a course more northerly. It did, too, but the harm had been done then. If that did not improve the prospects of our voyage, however, it did not spoil the enjoyment of the Trade-wind days for us. They were glorious, those sunny days, with the ship flying on—off her course—with every sail drawing its fill of the wind-filled blue air and the white foam roaring by. There came hard squalls at times, and we had to shut the ports of our cabins because the sea was coming in. Sometimes the lee rail for'ard skimmed along the very surface of the water, and when there came a big sea it fell over because there was nothing there to stop it. Some of the rags of the tropic sails blew out at times, and we lay aloft and bent others. We did not mind that; it was grand work aloft in weather like that, and we knew that every sail we shifted then would be one less to handle on the day when those tropic rags had to come down to make way for better hard-weather canvas for the passage of the North Atlantic.

In one particularly hard squall we had to take in the

royal-stays'ls, not because the ship could not carry them, but because they were blowing out; and when a little group of us were sweating on the downhaul of the mizzen-royal-stays'l, the belaying-pin carried away—it was at the fife-rail 'midships—and the lot of us spilled across the listed deck and fetched up with a clout on the lee rail. Some had wooden clogs on, some were barefoot, and there was more than one soft toe jabbed with a hefty boot that morning! It was great fun; nobody let go of the rope.

If we used our free time in those Trade-wind days to the fullest advantage for ourselves, the afterguard saw to it that we used the watch on deck to the fullest advantage of the ship. There was much in the rigging that required attention, though it was not there that we concentrated our forces at first. We had to get the ship looking her best for port, and that entailed work that was almost endless. Everything on deck had to be painted at least twice, and there was teakwork to varnish, brass to polish, and all the decks to scrub and holystone, and scrub again. And when it was all done and the bright moonlight flooded the decks by night, the lookout man found himself more often looking back over the beauty of the ship in which he sailed than for'ard for the lights of other vessels. The moon flooded the white sails and the white and pale blue paintwork with a soft white light, and gleamed in the polished teak, and softly shone on the loudness of the brass, and played upon the water around, until all was glorious and everywhere was beauty. Always we sailed with beauty; the form of the little world that held us was beautiful, and its name was grace. Who may understand the call of the great sailer who has not sailed in one?

Perhaps that is why the sailor so loves the ship he sails that he leaves her always with regret, if the voyage has been long and the food short, and remembers her with feeling all his life. Perhaps that is why the sailor is so

clear-skinned and blithe in his ship at sea; and that is why when he reaches the restraining ugliness that exists in most ports he seeks to drown his sense of beauty in beer.

We crossed a steamship lane one morning, but all that we saw were the lights of a cargo steamer that waddled past an hour before the dawn, obviously unaware that there was such a thing as a four-masted barque within a thousand miles. We tried to morse her to report that she had passed us, but for all that she saw of our signal lamp we would have been as well engaged in trying to talk to the moon. The lights waddled by, and we sailed on—a pretty unsatisfactory kind of an encounter. We had not the faintest idea what steamer it was; all that we could know was that she appeared to be bound somewhere in South America.

Then on the eighty-second day at sea the Trade-wind died and we lay becalmed again. The Sargasso seaweed lay all around, and we were too exasperated to swear.

II

In the ship there happened to be a number of old German records, though in the years that she had been Finn most of these had melted away. I managed to get hold of those that were left, one of those days of calm, and found them very interesting. The Germans certainly knew how to drive ships, if one is to judge from these carefully compiled reports of their voyages over a period of two or three years. It appears that every sailing-ship master was expected to record where he met the Trade-winds, and where he lost them; how he fared at the Line, and where he crossed it; how he fared off the Horn, and how many days he spent there; where he saw ice, and what the temperature of the water was, and so on. If he met a cyclone that blew the masts out of his ship, he still kept

hourly records of exactly what happened—meteorologically—for the guidance of fellow master-mariners who might later be similarly afflicted. If a German sailing-ship master died at sea, I believe he would have used his dying strength to record his impressions of that experience and exactly what was happening, very methodically and very exactly, for the use of some authority and the guidance of others who might follow him. It is very good, this keeping of records. In the days of sail all this information about the habits of the Trade-winds—for the Trade-wind doesn't just blow regularly from the two Tropics to the Equator, north-east in one direction and south-east in the other, waiting to be found; it can be a very elusive factor, as we had cause to know—and experiences off the Horn must have been of the utmost value to sailing-ship masters setting their course. Indeed, Captain de Cloux, of *Herzogin Cecilie*, found the carefully tabulated records most useful, and in places they had been heavily underlined with his notes.

Nowadays the chief value of these records, however, lies in the light that they throw upon the story of the sailing ship; and in that story the German ships have written a very interesting chapter.

It was in the Trade from Europe to the west coast of South America that the Germans showed to greatest advantage. They made a specialty of this; principally because they were largely interested in ore-mines there from which they got valuable raw material for use in their factories and in their foundries, and many of their best ships were regularly employed in this trade. Chief among these come the five-masters *Preussen* and *Potosi*—the former a ship, the latter a barque. Every sailor, of course, has heard of these ships; but I must admit frankly that I had no idea what magnificent sailers they were. I had been accustomed to consider *Preussen* chiefly noteworthy be-

cause of the fact that she was the world's only five-masted full-rigged ship, and *Potosi's* greatest claim to distinction that she was one of the world's few five-masted barques. But I found that their rigs, uncommon as they were, are nothing in comparison with the voyages that they made. It seems difficult to understand that such huge ships—*Preussen* carried forty-three sails of a total area of nearly 6,000 square metres—could be handled as well as they were; a five-masted full-rigged ship is no plaything! It would be a very much more difficult, not to say dangerous, feat to man-handle a ship like *Preussen* in her voyagings around the Horn than to sail one of the little clippers in their China voyagings around Good Hope, one would be inclined to say. The China tea-clippers, many of them, sacrificed all to speed because speed was such a vital factor in their work, and they were manned by big crews of experienced sailors, and carried huge spreads of canvas. The German west-coasters were built to carry and to stand up to the hard weather of the Horn; they carried no kites, and their crews were small. The speed with which they sailed with their nitrate or their ore to Hamburg didn't matter so much as the fact that they got it safely there, for the market value of that kind of cargo didn't fluctuate with the duration of the voyage. And if they made grand voyages and sailed splendidly, it was more for the love of the thing than because they had to. The competitive spirit among the Germans was keen—very much so—and one of the services which these records served was to promote this rivalry. If one could make a better rounding of the Horn than *Preussen!* A better passage to San Francisco than *Herzogin Cecilie!* These were the aims that the German masters set themselves, and they drove the ships that they had for all that they were worth. One reads, now and then, that a voyage prematurely ended somewhere "in distress."

The performances of *Preussen* and *Potosi* are amazing. In 1903 *Preussen* sailed from the Lizard to Iquique in fifty-seven days. In her first ten voyages her average between the Channel and Chile outwards was 68 days, and homewards deep-laden with saltpetre her average was 72 days—an average of 140 days for the round trip; that is to say, for ten voyages in the Cape Horn trade, she averaged six knots all the way! That was sailing! She was a ship of 5,081 tons register, and it must be remembered that these voyages to Chile around the Horn were not easily made. On every voyage she had to round the Horn twice, and the Horn is not kind to sailing ships—once she had to go around the wrong way, against the permanent winds, and once with them. Rounding the Horn the wrong way is the hardest job that may fall to the sailer's lot, especially in ballast; and on nearly all her outward voyagings *Preussen* was in ballast. Yet the longest time she was off the Horn in all those voyages was 20 days, and the shortest was 8 days. "Off the Horn" in this sense is reckoned from 50° S. in the Atlantic to 50° S. in the Pacific, so that it means a good deal more than simply getting around that stormy cape. It means sailing about 1,500 miles, against permanent winds and currents, in a place where both are particularly strong and the elements are frequently dangerously vicious. One might say that such a ship as *Preussen* represents the limit of what the great sailing ship can do; the question arises whether a use could not be found still for such ships as she? One is inclined to say that it could. To average six knots over ten voyages in such a Trade as that is as good as some tramp steamers—and better than tramps—could do; and the sailer has no bunker costs, no ports of call, no engines to require attention and repairs, no huge running costs. And with the marvellous system of lighterage that the Germans built up she could be turned around in Chile al-

most as quickly as a steamer. The Germans did all things by "system." They kept records of all things; they learnt by all things; and they saw that the lessons were remembered. If they failed, they recorded how they failed; if they won, they made notes on how they did it—and both the records were invaluable. And they certainly won with *Preussen* and *Potosi.*

Potosi's record is almost as good as *Preussen's.* On a voyage from Chile to Germany in 1903 *Potosi* sailed from Cape Horn to the Equator in 18 days 3 hours; from the Equator to the Lizard she was 21 days 3 hours, making her time from Cape Horn to the Channel 39 days 6 hours in all. That was her best time in ten voyages from 1901 until 1907; *Preussen's* best time for ten voyages from 1902 until 1907 for the same passage was 44 days 2 hours. Her average, however, was better than *Potosi's.* For those ten voyages *Potosi's* average from Cape Horn to the Channel was 54 days 7 hours—26 days 6 hours from the Horn to the Line, 28 days 1 hour from the Line to the Lizard; while *Preussen's* average was 51 days 3 hours—25 days 2 hours from the Horn to the Line, and 26 days 1 hour from the Line to the Channel. In November 1908 *Potosi* sailed from the Line to Falmouth in 16 days, but her total time from the Horn to the Channel then was 41 days.

On her outward voyages for this same period *Preussen* averaged 22 days 4 hours from the Channel to the Line and 22 days 1 hour from the Line to 50° S. She sailed in March 1903 from the Channel to the Line in 13 days 2 hours! She sailed 380 miles in a day—nearly 16 miles an hour.

Still, one cannot resist the temptation to recall the fact that the little British ship *Thermopylæ,* of little more than 800 tons and with nothing of the power and driving force of the Great Wind Germans, sailed from the Lizard

to Cape Otway in 60 days. It is 13,200 miles from the Lizard to Cape Otway; it is 9,500 from the Lizard to the German Chilean ports. There have been splendid British flyers since the days of *Thermopylæ*, too—the Scot four-masters *Loch Torridon* and *Dundee*, for example. In 1892 *Loch Torridon* which was no boomed clipper, ran from England to Melbourne in 69 days, and for nine days in the Roaring Forties averaged continuously 12 knots; *Dundee* in 1889 sailed from Montrose to Sydney in 76 days. *Loch Torridon* and *Dundee* both passed to the Finns; *Loch Torridon* was lost in January 1915, in the North Atlantic, while *Dundee* was broken up only a year or two ago. *Preussen* was lost under the South Foreland in November 1910; *Potosi*, under the name of *Flora* and flying another flag, was sunk by gunfire when she had become derelict in the South Atlantic in 1926.

It was not only *Preussen* and *Potosi* which did well in the west-coast trade. In all the voyages that were made during 1902, 1903, and 1904, it is rare that one sees one recorded that is over 100 days, either outwards or homewards. It is the remarkable consistency of these German ships which is particularly noteworthy. The voyages that the most of them made were never records, but they were always good—and they were not built to make records. The very first voyage recorded in the *Tabellarische Reisenberichte*—the little volume from which all this is gleaned—for 1903 is one by the small barque *Pestalozzi*, Hamburg to Talcahuano, 71 days; Antofagasta to Start Point, 89 days. The barque *Prompt*—still afloat, though now under the Finnish flag—sailed the same year from the Elbe to Valparaiso in 80 days, and from Iquique to the Lizard in 86. The ship *Posen* went from Hamburg to Valparaiso in 68 days; the four-masted barque *Persimmon* from the Lizard to the same port in 82 days, and back in 81; the ship *Melpomene* sailed from Cardiff to

Iquique in 80 days; the four-masted barque *Hebe* from the Lizard to Iquique in 76 days, and back to the Channel in 67; the ship *Terpsichore* made the same voyage in 73 days outwards and 95 days back; the ship *Palmyra* travelled from the Elbe to Talcahuano in 85 days, and back from Iquique to the Channel in 77; the *Pamelia*—gone to the break-up yards only the other day—made Valparaiso in 68 days from the Lizard, returning from Iquique to the Channel in 75 days; the four-masted barque *Pitlochry* (a big fellow of 3,088 tons) was 63 days out from the Elbe when he anchored in Valparaiso Bay and had his orders off the Lizard 72 days out from Iquique on the return passage; the four-masted barque *Pisagua* (2,852 tons) did exactly the same voyage in 70 and 74 days respectively. These are not the best voyages, carefully chosen. They are taken haphazard from the record, and they are amazingly consistent.

Of these west-coasters one line still survives—the Laeisz "P" ships, of Hamburg. And they are the most famous of them all. *Preussen, Potosi, Pampa, Pisagua, Pitlochry, Posen, Pamelia, Pestalozzi, Persimmon*—all these were Laeisz ships. To-day there are seven—the four-masted barques *Parma, Pamir, Passat, Priwall, Padua, Peking*, and the full-rigger *Pinnas*. We heard when we left Australia that they were setting out to build once more vessels of the type of *Potosi* and *Preussen*.

It is interesting to look, for a moment, at some of the German records in the Australian trade. The four-masted barque *Herzogin Sophia Charlotte* (2,581 tons and a training-ship for the Norddeutscher Lloyd before *Herzogin Cecilie*) sailed, one reads, from Honolulu to Sydney in 31 days—good going, that! For there are few strong winds to be met there. Then she made a summer passage from Melbourne to the Lizard in 77 days, and there was nothing wrong with that, either. To Honolulu,

by the way, she was 117 days from Leith. From Europe around the Horn to Honolulu and California—across the Equator twice, and through four Trade-winds—is one of the longest voyages that a ship may make; to accomplish it in less than four months must be reckoned as good.

The four-masted barque *Alsterdamm* sailed from San Francisco to Sydney in 43 days in 1903; the same year the four-master *Thalassa* was 86 days from Port Blakely to Fremantle; the *Wandsbek* was 65 days, Portland (Oregon) to Melbourne; the four-masted barque *Optima* (2,845 tons) was 36 days from San Francisco to Newcastle, New South Wales. (And her master greeted the Australian pilot with a smile of pleasure, I warrant!) The barque *Tellus*, a vessel of only 1,465 tons, was 83 days from New York to Adelaide; and the four-masted barque *Lisbeth* (2,453 tons) was 79 days from the Elbe to Sydney. The barque *Josefa* had no cause to be ashamed of her passage of 36 days from Cape Town to Melbourne, though 91 days for the return voyage was not so good. A year later the same ship came from the Lizard to Fremantle in 87 days, but her return passage again was not so good. There are other good voyages. The barque *Marco Polo*—there is a hulk in Melbourne that bears that name; one wonders if she is the same—sailed from the Channel to Port Adelaide in 98 days; the *Wappaus* (a barque of only 1,270 tons) made Brisbane in 99 days from the Lizard; and the barque *Pamelia* was only 79 days for the same voyage to Melbourne. The ship *Aldebaran* (1,913 tons) was 87 days Liverpool to Melbourne, returning from Port Pirie to the Channel in 99 days; while the *Susanna*, a ship of about the same tonnage, sailed from Gravesend to Sydney in 76 days and then took a cargo of coal from Newcastle to Valparaiso in 35 days. The *Bertha*, a little barque, was 62 days from Buenos Ayres to Sydney, while the ship *Senator Vers-*

mann reached Fremantle on the 88th day out from the Channel.

One reads also of bad voyages, of course, though not often. In some cases it appeared that the German masters made such bad voyages that they did not mention the time they took at all, but merely gave the weather information they had collected. The *Oregon*, a ship of 1,890 tons, was 188 days from Philadelphia to Hiogo, and the four-masted barque *Robert Rickmers* did not reach Nagasaki until she had been 195 days on the voyage from Penarth. Another four-masted barque named the *Columbia* made an even longer voyage, being 201 days from Philadelphia to Hiogo. A long time, that! And a hard road for the sailer to sail, too.

Some of these records throw an interesting light on the kind of voyages that the sailing ships used to make, not so many years ago. The *Carl*, for example, a ship of 2,017 tons, reports that she used part of the 1902, 1903, years, and part of 1904 on the following voyage:

	Days
Elbe to Yokohama	157
Yokohama to Portland, Oregon	24
Portland, Oregon, to Tsingtau	64
Tsingtau to Port Townsend	54
Yacoma to Falmouth	151

What an experience for a boy a voyage like that would be!

At that time the sailer still was a frequent sight in San Francisco harbour—not the fore-and-after of the American type, but the tall Cape Horner of masts and spars, deep-laden in with coal and out with wheat—and some very good voyages are recorded for this long passage, 16,000 miles around the Horn, across the Line twice, and through four Trade-winds. It was a passage to try out any ship; yet they did it, barques, ships, four-masted

barques, generally in the same time that an Australian sailing-ship voyage is made to-day—about four months each way. The ship *Ariadne*, 1,772 tons, sailed from the Lizard to Santa Rosalia in 105 days, while the four-masted ship *Wandsbek* was 117 days from Penarth to the same port and the four-masted barque *Omega* was 129 days from the Elbe. The *Lisbeth*, of the same rig, sailed from Port Ludlow to the Channel in 117 days. The *Niobe*, a four-masted barque, was 127 days from the Channel to San Francisco, and the ship *Nesaia* (broken up as the *Barmen* in 1925) reached the Lizard in 122 days from Astoria.

These voyages are all given as average. There is nothing in any of the records to indicate that they were looked upon as anything else. But I wish that I could get hold of a *Tabellarische Reisenberichte* of the good old English ships! The *Lochs*, the *Drums*, the *Hills*, the *Forths*, the *Shires*, the *Glens*, the *Lords*, the *Counties*, the *Sierras*, the *Clans*, the *Banks*, the *Bens*, the *Ports*, the *Castles*—not proud clipper ships, watched by nations, but stately old four-masters and barques and full-rigged ships that for a quarter of a century and more carried their cargoes well and delivered them quickly, and were driven for their lives now and then, and lay rotting in port now and then, too, because they could not get cargoes, and in the end were thrown upon the scrap-heap. Many of the German ships whose voyages are commented upon here were originally British, rescued from that scrap-heap and sent to sea again.

Of especial interest in the records was the first voyage made by *Herzogin Cecilie*. She was built in 1902, and her first voyage was around the Horn to Portland (Oregon). Fifty-three days out from Germany she arrived at Montevideo in distress; from there to Portland she was 66 days, and from Portland she sailed back to Falmouth

in 105 days. Then she returned from Dover to San Francisco in 112 days. These were good passages.

III

We had had Easter in the few days that we held the Trade-wind, and we killed a pig in honour of the occasion, regaling ourselves upon Easter Sunday with roast pork, roast potatoes, apple sauce and tomatoes, with prunes and cream to follow. Who ever heard of such fare for sailors? The Finn ships were well fed, *Herzogin Cecilie* especially so, though, of course, we were not always bloated with such fare as that. The sailors had a superstition that the killing of a pig brought better wind, if there was wind; and if there were none, then the slaughter would bring some. So, with the avowed motive of appeasing the weather-gods and of beseeching them for wind, but with the real motive of appeasing their stomachs with a meal of pork chops, they petitioned the captain, when we had this exasperating calm again, that another of our grunters under the focs'l head should be sacrificed. The captain, not averse to another burst of pork himself and certainly eager to do anything that would bring wind, agreed, and with many gory rites another inhabitant of the pigsty was sent to a place where he could grunt no more.

We had our fill of pork all right, but we didn't get any wind. We had instead more of these wonderful dawns and more wonderful sunsets; we were treated to sea-beauty that was glorious, but we came no nearer to Falmouth.

And all the time the weed of the Sargasso Sea lay thick around. It was a strange experience, that; often thick belts of the brown weed stretched out to the horizon as far as one could see on either side of the ship, and we lay wallowing in a great basin of blue streaked with these very long and very regular brown lines. Some of the

younger boys began to be perturbed lest the weed should grow so thickly that it would hem us all around; they had read of things like that in the books that sent them to sea, and they were always half-expecting the most amazing things to happen. They would not have been surprised had we come upon some old-world derelict enmeshed in that weed, some craft that had fought with Nelson against France and, disabled in some great sea-fight, had drifted to the eternal peace and solitude of the Sargasso Sea to rest for ever. The stout timbers of those old ships would keep for years; who knew that we might not find some hoary old survivor still aboard, or pirates, and chests of gold? Queer, queer things drifted in the weed of the Sargasso Sea, said the books; derelicts, and wrecks, and ships whose crews had mutinied and then could not sail them; but we scanned the horizon in vain, and all that we saw among that weed, as we disturbed the solitude of the outskirts of the Sargasso Sea, were big fat crabs crawling around.

We hauled some of the weed aboard with boat-hooks, and found it teeming with life. Besides the crabs, which were particularly bad-tempered brutes, there were shrimps and most amazing minute fish. Some of these were like miniature sword-fish, complete in every detail although only about 3 inches long; and some were short and conical and fat. The boys leapt upon all these "victims" and consigned them to bottles to be borne proudly home, later, and exhibited as colour for sea-yarns to their people and all the girls that would look at them. There were extraordinary collections of souvenirs going home to Finland and to Sweden in the sea-chests of the apprentices of *Herzogin Cecilie*—sharks' teeth and pieces of leather that had been cut from a shark caught under the Line; a peculiar sucker-fish in a bottle, that had come aboard fast to the log one day; a barnacle, knocked from the ship's side in

Melbourne, in another bottle; the wings of a flying-fish, tacked on a piece of board; a paper-knife made from the wing-bone of an albatross; and a model of the ship; and a boomerang, bought in Melbourne, that had never felt the grasp of an aborigine's hand in all its short life; and a scar or two upon their young hides, too, that they wouldn't show.

We changed sail one of these days, and it rained, of course, and a gantline carried away and a lower tops'l fell into the sea, giving us a strenuous two hours trying to get it back. Big sails like that are not easy to handle at any time, and when they are wet they become almost unmanageable. It was flat calm at the time, without even an oily swell, and the sail did not drift away. It was only an old lower tops'l and had been in the ship since 1908, but it was still whole and we did not want to lose it.

It was very hot in this calm, and changing sail was hard work. Changing sail in a big sailing ship at sea, at the end of the run through the Tropics getting ready for what gales may come in the stormy North Atlantic, amounts to the performance of no less than four big and heavy jobs. Every sail in the ship has to be made fast, which takes hours even when she comes into port; every sail in the ship has to be unbent and rolled up on deck, and stowed carefully away, which takes a day even in port; every sail has to be bent, which takes two days, usually, lying at anchor; and every sail has to be set, too. None of these is an easy job; it is doubtful which should be reckoned as the worst. At sea, of course, one is used by long practice to the heavy work aloft and it comes much easier, and the sails are handled better and much more quickly than could be the case in port. Even so, we were two days on the job. We changed every sail, though coming into the Tropics we had left one or two of the older ones aloft; and the sails that we put up for

the North Atlantic included eight new ones that had been sewn during the voyage—the four jibs, the maintop-mast-stays'l, the mizzen-royal, the gaff-tops'l, and the lower spanker—and as each of these took the breeze for the first time the watch below turned out to criticise its cut and the way it had been sewn, and to point out where improvements might have been effected. These remarks, of course, were intended for the edification of such of the youths who had sewn the sails, and these never failed hotly to repudiate any suggestion that the job could have been improved upon by any one in the ship, or by any one else on earth, for that matter. There were arguments that lasted hours over the length of the stitches that some one had put in the roach cloth of the gaff-tops'l; the focs'l critics said the leaches of the mizzen-royal were too slack and the sail set like a bag. The sailmakers, who had worked hard on these sails, said vehemently—and rightly —that they were as good sails as could be turned out in a loft ashore; and there would have been a fight about it if somebody hadn't yelled from the focs'l head that a big whale was coming across to see what ship it was. Then everybody jumped up on the pinrail to see, and sure enough there was a whale about 70 feet long gambolling by the side of the ship. He remained playing around all the afternoon, and when the argument about the sails began again it was stale.

It was grand, in the evenings when the work of shifting sails was over, to fling one's tired body down on the focs'l head and lie there, staring into the water that played sulkily around the bows, gurgling and spluttering as if it were not sure whether it would like to be breaking white there or not, and watching the crabs jumping busily about the weed that was drifting around. Sometimes little fish came to nibble at the barnacles around the forefoot, pretty little chaps that refused to be caught, snipping the bait

off our hooks with such an air of sophistication that we decided another ship must have passed that way not long before. And if there had been another ship there it must have been a sailer; and if a sailer had been there it must have been *Beatrice!* We were depressed, cast down, almost in despair—all because a score-odd pretty little fish laughed at our crude methods to catch them. All the voyage, for that matter, *Beatrice* had been prominent in the minds of all; every unusual cloud was the Swedish four-master, and sometimes when a white-topped sea contorted the horizon for a while, that was *Beatrice*, too. Scarcely a night passed without somebody dreaming that *Beatrice* was in port, or that she sailed past us doing twenty knots while we lay becalmed, or that she was on her way to Australia again. We were nearly three months at sea, then, and it was a long time to be always trying to get the best out of your vessel to beat another ship—a very good other ship—with not the least idea where that other ship was.

Then, on one of these days of calm, there came a faint catspaw from west of north that caught the ship aback. It was a very faint catspaw, so faint that if we had had it on the right side of the sails we would have felt that we were not going ahead at all. But since it wasn't on the right side and we were going astern, we seemed to be going very fast indeed. We passed a big clump of weed on which there were crabs that must have been a foot wide. When we got the wind upon the after side of the sails at last, it was a most depressing experience to sail past that same clump of weed for the second time and to see the crabs sitting there, grinning at us.

We did not hope much from that catspaw, seeing that we lay in less than 32° N., and we reckoned that we could not expect strong winds from the North Atlantic at that time of the year until we reached at least 35°. For once,

however, our gloomy forebodings were wrong. That cats-paw stayed, and grew into an air; and that air stayed, and grew into a gentle breeze; and that gentle breeze stayed, and grew into strong wind; and that strong wind stayed, and grew into a gale, and we came ramping on!

In the intervals of sunshine then the boys got out their shore-suits and cleaned the mildew from them, and our stowaway began to be concerned about what she would do with herself in Europe. Having got there by such desperate means, she wanted to see something of the place; the captain did not cheer her with the news that what he expected was that a big fat policeman would be waiting with an irate message from her parents and a return passage to Australia. She said she wouldn't go.

We woke up one morning to find that barefoot days had gone with the flying-fish into the wake astern, but we didn't mind that. We looked forward to Falmouth in something like a week, for we had come past the Azores Islands and the wind was good.

CHAPTER XIX

"—AND THE HAZE WAS ENGLAND"

WE had been eighty-nine days at sea when we cleared the Azores. We had intended, if the wind allowed us, to stand to the nor'ard of the group, giving them all a wide berth, though if the weather were clear the Old Man would naturally have made a landfall at Corvo to check his observations. We had made only one landfall all the voyage, and that wasn't any use. It was the heights of Staten Island seen dimly through the Cape Horn mist, and we did not know which headland of the island it was that we saw.

The wind, with a habit it had, did not allow us to go where we intended, and the weather did not allow us to make a landfall. The wind was from the north, compelling us to head through the fairly wide passage between Flores and Fayal, steering "by the wind," and when we had accomplished that the wind hauled farther ahead and the night thickened. We had still one island to pass —Graciosa—and all hands spent an anxious night, concerned that we should not weather through. The mist came down worse; we were three points from course; we were not sure where we were. And our instruments? We were three months at sea then, and they might pardonably be a little out. We stood on anxiously, a double look-out peering into the night and the mate standing by the helmsman exhorting him to get the last ounce out of her, and the captain examining his charts, and his calculations, and walking the poop with one eye on the sails aloft and another on the murk ahead and both pretty wide

open. We could have worn ship, of course, and stood away. But if we could only weather through, that manœuvre would be a waste of time, and we hadn't any time to waste if we were to get to Falmouth before *Beatrice*. For all we knew, she might have been in Falmouth then. It was by no means impossible.

The wind freshened to half a gale, and still we held the royals, shaking them as close into the wind as possible. The fog cleared a little, in patches; we saw the lights of a steamer a-lee, and overhauled them—we were doing thirteen knots; few cargo steamers do more than nine. We were glad of the sight of the steamer's light, for she was standing the same course as we. It was a pretty safe conclusion, then, that we should weather island, for if she were a-lee there wasn't likely to be any land there.

We did so; daylight dispelled the fog, and before us and all around was nothing but the heaving greyness of the North Atlantic. We were clear of Graciosa and all the Azores, and had seen nothing of any of them.

But a thing or two happened before then. At a little after 4 o'clock in the morning, for one thing, we had the most vivid thunderstorm that anybody in the ship had experienced. It had been muggy before then, and close, when it should have been a little cold, and we expected that something would come of it. It did! With appalling suddenness the sky seemed to burst into a sheet of flame that lit up the whole ocean and instantly dispelled what there had been of fog; there was a roar as if all the stars up there had been throwing gelignite at each other, and the whole lot of it had exploded; and once the show started it kept on as if it had never any intention of stopping again. The thunder boomed and crashed and roared, until we feared that if it kept on much longer there wouldn't be any sky left; the lightning flashed and crackled and burst, lighting up the blackness of the sea

and the gleaming wet of the driving ship's decks with a strange effect. Some of it came uncomfortably close, and queer blue lights danced about the steel rigging and on all the steel yardarms, and out by the sharks' tails and the jibboom end. An eerie effect, that! The crashing thunder, the vividness of the lightning throwing everything into high relief, the tumbling sea, the blue lights dancing on the yardarms, as if they had come to join in making the show as interesting as possible. Then came the wind! And we had to lay aloft and set the royals fast in the midst of those blue lights. The thunder seemed very close to us up there and the flashes of the lightning somewhat uncomfortably so; we kept a wary eye on those blue lights, too. We didn't know what sting might be in them, and we man-handled the wet canvas of those royals pretty fast. Looking up from the deck at the boys climbing aloft and laying out on the yards was especially interesting, with the lightning-sheets playing on them at intervals and the eeriness of the blue lights silhouetting their oilskinned forms against the pitch blackness of the hour before the dawn. It began to rain, too, and it rained like fury. It wasn't so interesting when it came one's own turn to lay into the rigging. In *Herzogin Cecilie* we clewed up the royals by beginning aft with the mizzen, which the whole watch took. Then two boys went aloft to set it fast while the rest moved to the main, and when that was hauled up as snugly as fouled gear and ill-led buntlines would allow—some darned thing always goes wrong when you clew up sail at night—two more boys lay up there. That didn't leave very many to handle the fore-royal, and by the time that was clewed up and two boys had gone up to the yard, there were only two and the mate left on deck. They had enough to do, most times, listening to the yells of the youths in the rigging to slack away on this buntline, which was jammed, or to

haul up on this clewline, which had been neglected, or to tighten the weather-brace before the jerking of the yard pitched them off into the sea.

What is being on a royal-yard under conditions like that really like? One supposes that that would be a subject of interest to those who only read about such things in books. Well, it would be terrifying if one were unused to it. It would be suicide, if one didn't have cool nerves, a clear head, and not the faintest tendency to height-sickness. But with these things, accustomed to the job, it is an exhilarating and an interesting pastime and there is not the slightest danger at all. The ratlined rigging—that is, to the uninitiated, the wires with steps on that go up the masts—does not reach to the royal-yard, and the last few yards you have to get up the best way you can. That is easy enough. In a square-rigged ship there is plenty of gear aloft, and there is always something to hang on to—the backstays, the royal-halliards, the buntlines, the clewlines—and to swarm up those last few feet presents no difficulties. The mast sways wildly; the rigging doesn't just "stay put" there—as they say in America—for you to stroll up, as if it were a ladder; it bangs and slats about, and twists, and writhes, and slackens, and tautens, and swishes in with a mad rush now against the mast, now with a wild swing out over the sea, twisting and writhing all at the same time; here and there a ratline is gone and you have to ascend a few feet without the aid of "steps"; here some gear that has carried away is swinging a block about, and you might get a crack across the head if you didn't look out. It all sounds rather terrifying, maybe; but custom laughs at all these things. You just go up; you don't think about them. The ship lurches, and rolls, and staggers; the wind howls, and shrieks, and moans, and tears at your coat; if you look into the wind you can't breathe and your eyes run

so much you can scarcely see. If you look below you see, dimly, awful, indistinct, the blackness of the reeling decks, with phosphorescent white here and there that is the sea rushing around. If you look up you see the mastheads describing circles against the blackness of the night, uncertainly, unceasingly. You look both up and down, and enjoy the sights, the while your leg muscles tell you those riggings are high and you notice with relief that you have passed the lower t'gallant-yard. Not much more! And when you reach the top you make a swing through space for the yard, feeling for the jackstay with your hand and the foot-rope with your sea-booted foot. You always find them; you are up there pretty often, and you know pretty well where they are.

The first sensation of getting on the yard is one of relief. The ascent of the rigging is at an end; you can take a breather, for a second or two, before you begin with the sail. The canvas is flying about over the yard; the gaskets are foul around the clewlines; the weather-leach is making a great old clatter. Never mind; with two of you getting in a royal presents no difficulties. You begin the fight at the centre of the yard, thumping down the canvas that is bellying back, hauling up the canvas that is hanging down beneath the yard and against the foot-ropes, until you have all the canvas up on the yard beneath your stomach; then you make a skin of the last foot or so closest to the yard, punch all the rest neatly into that, brace your knees against the yard and roll her up, whip a gasket around, and the job's done! Then out to the weather side. That is the worst, out there. You have made the middle fast to take the weight off the canvas when you have thumped it into shape enough to roll, and that makes things easier. With that weather side, though, you go about the job a little differently from the methods that conquered the middle. You grasp the wire side of the

sail first—and it kicks so strongly that you can scarcely hold it, in a big wind; that side could drag you over the yard easily enough, if you lost your nerve, but nobody thinks of things like that—and drag it in along the yard. Then you get the foot, and lay that up beneath your stomach, too. Then you can handle the canvas easily enough. The weight is in the side and in the leach; once they are up you may go on unconcernedly with the process of picking up all the slack of the canvas, making a "skin," thumping everything down into it, rolling it up on the yard, and slipping the gaskets around. Then you have the weather side fast and the job is done. There is little kick to lee.

When it is raining and blowing very hard it isn't much fun being aloft; still, in conditions like that you are generally well wet through before you leave the deck, so it doesn't much matter. Hauling up the gear by the weather-rail is an occupation fraught with much exposure to the seas that toss over there, not to mention the certainty of making the acquaintance of more than a few of them, right up to the neck. What does it matter? It is better to be wet through with salt water first; salt water doesn't hurt you, and give you colds, and rheumatism, and gout, and bad tempers, and indigestion, and such ailments. At least, sailors say it doesn't, and it gives one some peace of mind to believe them.

The thunderstorms went with the night, and the dull light of morning found the ship pitching on through the cold greyness of the North Atlantic. The wind hauled right aft, for the first time in two months, and continued to freshen. We made the cro'jack and the mains'l fast, and all the fore-and-afters, because they weren't any use with squared yards. The cro'jack and the mains'l kept the wind from the fores'l, where it was more use, and the

fore-and-afters caught no wind and were only banging themselves to pieces on the stays.

It was just as well that we got some of the sail in then. The wind came on fresher—it was a Sunday, and if ever there was hard weather it generally came on a Sunday since that was supposed to be our day of rest—and before long had grown into a gale. The sea was high, the ship laboured heavily, steering badly, and filled the foredeck with water. In the galley the cook cursed at the pans and pots that would not stay upon the stove; in the saloon the steward cursed because the plates would not stay on the table; in the focs'l the boys couldn't sleep, and couldn't eat because the soup slopped out of the plates with the ship's wild motion, and couldn't get dry because all their clothes were wet, and couldn't get warm because the Cape Horn stoves had been taken down for the passage of the Tropics and had not been put up again. But they did not curse at all. It was fair wind! And the harder it blew, the sooner should we come in from sea and have a rest.

The wind was changeable, as if it wasn't sure whether it should help us or blow us back, and it swung around every hour. And three or four times every hour we had to come out to fool about with the braces, or the sails, or some gear or other. On Sundays, it was the practice to allow the crew to spend the watch on deck as it liked, except for the necessary work of looking after the sails, the braces, the wheel, and the look-out. But somehow or other all those things seemed always to require an infinitely greater amount of attention on Sundays than upon any other day of the week, or, for that matter, than upon the whole of the other days of the week put together. The week-days were for work and sailing the ship; Sunday was devoted exclusively to sailing. Perhaps the fact that the mates had nothing else to do on that day than to look for "nec-

essary" jobs with the sails had something to do with it. On other days the sails could wait; the work had to have first attention.

On this particular Sunday of the gale we had no peace at all. Now we heard the whistles of the mate, summoning us forth to make fast some stays'l. We did it, and went below. Two minutes afterwards we heard the whistles again, and trooped up to haul a few feet on the braces. Then we went back to our washing, or our writing, or our model-making once more, but before we could get into the swing of it there came those whistles again. A few more feet on the braces, and set again the stays'ls that we had hauled down, since the wind was now sufficiently on the quarter for them to be of use. We squared the yards, and hauled them to this quarter and to that; we shifted over the spankers, and brailed them in, and hauled them out; we hauled down the stays'ls again, and hauled them up yet once more; we shifted over the jibs, and shifted them back again; we hauled them down, and set them fast, and loosed them, and hauled them up again; we set the royals a little after midday, and at nightfall made them fast again. At eight bells in the morning, when it should have been our watch below, we made the cro'jack fast with all hands; while we were below the other watch set it again, and at six bells in the evening, when we should have been below again, all hands made it fast once more. We heard the unmelodious shrieks of the mate's two whistles twenty-nine times that Sunday. We knew, because we counted them.

Still, that was an unusual day. It wasn't the officers' faults, though, of course, it is not wholly impossible that unkind remarks were passed about them. It was unusual that the whole of the day should be devoted to sailing the ship. It is not very often necessary, at sea; the winds that come generally stay for at least an hour or two with-

out changing so much that the yards must be raced to meet them. In the North Atlantic, however, we found that things were different. The North Atlantic isn't kind to any ships; cold, grey, sullen, heaving its surface about always as if it were brooding over something, it has always been the sworn enemy of the sailing ship. That we should have a rough passage there was only to be expected.

The day was relieved by one circumstance. A little after noon we saw another vessel ahead, and very soon she resolved into an oil-tanker bound in ballast from Europe to somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, we reckoned. She altered her course when she saw us, and came staggering over, making a good deal heavier weather of it than were we. She came quite close—a grey-painted motor-ship (we thought) with white houses, pretty new by the look of her—to have a look at the great white ship racing on. We read her name—*Vanja*, a Russian girl's name. She hoisted her colours and we saw she was Norwegian; and when she passed she dipped to us, and we acknowledged the compliment to the ship we sailed by dipping the white-and-blue ensign of Finland in return. It was an interesting little tableau, that—the brand-new oil-tanker, fresh from the shipyards, maybe, embodying every gadget of modern sea-science, motor engines, gyroscopic compass, and whatnot, dipping her new colours to the lumbering old ship-of-sail whence she sprang. . . . We saw figures on her deck—not many of them; motor oil-tankers need only small crews—running about excitedly bending over cameras.

A day or two after this good wind we had calm again.

II

On this day of calm I seized the opportunity to have a yarn with our stowaway. It was rather extraordinary,

having a girl stowaway with a sailing ship, and I wanted to find out what she thought about things. Her views were interesting.

"I was never happier in my life," she told me. "I know that I was looked upon with suspicion and distrust—anything but friendliness—when I made my presence known at first; I knew that it was a rotten thing that I had done, to come here. But I had done it, and now I had to make the best of it. I was glad to turn to as cabin 'boy,' and was not long in discovering that there was plenty for me to do. The ship had no cabin-boy, and previously the steward had had to do everything himself. I set out to please him all I could, and do all I could, and so win a way to something approaching the toleration of the ship's company. I am glad to say that in the course of the long voyage I came to be looked upon, more or less, as part of the ship's company, and no one seemed to have any violent objections to my being there. They didn't like it, of course.

"I have gone to some pains to discover what were the sailors' objection to the presence of women in their ship. I found them pretty natural. There are three chief ones, I think. First, that the presence of one unattached woman in a ship of men is highly undesirable and sure to cause trouble, in one way or another; secondly, that the nervousness and 'intuition' of women is bad for the *moral* of the sailing ship; and, thirdly, that the more delicate nature of woman renders her unfit for the long and hard voyages of the sailing ship, which require a strength of character as well as a physical strength that would find a good many women out. I pooh-poohed these objections, of course—for am I not the representative of my sex?—but looking back now I admit frankly that there is more than something in them. They are, indeed, pretty logical—the whole three of them. It is the second that is of

most importance, perhaps. There is no place for nerves in a sail-ship, and her people don't want to hear of 'intuitions.' If things are coming, they want to let them come, and meet them then—not to worry about them beforehand and fret themselves into a state of nervous prostration so that they cannot deal with the emergency when it arises. I have tried always to remember these three factors that counted against women, and tried to shape my life accordingly. If I have intuitions, I don't tell anybody; if I am nervous sometimes, I try not to show it; if I ever don't feel quite like myself, I just keep on; and I have taken the greatest of good care that no one could say I caused trouble. Still, it isn't an easy business, being the only woman in a foreign sailing ship, for a three-month voyage around Cape Horn and through both Atlantics.

"Everybody has been very good to me, after the first few days when their pessimism and anger worked off a bit. It was a rotten trick I had played on them, I knew; they hadn't the faintest idea that any one would ever do anything so out of the ordinary as to stow away in their ship, and they were hurt, too, to think that I had said I would do it and they hadn't taken any notice. They told me afterwards that they thought the humiliation of that last day at the wharf would be enough to choke off twenty women. So it would have been too, only—I don't know—something that wasn't me seemed to urge me on.

"The days have passed pleasantly enough. I made a dress or two, and always have plenty to do. I have nothing to do, of course, with the boys for'ard, although they are all most gentlemanly and respectful. They are a very fine stamp of boy in this ship, and the life aboard is admirable. How do I like the life? And going around Cape Horn? I loved it! It was wonderful! Beautiful! Glorious! I understood at last the urge that had sent me there; I found I was alive.

"It is hard to explain—it always is hard to explain anything worth while—but there is an attraction about life in a sailing ship such as *Herzogin Cecilie* which is almost overwhelming. I find it so, in any case. One is free from all worries, for one thing—cut off from the world—and that is an advantage, sometimes. There are no 'other people,' only ourselves. I mean, life in cities and in towns is so hemmed about by what 'other people' think, and do, and say, and wear, that it is a pleasure to get away from it all. They are no better than oneself, these 'other people,' but they are pretty hard taskmasters at times. Then there are no newspapers to disturb one with the woes and the misery of the world. I find that an attraction. Reading newspapers, one becomes accustomed to a state of nervous apprehension for strikes, wars, plagues, and other calamities, not to mention the possibility of the sudden ending of the world. It is queer how things just go on peacefully and smoothly at sea, away from the newspapers, and all seems right with the world. When we come to port to see the shrieking headlines again, I suppose it will be to find that it wasn't. It has been right with us, anyway! I don't want to make port, though it will be interesting. It will mean the end of the beautiful sea-life for me.

"No one who has not been in one can conceive how beautiful it is to be at sea in a sailing ship. Everything is beautiful, and peaceful, and clean. Noiselessly, with a gentle motion, the great ship glides on with the water breaking into white at her bows and lapping softly all around her. One can, in some indescribable sort of a way, get outside oneself in conditions like that, and look in, and see the things that do matter and those that don't. One realises with something of a shock that the things that don't matter a scrap are too often those to which we give the most attention. We see things in their proper per-

spective at sea, and the little things stay little, and the big things grow big. The sailing ship is a wonderful developer of character and moulder of lives; and she is a creation of beauty indescribable. Every day is different, and every day is beautiful, and always there is beauty all around.

"It is the best thing that has ever happened in my life —this voyage. The only worry I have is how I can get one voyage more. Would I like one? I desire nothing more than that! Shall I have one? Yes! How? I haven't the least idea. I shall leave it to the fate that put me aboard *Herzogin Cecilie*."

That stowaway of ours certainly was a remarkable young woman.

III

The calm lasted only a few hours, and then we had wind again. The wind was fair at first, and light, but it quickly grew until we had to get the royals off her, at nightfall of the ninety-third day, and look to the upper t'gallants'ls. Still, it was fair wind, and we did not like to take any canvas from her. We were somewhere off the Bay of Biscay then, where anything might happen, and remembering the stories we had heard of the place, we were not at all surprised when the order of "All hands on deck" was given a little before 2 a.m. We were below at the time, although not sleeping too well because of the ship's staggering motion; when we came on deck it was to find the sea sweeping white over the lee side of the length of her, filling the fore-deck and soaking the men at the wheel. The wind was coming with one wild howl in ever-freshening squalls, and the starb'd watch was trying to get the upper t'gallants off her and finding it something of a job. The night was pitch black with heavy rain; we could not see much, save the phosphorescence of the breaking water, but we could hear the booming of the canvas

clear above the roaring of the gale, and we could see now and then to wind'ard the evil glinting of a huge sea. We fell to around the cro'jack to get that off her, but before we had time to haul upon a buntline there we heard the sharp reports of blown-out canvas, and looked to see the lee side of the mains'l blown bodily away. It went in one tremendous sheet of canvas, blown sheer out of the bolt-ropes by the force of the wind, and to judge by the velocity with which it left us we reckoned that it would not stop going until it was somewhere over Central Africa.

The sea was the ugliest we had experienced since coming around the Horn, and since the wind had hauled around on the beam the ship was labouring heavily. It was very hard to stand on her wet decks, with the wild motion, the seas swirling around, the very force of the wind. It never is very easy to walk those decks when the ship has any motion; in the conditions of that Bay of Biscay night it was almost impossible. While some of us were around the bole of the jigger-mast brailing in the upper spanker the ship gave an exceptionally heavy roll at precisely the instant that a sea swept aboard, and the lot of us, caught absolutely hopelessly, went sprawling into the lee scuppers. When we picked ourselves out again, it was seen that there was one who did not get up.

It was the Englishman, and the back of his head had come violently into collision with the solid mass of a steel bit standing there. There was blood on his face and he was quite unconscious; we thought, for one horrible moment, that he was dead. The captain, appearing suddenly from nowhere, bent over the limp form in the scuppers, forced brandy between the clenched teeth, felt anxiously for the enfeebled pulse. He lived! We picked him up, as best we could, and lifted him on to a hatch, and bore him into the shelter of the charthouse.

The night's work was over, then, for him. It was a

nasty knock, and though he was well enough to go ashore by the time we came close to port, he might quite easily have been killed.

The wind stayed with us after that, and we did not have to suffer any more calms. We saw steamers, hosts of them, and many came close to have a look at this old relic of a past age, and dipped their colours to us. We dipped in return; and nothing pleased us more than to see some blunt-nosed old tramp going the same way as we, throwing her stodgy bows into it and her ugly stern high into the air, and to sail triumphantly by her. . . . Then the sea turned to an ugly green, and the trawlers came, and we knew we were not far from port.

With the sunrise of the ninety-sixth day at sea we saw a faint haze on the horizon ahead, and the haze was England.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT OF *BEATRICE?*

TRAVELLERS coming in from sea after a short three-weeks or so voyage in a steamer, during which they have never been out of touch with land, smile cheerfully when their vessel makes her destination. What does it mean to those who voyage in sail! For over three months the only land that we had seen was one fleeting glimpse of the heights of Staten Island off the bitterness of the Horn; for over two months the only vessel that we had seen was the barque *C. B. Pedersen;* and we had been cut off entirely from the world. And this was England! Not even the fact that a gale came down on us in Falmouth Bay as soon as we anchored there, nor yet that we had to up anchor and put to sea scarcely an hour after we had made all the sails fast, could dampen our enthusiasm. It is splendid to come to any port, after such a voyage; and this was England.

There was another reason for our good spirits. When the pilot came aboard, the first question that we put to him was, "Had *Beatrice* arrived?"

"No!" he answered.

We cheered. . . . The voyage had been hard and long, the risks many, the danger—now that they were past we could think of them—a few. But what did it matter? We were in England, and we had won!

Sailors do not care for order ports. It is better to get your cargo and know where you are going, when you set out. But that is not possible with Australian wheat, since it is sold and sold again many times on the voyage, and

the port of destination is not known, often, until a day or two after the ship has come in from sea. We had hoped that we should not need to go into Falmouth, not because we did not like to see again the pretty Cornish town, but because it would all too probably mean that we would come in from sea only to put out again; we should make port only to leave it, and go somewhere else. It was better that we should discover where that somewhere else was, without bothering Falmouth. We got our wireless going, with some difficulty, and tried. But there were no orders for us, and go in we had to. The wind was fair for Falmouth Bay then, and we took our pilot on board in the hope that, since we had to anchor, we could keep the hook down for a day or two and have a rest.

But it was not to be. We came to anchor, right enough, and got a harbour stow on all the sails. No sooner had we come down on deck than a little towboat came out with our orders, and we were told that we must put to sea again for Cardiff, where the wheat was to be delivered. It had been sold in London in the few hours between our request for orders by wireless and our coming to anchor in Falmouth Bay.

The wind began to pipe up, and our anchorage was very exposed. Not very far away we could see an Italian steamer on the rocks. The wind was in from the sea—fair wind to come in to Falmouth Bay, but head wind to leave. We could not stay there, and we could not, from that anchorage, beat out to sea. We should have been upon the rocks before we could get way on her. The only thing to do was to get a tug, and as the sun went down over the greyness of the Atlantic we put to sea again, for the second time that voyage. There was no steam in the donkey, and we had to tramp hours around the capstan to get the anchor in by hand. We had put out 75 fathoms of chain. How heavy it was! The day had been

hard enough, without putting to sea again. We had been on deck all the previous night; in the morning we had got the anchors over, and the cables shackled on, and all ready for coming into port, which is something of an event that has to be prepared for carefully in the ship-of-sails; and in the afternoon the handful of boys had harbour-stowed every sail in the ship, in half a gale of wind, and brought the vessel to her anchor. And now we had, the same day, to get her to sea again; to weigh the anchor, and get it aboard; to get all sail set again; to beat out past the Lizard in a fresh head wind. We did not altogether face the prospects of another night on deck joyously; we should have tramped around that great open capstan pretty slowly, if Schmidt had not been sitting up there with his violin.

But what a difference that made! For hours Schmidt sat on the top of the capstan playing upon his violin in the biting wind, now a fast march, as we ran around, now a slow old waltz, as we slowed down a little and had a blow; and the pilot, with the smile on his old face of one who understood, threw off his heavy raincoat and grabbed a capstan bar, and marched around our capstan with us, while the wondering crew of the tug cruised around and stared at the strange scene. An old, old scene, this—the violinist playing on the capstan head to the crew, while the anchor was tripped and the ship-of-sails turned her graceful head for the sea.

There followed the weary wander around to the Bristol Channel, past Lundy Island, and to the port of discharge—a wander that was beset by head wind, oppressed by calm, saddened by fog. There were steamers all around; everywhere we looked there were steamers. We did not see many that were worth looking at; after the first novelty had worn off, we did not bother much to look. On the first night out when we had fresh head wind and

were standing on under all sail at something over twelve knots, we narrowly missed collision with a steamer that contemptuously misjudged our speed. Seeing the red sidelight of the old sailing ship, the steamer thought that it could safely cross our bows, and tried to do so, though it was doing about seven knots. Without the faintest idea in the world that it was standing on across the course of a ship that was doing almost twice its speed, the steamer came on, and in the end we had to jam our ship into the wind and shake all the wind out of her sails to let her pass. We sent up flares, we yelled, but the steamer would not change its course; and if we had not put the helm down and the ship into the wind, we would have run that steamer down. The steamer is supposed to give way to the sailing ship at sea; but maybe the people aboard that steamer did not know what a sailing ship was. We cursed, as we put our ship about when she was all aback, and muttered malediction on all steamers; but we had the satisfaction of contemptuously overhauling a few of them in the morning and sailing proudly by.

Then the wind went, and it was calm. Then a fog came down, and we had not the faintest idea when we might come to Cardiff docks. A little towboat that had heard we were somewhere about found us in the fog and took us in tow, after a cheery argument that began by the towboat master demanding £100 to look at us—"Couldn't do it for less, Cap'n, really I couldn't"—and ended with his acceptance of £60 to tow us the last eighty miles to port. A head wind came down almost as soon as the bargain was struck, and we came out of it much better than the towboat.

All night we steered our towboat, our canvas furled for the last time, and in the morning there were chimney-stacks around, and trains, and officials came aboard, and newspaper reporters, and worried-looking chaps with

motion-picture cameras who did not care a hang about the ship when once they heard there was a woman stowaway on board. The newspaper reporters flew around and made the most of their harvest, and in their papers that evening and next day told a public that knew even less than they did things about the ship that we had never known, and things about the stowaway that she had never known. She had not told them her name, but that did not inconvenience them in the slightest. They gave her one.

We anchored in Barry Roads an hour or two while the tide came in, and in the middle of the night set off behind our tug again for our berth in the docks. All night long we meandered wearily through those docks with a tug behind us and a tug in front of us, and steamers and dock officials all around, the while the pilot yelled upon the focs'l head and criticised the tugs in language more sulphurous than printable, and we fooled around with heavy wires and ropes and heaving lines, and wished that the man who invented docks was there that we might tell him what we thought of him. The dawn came, and the broad light of day, and we saw the dock labourers going to their work. And still we hauled upon our lines, and followed the tugs, through an unending labyrinth of dock gates and narrow channels, past an unending procession of ugly steamers, into a corner of those docks by coal gantries and cranes where the seas of Cape Horn and the freedom of the wind outside seemed as remote as if they had never had existed.

"So the silver-grey barque, a fine ship high in the bows and broad amidships, and having that decoration now rare in British ports, a figurehead, came in through the darkness with an air rather of resignation than of triumph," wrote the special correspondent of *The Times* in a report that was amazingly accurate. And that was just

true. The voyage was over then, and the race was run; and if it had been in something of quiet triumph that the tall ship made her landfall with the voyage safely past, it was only with resignation that she followed her towboats into the docks from which she might never set out for the sea again. . . .

Yes, the voyage was over then, and the race was run. We had been ninety-six days from Port Lincoln to Falmouth round Cape Horn, and the records of our taffrail log told us that the ship had sailed 15,900 miles. It was not "fast," as the world speaks of speed to-day; but it was good. It had never been an easy voyage. There had been scarcely one good, true sailing breeze. The whole progress was in the very teeth of adverse circumstances: calms to New Zealand; fogs, gales, storms, misery to the Horn—even head winds and calms down there, where sailors look for great sailing winds—and then calms again in the South Atlantic, and light contrary winds, and but a short burst of South-east Trades, and calms again under the Line, and bad North-east Trades that drove us to the Sargasso Sea, and calms again beyond that, and a blow in the Bay; lost sails, and water-filled decks, and a too small crew. And yet we had not done so badly—16 days to New Zealand, 33 days to the Horn, 68 days to the Line, 89 days to the Azores, 96 days to Falmouth. We sailed from New Zealand to Cape Horn in 17 days.

In every part of the ocean where the sailor knows that his ship may be delayed, we were delayed. In the search for the west winds down below Australia; in the weary search for the Trades of the South Atlantic; in the hot and torpid Doldrum belt; in the North Atlantic yet again —in all these places we lost time that we could not make up. And when we were in strong winds we always had to remember that we could not drive our ship too much, for if we did there might quite easily come a time when we

could not manage her. We had had a taste of that, too, more than once.

For what could nineteen boys do with a ship like that? A ship that had been designed to give work for the largest crew possible and carried the smallest? A ship that had gone to sea with ninety boys, enough to haul upon her braces easily in the strongest wind, and get the sail off her in the bitterest down-south gale; and now had so few the braces had to be left at times, for it was impossible to move them, and the sail had to stay aloft at times, for it was impossible to handle it? It was an anxious voyage for the nineteen boys; and it was an infinitely more anxious one for their officers and their master. The lot of the sea-captain is never easy; the task of the square-rigged sailing-ship man, as the years go by and the ships get older and the crews get smaller, becomes more and more difficult. The task that confronted the master of the *Herzogin Cecilie* that voyage might be described as colossal.

Always he had worries that he could not share; always he had trials that he could not pass on; always he had anxieties that he alone could bear, and always difficulties that he alone must solve. Should the ship make for the Horn or Good Hope? The wind, at the setting out of the voyage, equally favoured both ways; it was he who must make the decision, and having made it, keep to it against all obstacles. The west winds will not blow in 40° S., nor yet in 50°: what shall he do? The ship is perilously close to Campbell Island, it is fog, and the chronometer may pardonably be a little out, nor has there been a sight for days: what shall he do? There is the smell of ice in the wind-filled air, and the fog presses clammily around: what shall he do? Heave-to, and lie in safety while *Beatrice* sails by, or run on in danger? It

is he who must make the decision always; and it is he who must abide by it.

It is not easy, this sailing of great ships over vast oceans. It is all very well to drive the ship when she can stand it, but that day is past for most ships now; it is all very well to drive the ship when you have the crew to handle her. And that day is past for all ships now. It is all very well to drive the ship in strong wind, if you know that the wind shall not become dangerously stronger. But who is to know that? Who is to say that the ship shall drive before grand wind to kinder latitudes, or scud perilously before the increasing gale that shall drive her under the seas, and not over them? It is not sense to drive the ship into the storm, but out of it; and when he gets strong wind, how shall the master know which course he can safely pursue? And always at the back of his mind he must remember that if he does not get the sail off his ship in time, he will quite likely find that he cannot get it off at all. And then—? It is his funeral; and it may quite conceivably be everybody else's in that ship, too.

"The captain," wrote *The Times* special correspondent, "was not much disposed to discuss the adventures of the voyage at length. The chances and the buffetings that he had taken were those of his everyday life. It was, he said, the wind one had to thank, the wind and the ship." He never gave the slightest indication, either on the voyage or in port when it was over, that he looked upon himself as having anything to do with it. He spoke always of his ship as *Cecilie*, and talked of her as if she lived. "It was the wind one had to thank, the wind and the ship." Yes, God and the ship.

In *Herzogin Cecilie's* master was a man who typified many of the best of the qualities which went to make the successful master of the ship of old—qualities which are

just as necessary for the ship of to-day and of the future, too, but found more rarely. He did not want to race, holding that it was undignified that the handful of the tall ships that still survived should be pitted one against the other; that it was enough that they should bring their cargoes to port these days, in safety, with every one who had set out in them still on board, with masts and sails intact, that, if they were allowed, they might set out upon one voyage more. He thought that the sailing ship should not hurry from the sea that wanted her into the port that did not; that she should not scorn the sea that was her home, for the port that was not. He bitterly resented the presence of the stowaway in the ship; he did not speak for days when she made her presence known. But he cut up his best pair of shoes, and made lasts to the shape of her feet, and sewed from the leather of his good shoes a pair for her, that her feet might not go uncovered in the Cape Horn cold. He signed her on the articles as cabin "boy," and paid her from his own pocket, when he might have sent her to gaol. He treated her kindly and considerately, though he objected to the thing she did intensely and feared the false constructions that could so easily be placed upon it when we came to port, false constructions and utterly unfounded allegations that could cause him infinite harm. . . . He did not want publicity about the ship, for the better known were the speedy qualities of *Herzogin Cecilie* the harder would be his task as master; the more the newspapers wrote about her the harder might he be tempted to drive her, and none knew more than he the danger of driving her once too often. Yet, though he knew that I came only in that ship to write the utmost possible about her, though he knew that I was coming there to make his job—already difficult enough—only more difficult he let me come.

II

And what of *Beatrice* all this time? There were some among us who fully expected to see her in Falmouth when we arrived. In the first week at sea a guessing competition had been held, in which each boy was required to record his estimate of the number of days both *Cecilie* and *Beatrice* would be upon the voyage. Quite half the boys placed *Beatrice* first. Yet we came to Falmouth, and she was not there. We came to Cardiff, and she had not been heard of. The days passed, and the *C. B. Pedersen* came in from sea, arriving at Queenstown after a very good passage of 104 days; and still there was no sign of *Beatrice.* A fortnight passed, and grew nearly to three weeks; we began to be perturbed lest our friends should never come at all, for that was not impossible.

And then one day, when we had been in port over a fortnight and she had been 114 days at sea, *Beatrice* came at last to Falmouth. And she was rusty, and barnacled, and aged, and sad.

She *had* gone around the Cape of Good Hope, and she *had* had an even worse passage of both Atlantics than we.

We arrived at Falmouth on the twenty-fourth of April. It was the twelfth of May, when *Beatrice* arrived. I had the story from the second mate, Mr. Svensson, than whom no better second mate ever trod a square-rigger's decks. "We only got in yesterday after a very longish voyage around Good Hope," he wrote sadly from Falmouth on May the thirteenth. "I don't know what to say: everything is so black and gloomy. I was almost crying when we arrived. Even the *C. B. Pedersen* was ahead of us. . . . But look at the weather we struck: the poor old *Beatrice* has been crawling along in Doldrum weather for the past hundred days, when she might have been flying before the strong breeze. A good sailing breeze was a

thing almost entirely unknown throughout the voyage; we never had a chance to show what we were made of. We crossed the Line only six days behind *Herzogin Cecilie* and were then eight degrees more to the eastward, and yet we did not come to Falmouth until 18 days after you had got there. We lost 12 days in the North Atlantic. Where you had been 28 days from the Line to Falmouth, we were 41. Where you had been reeling off the knots to a good westerly breeze but a few days before, we wallowed in stagnant calm. We cried for wind. Wind, wind! If only we had wind! But the sea used us gently and gave us only calm."

Mr. Svensson kept a log of the voyage for me, and there I saw what a wretched voyage it must have been for those who sailed in *Beatrice*. The voyage from Port Lincoln took 114 days 15 hours 30 minutes. The taffrail log showed that the ship had sailed 15,005 nautical miles. The best day's run was 251 miles; there were many that were under 30. She was 15 days to Cape Leeuwin, 51 days to the Cape of Good Hope, 73 days to the Line. It was a sad, long dirge of calm and light contrary winds. There was a hurricane in the Indian Ocean, dirty weather in the Australian Bight. For the rest was nothing but calm, and more calm, and light head winds. Everywhere the ship could be delayed, she was delayed; and she did not have the advantage that we had had of a quick run before the strong westerly winds into the Atlantic Ocean. She had to crawl there in the tail of the light Trades of the Indian Ocean. When we had both been 51 days at sea, *Beatrice* was just entering the South Atlantic and we had been there for 18 days. True, we had to make much more latitude than she, coming round the Horn, but we were in 27° S. that day, expecting to get the Trades, and she was off the Cape of Good Hope a very long way

from the Trade-winds. It was a big difference—difference enough to spoil her voyage.

Even then things might not have been so bad if she had had any wind at all in the North Atlantic. But she did not. A day or two may make a tremendous difference in the winds that blow at sea, and the few days that separated the two ships when they began the voyage of the North Atlantic made all the difference in the world. True, we had bad Trades and calms and got too far west, but we had good winds at the end that largely made up for that. *Beatrice* did not get so far west, but she never had good winds and her calms stayed with her. A ship that did not have her sweetness of line might have been 140 days, and not 114. There are many that have been longer upon that road.

The log shows that *Beatrice* gained nothing by her early start. She saw us several times on that first night out from Port Lincoln, when we were splitting tacks to clear the treacherous reefs that abound there; and she saw that we stood down through Backstairs Passage and reached the sea that way, while she lay beating. In the end *Beatrice* had also to run for the sea that way, and then she had lost considerably and we must have been at least 30 miles ahead. The next morning they again saw us, a long way off. At that time the weather was thick, with a strong head wind, and when they saw the *Herzogin Cecilie* they did not know whether we were making for Good Hope or the Horn. They knew that, almost at the same time of the year, *Herzogin Cecilie* had used the passage around Good Hope the previous year and had reached the English Channel over three weeks before the fastest of the sailers that had gone around the Horn. They knew, too, that not very long before the three sailers *Garthpool*, *Olivebank*, and *E. R. Sterling*

had set out from South Australian ports for the Channel. *Garthpool* had gone around Good Hope, the others round the Horn. *Garthpool* made a good voyage; *Olivebank* was over 160 days; *E. R. Sterling* was dismasted. The wind veered to the south-south-east in a squall; they were tacking aimlessly for the Horn. *Herzogin Cecilie* had disappeared. Captain Bruce had to make his decision: which was it to be, Good Hope or the Horn? He chose Good Hope, and if his ship was the longer because she sailed that way, it was neither his fault nor hers.

For summer voyagings from the ports of South Australia to the English Channel it is quite common for sailing-ship commanders to choose the route around Good Hope in preference to the stormier road that leads around Cape Horn. There are advantages to both, and disadvantages. The Horn route brings ships quickly to the Atlantic, but makes them sail a great deal of latitude when they get there; the Good Hope route means a slower advance towards the Atlantic, but an entrance there in latitudes much nearer to the Trade-wind belt than is possible coming from the Horn. And then the ship has to reach the westerlies that blow to the Horn, and if she be beset by calm or light easterlies when she sets out from her port, the whole advantage of the Cape Horn route may have been lost before she has the chance to try it. In summer, too, the winds that blow around the Australian coast down there are more often light from the east than strong from the west, and ships taking advantage of that fact may sneak across the Bight and around the Leeuwin where they would only have been beating aimlessly on the fruitless endeavour to reach the west winds that blow to the Horn. *Herzogin Cecilie* had to go to below 55° S. for her west winds, and she was 16 days to Campbell Island. If she had not had that glorious run to the Horn from south of New Zealand, she could quite

easily have been 114 days, too. It was what she gained there that won her the race; it was what *Beatrice* lost on the road to Good Hope that lost it for her.

There are other disadvantages to the Good Hope route —the danger of cyclones off Mauritius, and bad weather off the Cape; the fact that in the South-east Trades of the South Atlantic the ship must make longitude, as well as latitude, if she does not want to be too long enmeshed in doldrum calm, where the Cape Horner has made all the longitude she wants in the wide swing round Cape Horn and can roar due north through the Trades, making only latitude. There are other factors, too. It is all a gamble.

In the hurricane in the Indian Ocean *Beatrice* had her main lower tops'l and jigger-stays'l blown away and a nasty sea came up that made things look ugly for a while. For hours she had to scud before it, heading in a different direction from that in which she wanted to go. For the rest the voyage was uneventful. The Trades were light, the Doldrums bad, the North Atlantic like a swimming-bath for girls—all very grand for steamers, but of not much use to poor old *Beatrice,* coming slowly on. So in the end she came off Falmouth, and it was calm then, and she had to take a tug. It was a lonely voyage, too; she did not see one steamer or any other vessel from the Australian coast to soundings on approaching the Channel. Off the coast of Australia, on one of the few days that the wind blew, the old-timer easily overhauled an oil-tank steamer, a circumstance that gave the crew about the only pleasure they had all the voyage.

"Well, we lost," concludes Mr. Svensson in his letter. "We were beaten terribly. . . . Yet I think the dear old *Beatrice* did her level best. In spite of our 114 days I would like to see the ship which would have followed the *Beatrice* on our track, with the winds we had. . . . I wish you could have seen her by the wind! The yards hard on

the backstays, five points and a half from the wind, her sails stretched and sheeted flat as boards, and the weather leaches of her small t'gallant-sails trembling as she slid along at her four or five knots with gentle breeze dead against her, the beautiful old ship that seemed to know we wanted her to do her best and would have done it in any case, working up 40 to 60 miles to windward in weather that would have found many a floating warehouse drifting sideways like a crab. . . . Yes, we have lost sadly; and yet we have not lost our faith in the ship that did her best for us, and was only beaten by the wind."

III

Looking back now, it seems a pretty poor "race." It does not seem right to speak of this procession of tall ships from the face of the waters as a race at all. Certain it is that the voyage was no proper test of the respective sailing merits of the two ships. Ninety-six days and one hundred and fourteen days—neither was fast; both were good voyages in the circumstances in which they were made. One never set out to speak of these ships of steel and iron in terms of the glorious clippers of old, the graceful little clippers that sailed with big crews of sail-trained men; that stood up to any weather, and carried steering-way through any calm; that held on to their sail until the last moment because they knew they could always keep it under control, and knew that if they lost a sail or two it did not matter much—nor a mast or two, either, for that matter. Their story has been written, and they have gone. The big ships of steel and iron have also their story—a story often of too many spars and too few men, a story of racing for Cape Horn in trials almost unendurable, and drifting in calm almost maddening. They were not built to race; if they delivered their cargoes and earned a freight, that was all

that was required of them. The number of them that do that now is sadly small, and growing sadly smaller. One is reminded of the creed of Captain de Cloux. Why should the sailing ship hurry from the sea that wants her into the port that does not? Why should she use her ally the wind to scorn her friend the sea in the endeavour too quickly to reach the port that was not worth the reaching, anyway?

It is not for the race that *Herzogin Cecilie* and *Beatrice*, when the time soon comes that shall see them go to sea no more, may be remembered. If they are remembered it will be for the lesson of Life that is to be gleaned from their voyagings. For how like to life is the voyage of the great sailing ship! The setting out with hopes and uncertainties; the long fight against circumstance; the overcoming of difficulties, only to meet more; the solution of problems, only to meet more; the facing of trials, only to meet greater; the sorrows and the disappointments by the way; and now and then the little happinesses, too. And in the end the port; and the knowledge that reaching it was not the pleasure, but overcoming the difficulties that beset the road. It is not the realisation of ambition that is the pleasure, but the fight with the difficulties that held us from it. It is not in the false glamour of life that we shall look for pleasure, but in the living.

THE END